THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

ustrated Weekly

Fo[illegible] 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

APR. 15, '16 — 5cts. THE COPY

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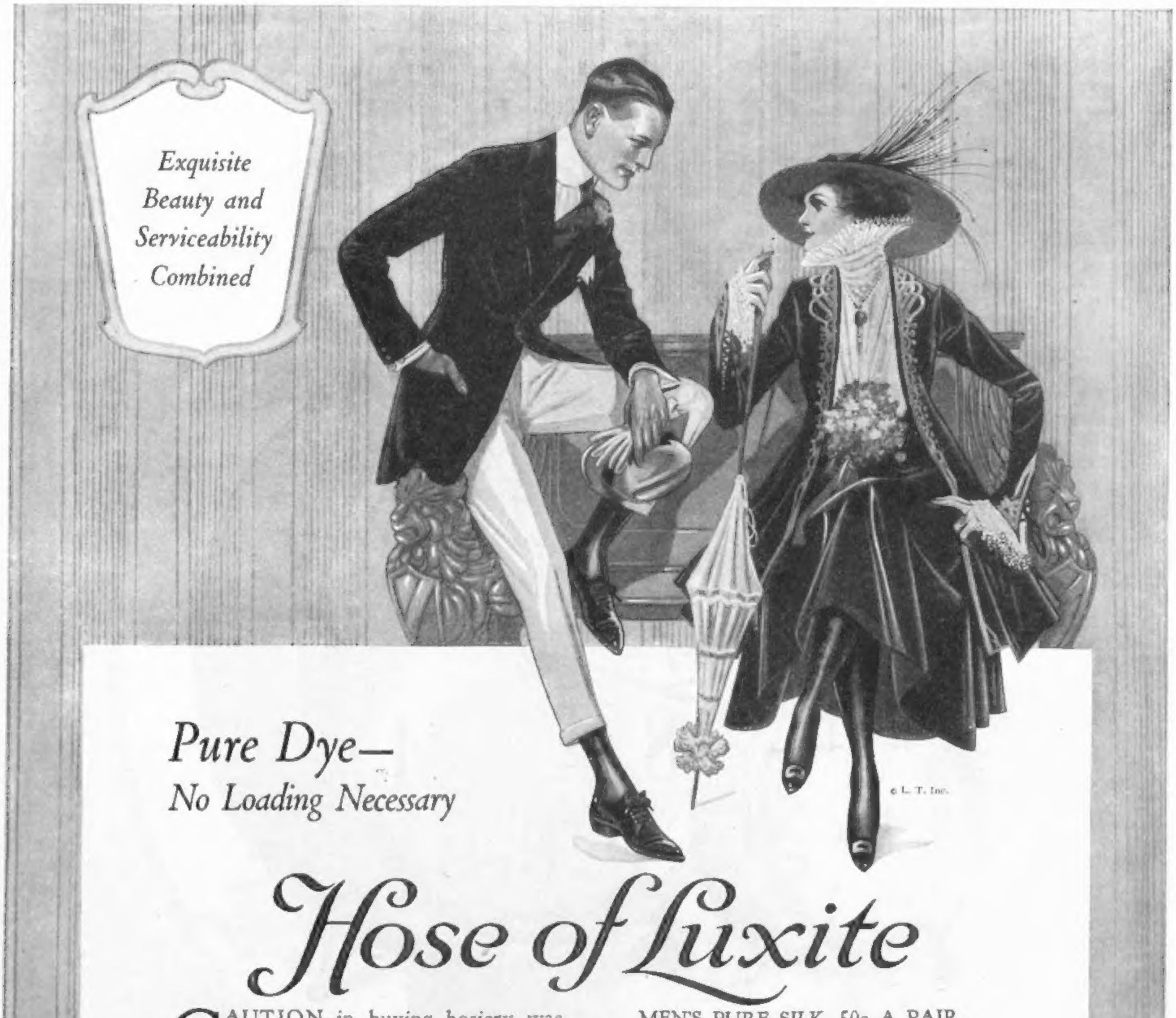

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D¹ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1916
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 188 PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 15, 1916 Number 42

The Story of a Cold-Blooded Business Man

By CAMERON MACKENZIE

BACK a few years ago, in Wellesville, everyone liked Parker Ames. Men said he was a "regular fellow"; women said he was "a dear!" When he stood rubbing his hands in the doorway of the long lounge of the Fellowship Club of an afternoon arms would go up from every corner waving greetings; and when he dropped down with any group he did it after the manner of a man sure of his welcome. In the streets most of those to whom he spoke called him by his first name, and half of the families on Merridew Avenue maintained a casual dropping-in-and-out relation at the Ames home.

It was easy enough to understand why people liked Parker Ames. He was big and jovial and kind, natural to the last degree, without a hint of stiffness or hauteur about him. His long arm used to go round men's shoulders in a friendly, protective manner; his clothes always seemed to have the well-dressed informality of tweeds; his blue eyes were as wide open and good-humored as the day. His smile, too, did one good, with the quickness and the readiness with which it came beneath his not too severely cropped black mustache. He gave you a sense of warm-heartedness, of geniality, of zest and fun in living.

All this was enough to make people like Ames; but there was another and perhaps even greater reason: Ames himself honestly liked people. He liked to be with them, play with them, talk with them, share his interests with them and have them share their interests with him. And he was peculiarly able to get something worth while out of nearly everyone, which logically enough operated to make him like nearly everyone.

A Rise in the World

THE fact was there was only one person in Wellesville at this time whom Parker actively and consciously disliked. That person was Mr. Malet Carlin, president of the General Manufacturing Company, for which Ames was counsel. But then, no one liked Carlin. He was a precise, dapper person, with whitish lips and a small, limp hand. He lived in a state of cold and impenetrable solitude in a feudal-like granite pile on the outskirts of the town. All the world was kept at a frigid distance. If he had friends no one knew it; if he had pleasures no one shared them; if he had warmth no one felt it; steel armor seemed to incase him. He was the exact antithesis of Parker Ames. Naturally Ames was guarded in giving utterance to his feelings. Nevertheless, there were times within his own home when he did express himself.

"Why, he isn't human!" he used to say with a certain rancor. "They tell me there was a time, long ago, when he was almost a man. I don't believe it. Walk into his office and he freezes you to death. He's never done a decent thing to help another fellow along. Men have no right to live that way—and besides, what's the use? And think of it—owning a great chunk of that General stock, besides his salary, what couldn't he do with his income? Oh, why can't men, when they get a little money, a little position, remain like the rest of the world, instead of climbing up on the tops of ice mountains and glowering at the universe? Success spoils 'em, turns their heads and kills their souls. It's disgusting! . . . The old fish!"

And then Malet Carlin fell ill. He betook himself to his lonely fireside in his silent castle, and a great man in Wall Street, with a grunt and a nod, put Parker Ames in his place.

When Ames became president of the General Manufacturing Company, at a salary of thirty thousand dollars a year, he had, aside from his easy and affable relationship with the world in general, an assortment of special and particular relationships, ranging in intimacy from the thoroughly congenial and affectionate terms upon which he lived with his wife, Constance, to the kindly offhand interest that he took in the woes and fortunes of Baker, the big doorman at the club.

"You'll Always be Ready to Do Your Part; but, Just the Same, Say Good-by to the Tuttles"

Ames' Social Circle

CONSTANCE AMES was a plump, pink-cheeked, merry little person who, from the moment when she had collapsed herself and her future into Parker's arms, had had no thought or ambition beyond securing his happiness. She suited Ames completely. As for Baker, he would have been as nothingness had it not been for the fact that Parker saw him almost every day and he had a trick of booming "Good afternoon, Mr. Ames!" as if he meant that and more besides. Lying in between these two extremes were maybe a dozen of those friendships, semi-friendships, acquaintanceships, which men form and which rest upon tastes in common, desires in common, and constitute their non-economic existences.

Closest and most precious of these to Ames was his friendship with Norman Conway. Conway was a bachelor. He enjoyed a modest income from his father's estate and, besides, had a notoriously rich uncle. Altogether it had seemed that Norman was justified in foregoing any more serious endeavor than standing, as it were, on the side lines and indulging himself in a philosophical and detached observation of the world.

With Conway, Parker could, unreservedly and with a certitude of comprehension, share his thoughts and feelings; and he cherished him accordingly. Somewhat akin to this, and resting upon the workaday pursuits they had had together, was his relation with Tom Eustis, for ten years his partner. Then there was Chester Dalton, an engaging ne'er-do-well whose stock gambling kept him so impoverished that his wife, Lucy Dalton, was struggling to piece out the family income by running an interior-decorating shop. Dalton was Parker's cousin and nearest of blood kin; and that was how he fitted into the design of Ames' life. The relation with Gilbert Reeves, the real-estate man, was as pleasant and smooth as a mild drink; there was nothing strong in the attachment, but Parker golfed with Reeves, he and his wife dined often at the Reeves home, and Gilbert and Mary Reeves frequently made up an evening at bridge in the Ames house. They were not more than thoroughly mundane creatures, who, being at hand, helped to round out existence. These and others constituted Ames' circle. And then, finally, there were the Tuttles; and it was of the Tuttles—Margaret and Paul—that Parker was thinking on the afternoon when he took himself home to tell his wife of the great change which had come in their fortunes.

The Tuttle family, as a family, were the intimates of the Ames family, as a family. It was one of those friendships that only happily married couples can establish, and that thrive upon like tastes, like ages, like circumstances, and the encountering of the same problems, or kinds of problems, at the same time. Paul Tuttle was a slow and sober-minded man, who had to sweat for all he got; not very forthputting, not very animated, but safe, dependable, easy to have round. Margaret Tuttle was a woman who wore low-heeled shoes and at times seemed oppressed with her sense of duty. Singly they might have counted for little with the Ameses; but wedded they composed a social unit that naturally attracted to it and itself gravitated toward the Ames social unit, and especially because there was in each household one of those bewildering, baffling, inscrutable conundrums of life—a boy of ten.

This interfamily relation had been weaving itself back and forth for more than half a dozen years. Between them there had been no ringing of doorbells, no concealed economies, few secret anxieties. The families motored together, took vacation jaunts together; the wives did their Christmas shopping together. Thus matters had been; but the catch now was—and it was of this Parker was thinking as he let himself into the house that afternoon—that Paul Tuttle was one of the department managers of the General Manufacturing Company.

It was going to be hard for the Tuttles, he knew. They might have a miserably difficult fight with disappointment, envy—jealousy, perhaps—and if there was one immediate determination more than another that Parker had, it was that he and Constance must by every art at their command try to help the Tuttles win out in the contest for friendship that was ahead. And to do precisely that was one of the resolutions which he and Constance had solemnly taken when, half an hour later, Norman Conway called. The news had been in the afternoon papers and he had come to make his congratulations. They told him something of the discussion they had just had. Sprawled in one of the library chairs, Conway listened with an odd smile.

"Can't be done!" he pronounced when they had concluded. "Never in the world! You won't be able to help them. They won't be able to help themselves. Your friendship with the Tuttles is dead, I tell you."

He was about to amplify his idea when the doorbell sounded and the maid appeared.

"Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle," she announced; and Ames looked at his wife, his wife looked at him, and they both looked at Norman Conway, who grinned.

How Conway Sized Up the Situation

RECOLLECTION of that interview always distressed Parker. There was an embarrassment before a word was said. Margaret Tuttle came into the room first; there was ever so slight a flush on her cheeks and she swept up to Ames with an exaggerated eagerness.

"Oh, Parker, how splendid!"

She spoke a little breathlessly and her eye did not quite meet his. Paul Tuttle followed.

"Well, well, well!" he began in a heavy, throaty tone. "Let me shake hands with my new boss. Pretty fine, eh, Constance?" But there was a pinched-up expression about his eyes and a tightness to his smile.

And then Mrs. Ames berated them for ringing the doorbell.

"What could have made you do that?"

"Oh," explained Mrs. Tuttle, "we thought that maybe Parker would have a conference on or something important of that sort, and we should be careful."

Parker and his wife protested that such caution was absurd; and they all got themselves seated and tried to talk, with Conway a little withdrawn from the group. But the talk was the corpse of what their former talks had been. All of them sedulously observed the forms and externals of friendship; but to small avail. Paul forbore to ask questions that must of necessity have been of vital interest to him, and Margaret was well-nigh tongue-tied.

Unspoken thoughts in all their minds were a hopeless deterrent to glibness. It occurred to Ames to say that the appointment was a big surprise—which was not really true—but that he supposed it was one of those pieces of luck which men occasionally do have, and that it had come to him because the immediate problems of the General were financial and legal rather than operative. However, the day would arrive, he said, when the situation would likely change and he would have to step aside for some other man—smiling at Margaret—who really knew the business. For all his good intentions, the speech sounded hollow, remotely patronizing, insincere.

"See?" adjured Conway from his chair in malicious triumph after the Tuttles had left. "And it wasn't all jealousy or disappointment or envy by any means. Fundamentally it was something a great deal harder to contend with—a stubborn something none of you will ever be able to get the better of. Didn't you see what was happening? Paul was addressing himself to his employer; Margaret was addressing herself, when she could find a word, to the wife of her husband's employer. Parker has become the economic master of both of them, and they can't now and never will be able to shake off a consciousness of that bald, uncompromising fact. They'll always be watching themselves—be afraid of giving offense of some kind, no matter how small. Notice that doorbell episode?"

"But why—why?" demanded Constance in great distress.

"Because," supplied Conway, "livelihood and the means of livelihood are very nearly the basic factors of life. Anyway, they are entirely too tremendous for a man and his wife to be thoroughly at ease, thoroughly spontaneous with the man's boss round. And without ease and spontaneity there can't be friendship. And then, poor Parker! Well, it was because they were not themselves that he wasn't himself. They wouldn't let him be. You people did your part. I know you'll always be ready to do your part and it won't be your fault; but, just the same, say good-by to the Tuttles."

Neither Ames nor his wife was at this time willing to accept this view, most especially as applied to the Tuttles. They were willing to concede that there might be something in the theory if the situation were different and it was the Reeveses—with whom the Ames relation was much more superficial, conventional and usual—who were concerned. But not with the Tuttles, they maintained; there had been too much, there was too much of solid affection and common interests between them. Conway smiled a dry, hard smile and, taking up his stick and hat, went away. And then, on the afternoon of the next day, which chanced to be Saturday, Parker went golfing with Gilbert Reeves.

Parker had already received the congratulations of both Reeves and his wife. Those two had been among the first to get to the house to tell him how glad they were, how glad everyone was, that a human being was at last at the head of the General Manufacturing Company. None of the restraint of the Tuttles had clogged that call.

The Reeveses, on the contrary, had seemed more eager than the Ameses to emphasize by their manner how inconceivable it was that Parker's promotion could make the least difference in their relations, the real intimacy of which, it had seemed to Ames at the time, they had been prone to exaggerate.

But to all that neither he nor Constance had been willing to attach especial significance; the golf match had been arranged, and also a motor ride for Sunday afternoon—an invitation the Ameses had accepted largely to demonstrate at once that they desired no change in the order of their lives and were going to remain the same democratic, neighborly, friendly folk they had been.

But it was from the incidents of Saturday and Sunday that Parker later dated the beginning of the end of the friendship with the Reeveses. Those incidents were the first to bring him to a keen realization of the significance of his rise from the part of a moderately well-to-do lawyer to that of president of a big corporation. Eight or ten months afterward, when the chapter had been closed, Conway summed up the matter for him.

"You see, old man," he said, "when you became president of the General you were no longer one of the forty or fifty men in town who had achieved fair success, but one of the two or three really big, important men of the place. With your income, and more particularly with your power, a mere acquaintanceship with you had suddenly become an asset—or, at least, people believed it had—and an asset they wanted to augment as much as possible; also, one which, at the smallest provocation, they were willing to try to utilize.

"That was the trouble with the Reeveses. If they had had sense or decency enough not to attempt to capitalize their friendship with you, all might have been well. Gilbert was a good fellow up to a point—so long as there was a chance with you for only small pickings. The chance for big pickings was too much for him. But, then, big pickings are too much for nearly everyone."

Upon the Saturday afternoon, however, when Parker set out golfing with Reeves he had no notion of the change that actually had come over the spirit of their intercourse. The first hint fell at the ninth hole. They were resting in the pale, thin sunshine of a fall day upon the bunker there. Ames was hoping that when Reeves did speak it would be to utter some commonplace concerning the condition of the greens or his score card; he was tired of hearing about the new job and its prestige. Presently Reeves spoke.

"Marvelous country off there—marvelous!" he rhapsodized, raising his driver and sweeping a range of gentle hills stretching off to one side of them.

Raw Work by Gilbert Reeves

AMES looked. He had gazed upon the view, with the gloomy battlements of Carlin Towers rising in the midst, a thousand times. It was an absurd observation for Reeves to have made; but he allowed that it was, indeed, a marvelous country and, getting up, walked toward the tee.

"Magnificent—perfectly magnificent place of Carlin's!" he heard Gilbert saying behind him.

"Quite stupendous!" rejoined Parker dryly as he turned from the sand box. He thought the place an atrocity, had no interest in it, anyhow, and was keen on his game.

"Great opportunity for someone—that property," Ames heard his companion say.

"Not for sale, is it?" rejoined Parker, merely out of politeness, as he squared up to his ball.

"Oh, yes, it is; yes, it is," said Gilbert with eager haste. "The old man's crazy to sell; says the place's 'way too big for him." All this while Parker was studying his drive. "Wonderful bargain there—wonderful!"

Ames was irritated, and even more irritated when a moment later he turned about and found that Reeves had been too intent upon the talk to set up his tee; Parker had come out for an afternoon of golf, not to discuss real estate. It came to him passingly that the other man had never once tried to interest him in a piece of property before.

That was all there was to it then; but the next afternoon Parker, who hated the smell of trade outside his office, had to endure a fresh jolt. They had been motoring for an hour. Ames had found himself beside the driver, who was taking the car along the countryside roads apparently at his own discretion. Parker's mind for some time had been off at his desk, with his papers and problems which lay there. Words that Reeves was addressing to Constance brought it back.

"Yes, yes; Parker was saying, only yesterday, it's a magnificent, perfectly magnificent place. He and I were quite raving about it. Too bad about old Carlin! What a wonderful home he could have made of it!"

Ames took account of his surroundings. They were running along the base of the low-lying hills upon one of which the Carlin place had been built, and ahead he spied the massive gray pillars of the entrance gate. He was too disgusted to turn round to deny his alleged infatuation for the property, and sat scowling ahead. A large sign caught his eye: "This Property for Sale. Apply Gilbert Reeves." He listened to Gilbert obtusely dilating to Constance upon the property as if it were a subject of general impersonal interest, and wondered whether thenceforth every golf match or motor ride with Gilbert Reeves was to resolve itself into an ill-disguised real-estate promoter's campaign. Such grossness seemed incredible! But it came to pass. *(Continued on Page 89)*

THE EYES OF THE WORLD

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IF THERE were a hundred men in a crowd and Chester K. Firkins was there he would be the hundredth man. I like that introduction. If I wrote a book about him I doubt whether I could sum up Mr. Firkins' personality more completely than already I have done in this the first sentence of this the first paragraph of my tale. Nevertheless, I shall try.

Card-indexing him, so to speak, filling in the dotted lines after the fashion pursued by a candidate for admission to Who's Whosoever Can, we attain this result: Name? Chester K(irkham) Firkins; born? certainly; parentage? one father and one mother; lives? only in a way of speaking; married? extensively so; business? better than it was during the panic but not so good as it might be; recreations? reading, writing, arithmetic and the comic supplements; clubs? the Prospect Slope Pressing, Montauk Chess, Checkers and Whist, Kings' County Civic Reform and Improvement; religion? twice on Sunday, rarely on weekdays; politics? whatever is the rule; height? subaverage; weight? less than subaverage; hair? same as eyes; eyes? same as hair; complexion? variable, but inclining to be fair, and warmer in moments of embarrassment; special distinguishing characteristics? Oh, say, what's the use?

The Tall Cowboy Gathered Up His Fellows and Speedily Withdrew Through the Swinging Doors

This would apply to Chester K. Firkins as once he was, not as now he is. For there has been a change. As will develop. But at the time when we begin our study of him Mr. Firkins resided in a simple and unostentatious manner in Brooklyn, N. Y., on one of those streets which are named for semi-tropical flowering shrubs for the same reason that hunting dogs are named for Greek goddesses and race horses for United States senators and tramp steamers for estimable maiden ladies. In a small, neat house, almost entirely surrounded by rubber plants, he lived with his wife, Mrs. Gertrude Maud Firkins. This phraseology is by deliberate intent. His wife did not live with him. He lived with her. To have referred to this lady as his better half would be to deal in improper fractions. At the very lowest computation possible, she was his better eight-tenths.

By profession he was an expert bookkeeper, in the employ of a firm doing a large bond and stock brokerage business on the sinful or Manhattan shore of the East River. The tragedy and the comedy, the sordid romance and the petty pathos of Wall Street rolled in an unheeded torrent over his head as he, submerged deep in the pages of his ledgers, sat all day long dotting his i's and crossing his t's, adding his columns and finding his totals. Sometimes of evenings he stayed on to do special accounting jobs for smaller concerns in need of his professional services.

Otherwise, when five o'clock came he took off his little green-baize apron, his green eyeshade and his black-calico sleeve protectors, slipped on his detachable cuffs, his hat and his coat, took his umbrella in hand, and leaving New York and its wicked, wanton ways behind him, he joined with half a million other struggling human molecules in the evening bridge crush—that same bridge crush of which the metropolis is so justly ashamed and so properly proud—and was presently at home in Brooklyn, which is a peaceful country landscape, pastoral in all its instincts, but grown up quite thickly with brick and mortar. There he gave his evenings to the society of his wife, to the chess problems printed from time to time in the Eagle, and to reading his encyclopedia, which had been purchased on the installment plan, at the rate of so much down, so much a week. It seemed probable that Mr. Firkins would finish reading his encyclopedia before he finished paying for it, which is more than most of us can say, however literary our aims and aspirations. He liked to pick up a volume for half an hour or so immediately prior to his retiring. He said it rested him. He had got as far as the middle of the very interesting one named *Gib to Jibe*. Once in a while, though, the Firkinses went out in society. That is to say, Mrs. Firkins went, and took Mr. Firkins with her.

I would not have you believe from all this that Mr. Firkins entertained no views of his own on current topics. His convictions upon certain heads were most definite and settled, and on favorable occasions openly he voiced them. Among other things he believed that if somebody would only start up an old-time minstrel show, such as we used to see when we were boys, it would make a fortune; that the newspapers printed a pack of lies every day because they had to have something to fill up their columns; that there was a great deal of grafting going on and something should be done about it right away; that the winters were changing, because of the Gulf Stream or something, so you couldn't depend on the climate any more; that owing to the high cost of living it was practically impossible to get a good sixty-cent table-d'hôte dinner nowadays; and that Mrs. Firkins was in many respects a very unusual woman.

She was all of that. Get Gertrude Maud. She looms before us, large and full of figure, majestic of bearing and fair of face, her general aspect indeed a very general aspect. She was competent by inheritance and domineering by instinct. It was common talk in the circle in which Gertrude Maud moved, towing Chester behind her, that she had Bohemian leanings. True, she had never smoked a cigarette in all her blameless life, nor touched her lips to strong drink; nor yet had she patronized studio teas and attended the indoor anarchistic revels of the parlor-radicals established in the neighborhood of Washington Square. Rather she betrayed her Bohemian trend by what she wore than by what she did.

She was addicted to wearing about her neck large polished beads of the more popular hard woods and upon her bosom plaquelike articles which apparently had originated with a skilled cabinetmaker and joiner. Her wrists and her forearms she adorned with art-work bracelets of hammered metals set with large muddy-looking stones—almost anything that would look well in a collection of geological specimens was, in the eyes of Gertrude Maud, jewelry. Her costumes of state, displayed in connection with these ornamentations culled from the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, were cut square in the neck and extended straight up and down, being ungirthed at the waistline but set off with red and blue edgings, after the style of fancy tea towels. As her woman friends often remarked in tones of admiration, she had never worn stays in her life, and yet just look what a figure she had! Sometimes, the weather being favorable, she even wore sandals in public.

Excelling, as she did, in the social graces, Mrs. Firkins was greatly in demand for neighborhood parties. Besides, she was an amateur palmist of great note. At a suitable time in the course of the evening's festivities she would possess herself of the left hand of some gentleman or lady present—usually a gentleman's hand—and holding it palm upward, she would gently massage its surface and then begin uttering little cooing sounds betokening intense surprise and gratification.

"Do you know, really," she would say when she had in part recovered, such being the regular formula, "I don't believe in all my experience I hardly ever saw such an interesting hand?"

Peering close and ever closer she would trace out the past, the present and the future, seeing strange influences coming into the other's life, and long journeys and dark strangers; and presently, with a startled cry, she would pounce upon the heart line, and then, believe me, she would find out things worth telling! And if the owner of the captive hand chanced to be a young man whose life was so exemplary as to be downright painful, he would endeavor by his air to convey the impression that the fence round the South Flatbush Young Ladies' Seminary had been builded extra high and extra strong especially on his dangerous account. Hardly could the rest wait to have Mrs. Firkins read their palms too. And while this went on, Mr. Firkins would be hanging about on the outskirts of the group, feeling very null and void. Really his only excuse for being there at all was that Gertrude Maud needed someone to get her rubbers off and on and to bring her home.

Naturally, as one adept in the divination of the dearest characteristics of men and women, and also because she was a wife and subject to the common delusions of wives as a class, Mrs. Firkins felt she knew Chester—felt she could read him like a book. This only goes to show how wrong a woman and a wife can be. For behind the mild and pinkish mask which he showed to her and to creation at large Chester Firkins nursed unsuspected ambitions, undreamed-of dreams. He hankered with a hankering which was almost a pain to stand for once anyhow before the eyes of the world. Within him a secret fire seethed; he ached and glowed with it, and yet none knew of it. He would have died in his tracks before he voiced his burning desire to any human being, yet constantly it abode with him. He was tired—oh, so tired—of being merely one of the six millions. He craved to be one among the six millions. He peaked and he pined with it.

This longing is commoner probably among city dwellers than among those who live in the smaller settlements of men, and for that there is, as I believe, a good and sufficient reason. In the little community there are no nobodies. Anybody is somebody. But where the multitude is close-packed, nearly anybody is everybody and nearly everybody is anybody. The greater the number within a given space, the fewer are there available for purposes of pomp, prominence and publicity. A few stand out above the ruck; the rest make up the unconsidered mass—mute, inglorious and, except briefly in the census figures, unsung. And Chester K. Firkins yearned to stand out.

"Chester, Might I Ask What You Were Doing With That—That Young Person?"

Twice in his life he had thought he was about to attain conspicuousness and be pointed out by men as something other than Mrs. Chester K. Firkins' husband. They were narrow escapes, both of them. Because each was such a narrow escape, that made the disappointment all the greater. Once on a rainy, blowy evening, when the narrow gore of Nassau Street where it debouches into Park Row was a mushroom bed of wet, black umbrella tops and the bridge crush at the mouth of the Bridge took on an added frenzy, a taxicab, driven at most unlawful speed, bored through the fringes of the press, knocked a man galley west, and, never checking its gait, fled into the shelter of the L pillars toward Chatham Square and was gone from sight before more than six or eight spectators could get its license numbers wrong.

The man was Chester K. Firkins. He was butted violently from behind as he fought his way across the asphalt, with his collar turned up against the wet gusts and his thoughts intent on getting a seat aboard the transpontine car. He never had gotten a seat aboard it yet, but there was no telling when he might. Immediately on being struck he was projected some yards through space in a galley-westerly direction, and when he struck he rolled over and over in the mud, greatly to the detriment of a neat black overcoat buttoning under a fly front, and with silk facings upon the lapels, then in its third season of service. Kind hands—very many of them—lifted him up from where he lay with a long scratch on his nose and a passing delusion within his brain that he had taken a long rough trip somewhere and was coming back by slow stages. Sympathetic persons, about equally divided in their opinion as to whether most of his bones were or were not broken, bore him with all gentleness into the drug store in the World Building, propped him against a show case, and packed about him in a dense mass, those good Samaritans in the front row calling upon those behind them to stand back, in heaven's name, and give him a little air. There a kindly disposed bootblack brushed him off, and a soda-water clerk offered him malted milk with a dash of nerve tonic in it, and a policeman, using a stubby lead pencil, took down his name and address in a little red book, and a blithe young interne came on the tail of an ambulance with a kit of surgical tools in his hand, and presently departed, obviously disappointed to find there was no need of a capital operation to be performed forthwith upon the spot; and, altogether, the victim was made much of. A little later, somewhat shaken and sore but not materially damaged, he rode home—standing up and swaying in the aisle, as was customary—holding with one hand to a strap and with the other at intervals caressing his wounded nose.

Next morning he bought all the morning papers printed in English—there are still a considerable number of morning papers in Greater New York that are printed in English—and with a queer, strangled little beat of anticipatory pride in his throat-pulse he searched assiduously through all of them, page by page and heading by heading, for the account of his accident. He regarded that accident in a proprietary sense. If it wasn't his, whose then was it? But only one paper out of all the lot had seen fit to mention the affair. In a column captioned Small Brevities he found at last a single, miserable, puny six-line paragraph to the effect that a pedestrian—pedestrian, mind you!—giving his name as Charles Fitters, had been knocked down by an unidentified automobile, and after having been given first-aid treatment by Patrolman Roger P. Dugan, of the Peck's Slip Station, and receiving further attention at the hands of Ambulance Surgeon Max Finkelstein, who came from Battery Place Hospital in response to a call, was able to go to his home, at such and such an address, borough of Brooklyn. And even the house number as set down was incorrect. From that hour dated Chester K. Firkins' firm and bitter belief in the untrustworthiness of the metropolitan press.

The other time was when he was drawn on a panel for jury duty in the trial of a very fashionable and influential murderer. A hundred householders were netted in that venire, and of the number I daresay Chester Firkins was the hundredth. With the ninety and nine others he reported at a given hour at a given courtroom, and there for two days he waited while slowly the yawning jury box filled with retired real-estate dealers and jobbers in white goods. Finally his own name was reached and the clerk called it out loudly and clearly. Shaking the least bit in his knees and gulping hard to keep his Adam's apple inside his collar, Mr. Firkins took the stand and nervously pledged himself truthfully to answer all such questions as might be put to him touching on his qualifications for service in the case now on trial. He did answer them truthfully; more than that, he answered them satisfactorily. He had no conscientious scruples against the infliction of capital punishment for the crime of murder in the first degree. From his readings of the public prints he had formed no set and definite opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused. He was not personally acquainted with the deceased, with the prisoner at the bar, with the attorneys upon either side, with the officers who had made the arrest, with the coroner's physician who had conducted the autopsy, or with anyone connected in any way with the case. He professed himself as willing to be guided by His Honor on the bench in all matters pertaining to the laws of evidence, while exclusively reserving the right to be his own judge of the weight and value of the testimony itself. So far, so good.

The district attorney nodded briefly. The lawyers for the murderer, confabbing with their heads together, gave no sign of demur. The presiding justice, a large man, heavily mustached and with more chins than he could possibly need, who had been taking a light nap, was aroused by the hush which now befell and sat up, rustling in his black silk sleeping gown.

Behind Chester Firkins' waistcoat Chester Firkins' heart gave a little gratified jump. He was about to be accepted; he would be in the papers. He saw a sketch artist, who sat just beyond the rail, squint at him from under his eyebrows and lower a pencil to a scratch pad which was poised upon a right kneecap. A picture would be published. What mattered it though this picture would surely look excessively unlike him? Would not the portrait be suitably labeled? Mentally he visualized the precious lines:

Juror No. 9—Chester K. Firkins, No. 373 Japonica Avenue; certified accountant; 39; married; no children.

From somewhere back of the mustache His Honor's voice was heard rumbling forth hoarsely:

"If-no-objections-from-either-side-let-juror-be-sworn."

At Mr. Firkins' side appeared a court functionary bearing a grimed and venerable volume containing many great truths upon its insides and many hungry germs upon its outside. Mr. Firkins arose to his feet and stretched forth a slightly tremulous hand to rest it upon The Book. In this moment he endeavored to appear in every outward aspect the zealous citizen, inspired solely by a sense of his obligations to himself and to the state. A sort of Old Roman pose it was. And in that same moment the blow fell and the alabaster vase was shattered.

Senior counsel for the defense—the one with the long frock coat and the sobbing catch in his voice—bobbed up from where he sat.

"Defense-excuses-this-gentleman," he grunted, all in one word, and sat down again.

The artist scratched out a shadowy outline of the lobe of Mr. Firkins' left ear and the southeastern slope of his skull—for already this talented draftsman had progressed thus far with the portrait—and in less than no time our Mr. Firkins, surcharged now with a sense of injury and vaguely feeling that somehow his personal honor had been impugned, was being waved away from the stand to make room for a smallish, darkish gentleman of a Semitic aspect. With his thoughts in such turmoil that he forgot to take with him the bone-handled umbrella which he had carried for two years and better, he left the courtroom.

Really, though, he never had a chance. The defense had expended upon him one of its dwindling store of peremptory challenges because in the moment of being sworn he appeared a person of so stern and uncompromising an exterior. "Besides," the senior counsel had whispered hurriedly to his associates—"besides, he seems so blamed anxious to serve. Bad sign—better let him go." And so they let him go. But, on the other hand, had he worn a look less determined the district attorney would have challenged him on the suspicion of being too kind-hearted. The jury system is a priceless heritage of our forefathers, and one of the safeguards of our liberties, but we do things with it of which I sometimes think the forefathers never dreamed.

Thus, with its periods of hopefulness and its periods of despairing, life for our hero rolled on after the placid fashion of bucolic Brooklyn, adrowse among its mortary dells and its masonry dingles, until there came the year 1915 A. D. and of the Constitution of the United States the One Hundred and I forget which. For long the Firkinses had been saving up to take a trip to Europe, Chester particularly desiring to view the Gothic cathedrals of the Continent, about which Volume *Cad to Eve* of his encyclopedia had discoursed at great length and most entertainingly. For her part, Mrs. Chester intended to mingle in the gay life of the artistic set of the Latin Quarter, and then come home and tell about it.

By the summer of 1914 there was laid by a sum sufficient to pay all proper costs of the tour. And then, with unpardonable inconsiderateness, this war had to go and break out. The war disagreeably continuing, Europe was quite out of the question. If Europe must have a war it couldn't have the Firkinses. So in the early spring of the following year, which makes it the spring of last year, the combined thoughts of Mr. and Mrs. Firkins turned longingly westward. Mr. Firkins had never been beyond Buffalo but once; that was when, on their wedding tour, they went to Niagara Falls. Mrs. Firkins once had visited her married sister residing in Zenia, Ohio. Such portion of the Great West as lay beyond Zenia was to her as a folded scroll. So Westward Ho! it was.

I deem it to have been eminently characteristic of Chester that he spent three evenings preparing, with the aid of timetables, descriptive folders furnished by a genial and accommodating ticket agency and a condensed hotel directory, a complete schedule of their projected itinerary, including the times of arrivals and departures of trains, stop-overs, connections, cab and bus fares, hotel rates, baggage regulations, and what not. Opposite the name of one junction town beyond the Rockies he even set down a marginal note: "At this point see Great American Desert."

Leaving Chicago on the second lap of the outbound half of the momentous journey, they took a section in a sleeping car named appropriately for a Hindu deity. For once in his life Chester was above his wife, where he could look down upon her. But that was in the nighttime, when he lodged in the upper. Daytimes he reverted to his original and regular state, becoming again one of the submerged tenth of one-tenth. In the dining car Mrs. Firkins selected

He Spent Three Evenings Preparing a Complete Schedule of Their Projected Itinerary

the dishes and gave the orders, and he, submissive as the tapeworm, ate of what was put before him, asking no questions. In the club car, among fellow travelers of his own sex, he was as one set apart. They talked over him and round him and if needs be through him to one another; and when, essaying to be heard upon the topics of the day then under discussion, he lifted up his voice some individual of a more commanding personality—the member of the legislature from Michigan or the leading osteopath of Council Bluffs—would lift his voice yet higher, wiping him out as completely as though he had been a naught done in smudged chalk upon a blackboard. After all, life in the free and boundless West threatened to become for him what life in cribbed, cabined and confined Brooklyn had been; this was the distressing reflection which frequently recurred to him as he retired all squelched and muted from the unequal struggle, and it made his thoughts dreggy with melancholy. Was there in all this wide continent no room for true worth when habited in native modesty?

In time they reached a certain distinguished city of the Coast, nestling amid its everlasting verdure and real-estate boomers. But in the rainless season the verdure shows an inclination to dry up. However, this was in the verdant springtime, when Nature everywhere, and especially in California, is gladsome and all-luxuriant. From the station a bus carried them through thriving suburbs to a large tourist hotel built Spanish Mission style and run American plan. The young man behind the clerk's desk took one diagnostic look at Chester as Chester registered, and reached for a certain key, but while in the act of so doing caught a better glimpse of Mrs. Chester, and, changing his mind, gave them a very much better room at the same price. There was something about Mrs. Firkins.

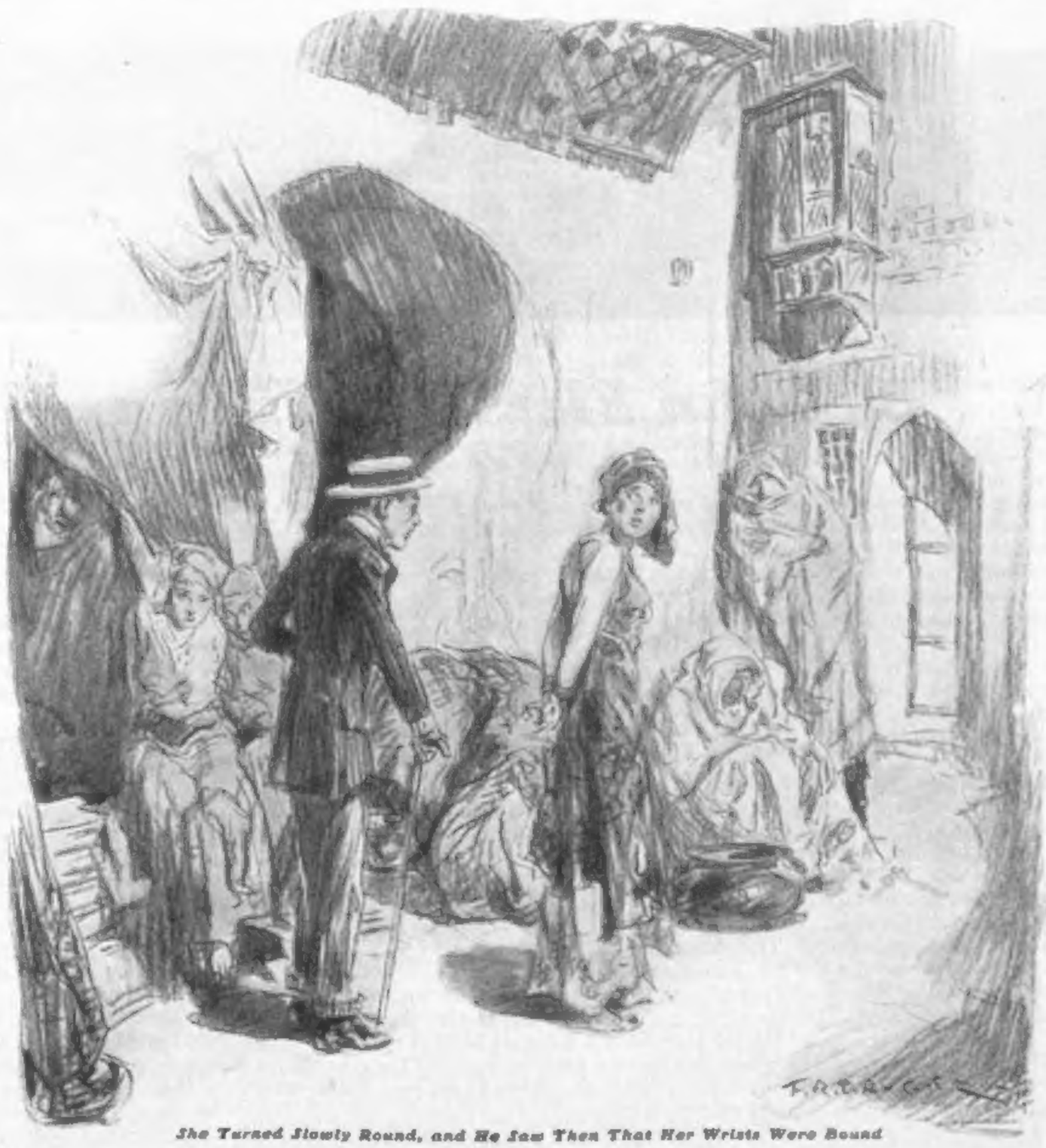
That evening, entering the dining room, which was a great, soft-pine Sahara of a place dotted at regular intervals with circular oases called tables, each flowing with ice water and abounding in celery, in the native ripe olives shining in their own oils, and in yellow poppy blossoms in vases, the Firkinses instantly and intuitively discovered that they had been ushered into a circle new to them. Some of the diners in sight were plainly, like themselves, tourists, transients, fly-by-night sightseers from the East, here to-day and going to-morrow. But sundry others present, being those who had the look about them of regular guests, were somehow different. Without being told, the newcomers at once divined that they were in a haunt of the moving-picture folk, and also by the same processes of instinctive discernment were informed of another thing: As between the actors newly recruited from that realm of art which persons of a reminiscent turn of mind are beginning to speak of as the spoken drama, and the actors who had been bred up and developed by its one-time little half-sister, the moving-picture game, a classifying and separating distinction existed. It was a distinction not definable in words, perhaps; nevertheless, it was as apparent there in that dining room as elsewhere. You know how the thing goes in other lines of allied industries? Take two agents now—a road agent, let us say, and a book agent. Both are agents; both belong to the predatory group; both ply their trades upon the highway with utter strangers for their chosen prey; and yet in the first flash we can tell a book agent from a road agent, and vice versa. So it was with these ladies and gentlemen upon whom Chester K. Firkins and wife—beg pardon, Mrs. Chester K. Firkins and husband—now gazed.

At the table to which a post-graduate head-waitress escorted them and there surrendered them into the temporary keeping of a sophomore side-waitress there sat, in a dinner coat, a young man of most personable appearance and address, with whom, as speedily developed, it was not hard to become acquainted, but, on the contrary, easy. Almost as soon as the Firkinses were seated he broke through the film ice of formality by remarking that Southern California was, on the whole, a wonderful country, was it not? Speaking as one, or as one and a fractional part of another, they agreed with him. Did it not possess a wonderful climate? It did. And so on and so forth. You know how one of these conversations grows, expands and progresses.

Presently there were mutual introductions across the fronded celery and the self-lubricating ripe olive. This accomplished, Mr. Firkins was upon the point of stating that he was in the accounting line, when their new acquaintance, evidently holding such a detail to be of no great consequence, broke in upon him with a politely murmured "Excuse me" and proceeded to speak of a vastly more interesting subject. His name, as they already knew, was Mr. Royal Harcourt. He was of the theatrical profession, a thing they had already guessed. He told them more—much more.

It would seem that for long he had withstood the blandishments and importunities of the moving-picture producers, standing, as it were, aloof from them and all their kind, holding ever that the true artist should remain ever the true artist, no matter how great the financial temptation to enter the domain of the silent play might be. But since so many of equal importance in the profession had gone into the pictures—and besides, after all was said and done, did not the pictures cater educationally to a great number of doubtlessly worthy persons whose opportunity for acquaintance with the best work of the legitimate stage was necessarily limited and curtailed?—well, anyway, to make a long story no longer, he, Mr. Royal Harcourt, had gone into the pictures himself, and here he was. Taking it that he had been appealed to, Mr. Firkins nodded in affirmation of the wisdom of the step, and started to speak. "Excuse me, please," said Mr. Harcourt courteously but firmly. Plainly Mr. Harcourt was not yet done. He resumed. One who had a following might always return to the legitimate, finding that following unimpaired. Meanwhile, the picture business provided reasonably pleasant employment at a most attractive remuneration.

"So, as I said just now," went on Mr. Harcourt, "here I am and here you find me. I may tell you that I am specially engaged for the filming of that popular play, The Prince of the Desert, which the Ziegler Company is now making here at its studios. My honorarium—this, of course, is in confidence—my honorarium for this is eight hundred dollars a week." He glanced at their faces. "In fact, strictly between ourselves, nine hundred and fifty." And with a polished finger nail Mr. Harcourt flicked an imaginary bit of fluff from a fluffless coat lapel.



She Turned Slowly Round, and He Saw Then That Her Wrists Were Bound

Awe descended upon the respective souls of his listeners, and there lingered.

"And of course for that—that figure—you play the leading part?" Mrs. Firkins put the question almost reverently.

A trace, just a trace, of unconscious bitterness trickled into their tablemate's voice as he answered:

"No, madam, I could hardly go so far as to say that—hardly so far as to say that exactly. My good friend, Mr. Basil Derby, has the title rôle. He originated the part on Broadway—perhaps that explains it. I play the American newspaper correspondent—a strong part, yet with touches of pure comedy interspersed in it here and there—a part second only to that of the star."

"Does he—this Mr. Derby—does he get anything like what you are paid?" ventured Mr. Firkins. Surely the Ziegler Company tempted bankruptcy.

"I suspect so, sir, I suspect so."

Mr. Harcourt's tone indicated subtly that this world was as yet by no means free from injustice.

Before the meal was anywhere near ended—in fact, before they reached the orange sorbet, coming between the roast beef *au jus* and the choice of young chicken with giblet sauce or cold sliced lamb with pickled beets—the Firkinses knew a great deal about Mr. Royal Harcourt, and Mr. Royal Harcourt knew the Firkinses were good listeners, and not only good listeners but believing ones as well. So a pleasant hour passed speedily for all three. There was an especially pleasant moment just at the close of the dinner when Mr. Harcourt invited them to accompany him at ten o'clock on the following morning to the Ziegler studios, and as his guest to witness the lensing of certain episodes destined to figure in the completed film drama of The Prince of the Desert. Speaking for both, Mrs. Firkins accepted.

"But, Gertrude Maud," murmured Mr. Firkins doubtfully as the two of them were leaving the dining room to hear the orchestra play in the arched inner garden where the poinsettia waved its fiery bannerets aloft, reminding one somewhat of the wagging red oriflamme of a kindred member of the same family—the Irish setter—and the inevitable spoiled childling of every tourist hotel romped to and fro, whining for pure joy, making life a curse for its parents and awakening in the hearts of others reconciling thoughts touching upon the late King Herod, the bald-headed prophet who called the bears down out of the hills, and the style of human sacrifices held to be most agreeable to the tastes of the heathenish god, Moloch. "But, Gertrude Maud," he repeated demurringly as he trailed a pace behind her, seeing she had not heard or seemed not to have heard. In her course Mrs. Firkins halted so suddenly that a double-stranded necklet of small wooden darning eggs of graduated sizes clinked together smartly.

"Chester," she stated sharply, "don't keep bleating out 'Gertrude Maud' like that. It annoys me. If you have anything to say, quit mumbling and say it."

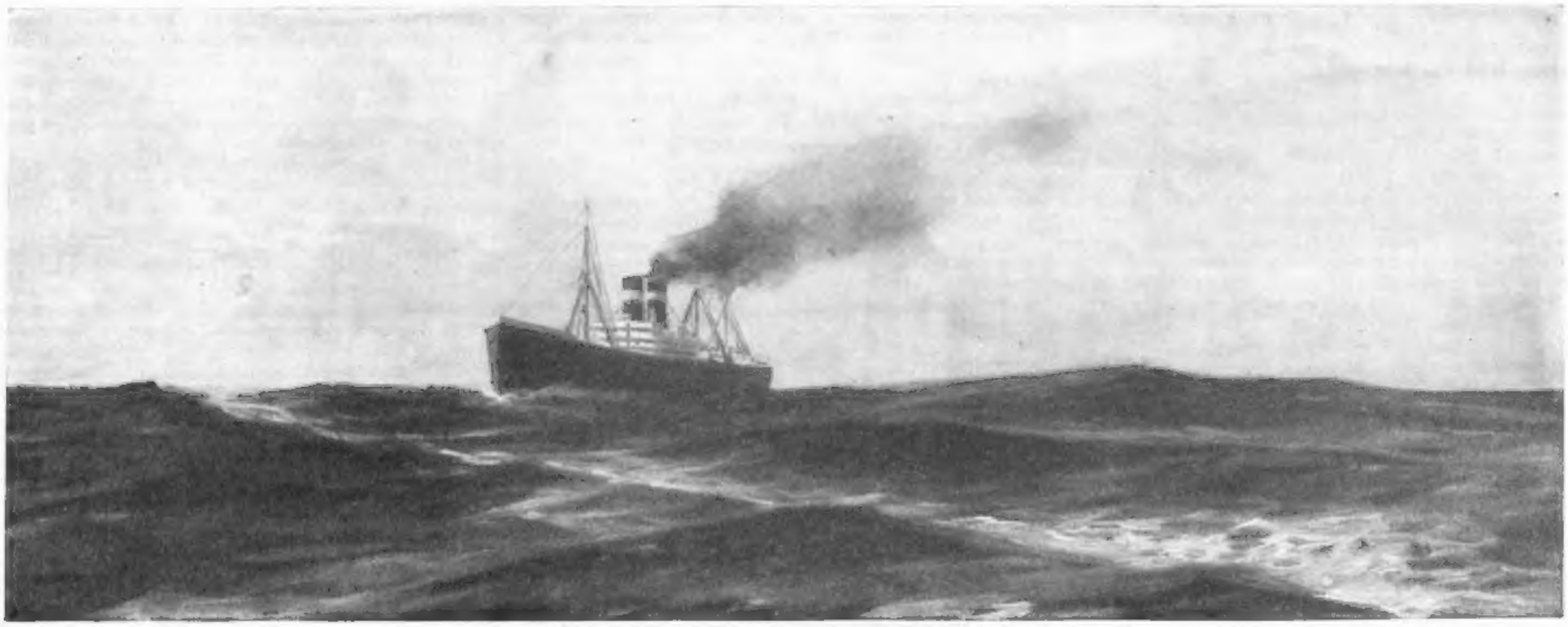
"But, Ger—but, my dear," he corrected himself plaintively, "we were going to visit the orange groves to-morrow morning. I have already spoken to the automobile man ——"

"Chester," said Mrs. Firkins, "the orange groves can wait. I understand they have been here for some time. They will probably last for some time longer. To-morrow morning at ten o'clock you and I are going with that nice Mr. Harcourt. It will be an interesting experience and a broadening one. We are here to be broadened. We will see something very worth while, I am convinced of it."

Indeed, they began to witness events of an acutely unusual nature before ten o'clock. As they came out from breakfast there darted down the lobby stairs at the right a young maiden and a youth, both most strikingly garbed. The young lady wore a frock of broad white-and-black stripes clingingly applied to her figure in up-and-down lines. She had a rounded cheek, a floating pigtail, and very large buckles set upon the latchets of her twinkling bootees. The youth was habited as a college boy. At least he wore

(Continued on Page 58)

THE SAVING SENSE



By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

REGINALD RAMSEY had followed the sea for thirty years. To the eye that saw only the outward lineaments, he was a heavy, composed man of that assurance which comes from long experience and successful practice of an arduous calling. Two people in his world knew him for exactly what he was: The first was a woman whom Ramsey had been engaged to marry for four years when he became master of the Marathon; the other was the port captain of the Northern and Equatorial Steamship Line, purchaser of the great steamer as flagship of its new fleet.

Ramsey had so impressed the vice president of the company that this official had made a personal point of putting him on the ship, with the honorary title of commodore. The choice had met with opposition and the vice president had thought best to warn his protégé.

"Captain Fallon, our superintendent and port captain, has absolutely no sense of what's what nowadays," he informed him. "A good man, you know, and always respected in the other lines he's been with; but old-fashioned. Really no sense at all in some matters! I hope you will repay the real interest I've taken in you by not making the Northern and Equatorial ridiculous by allowing such items to appear in your reports as have worked harm in other companies. I refer to those rumors, so often repeated but never confirmed, of mysterious islands and strange reefs in that part of the South Pacific which your vessel will cross."

"I see," Ramsey answered in a deliberate tone. "I agree with you, sir, that running a steamer is practical business. You'll not find the Marathon bringing in stories of that variety for the Sunday papers."

The vice president nodded.

"You understand me, I'm glad to see. As practical men you and I understand that there aren't any uncharted obstacles to navigation on the Tahiti run."

The port captain began with the new skipper bluntly:

"We may as well understand each other first as last. You're a new man in your position. I'm old in mine. I guess you know me?"

Ramsey opened his round eyes and nodded.

"Of course!"

"I don't stand for larks," the other went on sharply. "My name is Fallon; and it's best for you to know at the outset that I don't stand for larking on my ships! Understand me?"

Ramsey appeared deeply hurt.

"I guess my record doesn't need much indorsing," he said slowly.

"You have no record—and that's why, I reckon, you're running the Marathon when half a dozen experienced, competent men are stopping ashore." Fallon snorted. "Men who have kept their ships safe for a score of years on that very run can't get a first-class command because they're competent! Their record's against them with the new crowd. All right! You can run your steamer just as you like for publication; but you'll use every known safeguard privately. I don't care how much you laugh at the old-timers who knew that course week in and year out all their lives; but you'll remember when you're at sea that the run from San Francisco to Tahiti is no child's play. The Marathon is equipped with every modern device for safe navigation, and I expect you to use every one of 'em!"

At this moment in stepped the vice president, catching the last sentence. He caught Ramsey's glance and said to the port captain:

"I hope you'll impress on Captain Ramsey that we don't want any such reports as too many masters have been turning in."

He faced the Marathon's commander:

"You have a route that is specially and thrice damned by being the hunting ground of every cockeyed mariner who ever used binoculars in a fog. The Northern and Equatorial doesn't propose to have its captains romping into port, wirelessing ahead for reporters to meet 'em at the pier and hear the harrowing details of an uncharted island on which a phonograph was playing the latest Caruso records."

The vice president turned again to Fallon. "That's right, isn't it, captain? The Marathon's first port of call is Papeete, and the skipper here will oblige us by omitting Cape Flyaway, No Man's Land and Sindbad's Harbor."

Having thus made a point, as he later expressed it, the vice president asked a simple question of the grim old man at the desk and vanished. When he was gone Fallon stared at the man opposite him.

"You hear your orders? But you'll also hear mine, and if you don't obey 'em you'll find yourself in trouble."

Ramsey was piqued, but he felt the strong pressure of discipline; after all, Fallon was the man under whose direct orders he was. It was evident that Fallon couldn't hold his place long in the face of the vice president's rather contemptuous attitude, but the master of the Marathon answered gravely:

"You may rest assured that I'll omit no precautions. I think the ship will be safe in my hands, sir."

Fallon allowed his bleak eyes to rest thoughtfully on the somewhat florid man before him.

"I understand, captain. I might let you go your way thinking that you know all the dangers of the Tahiti run; say nothing to you but what our vice president would have me say. Yet I'm an old shipmaster, and, so long as I'm port captain and superintendent of this line, I'm not going to send one of my vessels to sea without making it plain that every precaution must be taken to secure the safety of our passengers and freight. You don't like me; you've heard a lot about my being old-fashioned, and you are quite sure that you're modern and up to date—and you intend to make good with the vice president and his associates on the board."

Ramsey stiffened.

"So far as I am aware, you're the superintendent of the Northern and Equatorial and I'm the commander of the Marathon," he said.

"Ah! Then you take it that no personal feeling can exist between us?" Fallon returned, lifting one gray eyebrow. "Quite businesslike, captain! I suppose it doesn't occur to you that I—and others—may know something about the South Seas which you don't, and that I might not think it worth while to warn you against certain dangers to navigation? Just as it doesn't occur to you, for instance, to tell me that you have agreed not to make the reports your professional honor requires of you. Well, I'm a shipmaster first. Listen: You have on the Marathon the very latest deep-sea lead, with an electric device that registers depths while your vessel is steaming ahead. Use it!"

"I shall—when approaching harbor, naturally," was the response.

"Use it whenever you near the points marked on a chart I shall give you, with doubtful land here and there. Those are positions where more than one ship has reported reefs or an island. I particularly insist on this, and your schedule will allow you plenty of time to slow down to half speed for the purpose of making such soundings." Fallon lifted his brown hand, as if to interpose against what was on the captain's lips. "And you will carefully keep the barometric chart and see that your temperatures are duly recorded every hour. And in case you get soundings in the open sea you will immediately stop your ship, if the weather is thick, and wait till it clears."

"Other lines have lost their business because of such absurd doings," was the quick reply. "The Government has charted those waters carefully and no one has ever confirmed any report that there is land in the region you speak of. If you intend me to make a fool of myself the way old Captain Masters did you're mistaken. Masters made one too many reports of uncharted reefs—and he's stopping ashore now."

"Captain Masters never had an accident," Fallon returned. "Others have."

Ramsey seemed on the point of scornful speech, thought better of it and quit the office slowly, speaking painstakingly to several officials and passing out on the pier with the assured and heavy tread of a man ready to assume any responsibility connected with the great vessel that leaned slightly toward the freight sheds as if condescending to yield a little of its stiff dignity to the hoarse demands of the overburdened stevedores. He spoke to no one as he walked across the gangplank and continued on his way to the hurricane deck, thence upward, ladder by ladder, till he reached the lofty chart room. Within its sacred precincts he stopped and unbuttoned his jacket with hurried fingers. Freed of its stiff restraint, he drew a long breath and half closed his round eyes.

"I'll fix him!" he muttered to himself. He exhaled sibilantly and his brown face ruddied as he recalled the frigid tones of the port captain. "Yes! He's against me! I'll fix him!"

With a quick dab of his left hand he jerked at the pull handle of a chart board and leaned his bulk over the unmarred surface of a new chart of the South Pacific. His half-closed eyes took in its tinted picture of the great seas that lie between the American coast and the profound and

mysterious depths out of which rise the countless islands of the lower archipelagoes.

He drew out a thumb tack and lifted the new sheet, displaying an old chart, blotted and stained by damp, uneasy, groping fingers—the chart that Fallon himself had brought into the chart house and tacked under the latest issue. Ramsey sneered at the faint, crooked markings along the red line of the usual course.

"Sure, they found bottom!" he chuckled. "Old fogies! Always reading Cook's Voyages and not knowing that the Government has settled all that rot about reefs and islands—and making themselves the joke of the San Francisco water front. And that man Fallon is trying to make me back up his doddering old chums, who never could take a packet to sea without finding a sea serpent or a reef or a derelict where nobody else ever saw anything! I'll fix him!"

He pondered his problem quietly, staring at the map. He thought he saw his plain course: silently to aid the vice president in getting rid of the Northern and Equatorial's port captain.

"And then I'll have the job," he said to himself, "and live ashore in style."

He was a man of appetite, this heavy, solid-looking sailor, and he had been all his life starved for the gross things he craved: the simple animal things that in their elaboration we call civilization. Now, standing in the businesslike chart room, which smelled of paint and varnish, he anticipated the delights of life ashore. He saw himself riding up and down Market Street in a costly automobile, looking at dazzling women. He smacked his lips over the feasts he would enjoy. Then he frowned, as if a heavy hand had tugged at his sleeve. He regretted that he had engaged himself to Mollie Stance. It had been all right while he was merely the unknown skipper of an obscure freighter. It had been fine to come ashore out of the dust and steam and noise of the loading berth and travel on a street car out to her little house, and smoke in the sitting room while she busied herself over a hot, savory meal. But now—it would never do.

"She's too old," he said frankly to himself. "And it won't do me any good to have such a wife tugging me. I can marry better and get along faster."

He reflected seriously that many men handicap themselves for life by unwise marriages. He did not know it, but his point of view was that of an unintelligent and credulous man who, lacking mental initiative, eagerly picks up half truths, stated boisterously, and pockets them as a kind of ready money, useful at the great gambling table of life. Lucky the player who stakes these spurious coins and loses them!

It is possibly absurd that Reginald Ramsey should dispose of a four years' affair in a moment, standing in a freshly painted chart room—yet that is what he did; and, having determined not to hamper himself with a wife unequal to the social demands of his new position, he merely said to himself:

"And I'll soon fix Fallon too!"

II

THAT same night Alois Fallon went his rounds in the small house he owned and occupied far out in the Mission district, turning off one light after another, hooking the doors so that they stood six inches ajar, setting breakables carefully in cupboards, preparing his snug abode for some imaginary tempest, just as of old he had set his cabin on board ship in order. This was his habitual closing of the day's work and marked the coming of evening and rest, and the resumption of his individual unbusinesslike life. And when he had done and was at last in his own plain room he pulled down the curtains, filled a pipe and opened his battered mahogany desk, drawing up before it a heavy swivel chair into which he sank with a muffled ejaculation of relief.

Exactly before him were three photographs, set in unvarnished wooden frames rudely carved to represent oak-leaf wreaths. The center one was of a full-rigged ship careened on a low beach, with her broad yards tilted over the edge of the strand.

The untouched picture gave no hint of sky or breeze or distance; yet in some indescribable fashion the artless depiction gave one an impression of mystery and obscure catastrophe.

In black ink across the foot of the card ran the legend:

SHIP LADY OF INDIA – 16TH OF MARCH, 1884.

And in a corner, in red ink, a brief notation:

NOT FOUND—SEPTEMBER 18, 1883.

The port captain's eyes read the inscriptions while his fingers beat a mild tattoo on the desk. Then he looked to the right, to the photograph of a young woman appareled in a silk wedding gown, marked legibly but simply:

MY WIFE.

"My dear!" the old man said softly. And again: "My dear! We must wait a while yet."

Having said this he leaned forward slightly and studied the face as if to compel the demure, downcast eyes to lift and look at him.

But the chemical, stabilized by the sun of a day thirty years set, maintained the integrity of the delineation and denied the craving old man his desire.

"*I* must wait," he sighed.

The other picture was of a young girl dressed in all the heavy luxuriance of a velvet frock, white ruffled pantalettes and plush-topped shoes. The photographer had managed, whether by an excess of art or a superabundance of his sensitized materials, to give the whole affair a factitious freshness that time could not dim. The childish face was as if enameled; the plump hands—crossed coyly over a maturely swelling bosom—veritably shone as though lately from the sedulous operations of a manicure; and the bold eyes had lost no sparkle of their audacious coquetry. In the same handwriting that marked the others this was noted as

LITTLE SISTER.

After a final and brief glance at this the captain drew out a long sheet of paper, dipped his pen and began to write steadily in a cramped hand. His knuckles stood out whitely as he labored. At the end of the sheet he signed his name without a flourish, blotted the last lines, flicked an envelope to him, and addressed it to

CAPTAIN LEMUEL DE GRASSE,
Hôtel des Basses-Pyrénées,
Tahiti.

Very slowly he read what he had written, holding the paper in his steady hands:

SAN FRANCISCO, 22nd June, 1913.

Dear Captain: I am mailing this so that it will go on our S. S. Marathon when she sails to-morrow. A new master has been appointed by the company, one Reginald Ramsey, who has been in command of various cargo boats for several years. I had intended resigning my position as port captain and taking her myself, but the line is new, many things must still be set in order, and I felt that, unless I first arranged matters at this end so that they would be run right, I should have trouble at sea. Also, Ramsey is taking less money than I would think right.

Have you heard any news? After all these years I am still anxious as ever, but I saw some time ago that I must prepare to go myself on the search we have undertaken; and to do that successfully I must save more money. Also, I must have a free hand and not have to consider passengers and the wishes of my superiors. We must have our own vessel.

Personally I am sorry the company has engaged Ramsey. He is not, in my opinion, a safe man for master of a large vessel. His record seems good, but I am afraid that he is one of those men who manage by good fortune to quit one job for another just in time. He is not a thorough seaman or a man able to realize that his first duty is to run his ship in the best way, regardless of what the people ashore may attempt to dictate to him. In brief, I consider the man one of those who considers that he has done a smart thing when he imposes on the credulity of the public.

I have written thus fully about the man and expressed my hearty dislike of him because I know he believes that he can only stay with the Northern and Equatorial if he gets me out. There are such men, as you know; and if our own private affairs came to his ears it would be exactly the argument he would gladly use with the officers of the company to make them believe me incompetent. Do not confide in him under any circumstances!

I am more than sorry to say that I am again obliged to tell you that I have no news of our Marjorie.

Yours truly,
A. FALLON.

To this, after some thought, the captain added, across the lower corner:

You remember that my last inquiries showed that she had probably played with the Little Boy Blue Company in Utica, New York. No more news since I told you that. A. FALLON.

When the letter lay before him stamped and sealed, the old man carefully surveyed the three photographs as if to fix in his mind once more three things he must never forget, picked up his cold pipe and leaned back in his chair. Presently he reached up and dimmed the electric light. A little later he nodded drowsily, let his lean chin drop on his breast and slept as he had slept for nearly thirty years, foursquare in his chair, ready at any instant to start up in response to a hail. It was one of his carefully guarded secrets that there was no bed in his house. Only Lemuel de Grasse knew the reason for this extraordinary and ascetic habit.

At noon the next day Captain Ramsey stood on the Marathon's bridge, staring down at the throng on the pier. His full-dress uniform was closely buttoned up,

"The Crew Wouldn't Hear to Sticking by the Wreck—and That Was the End of Them!"

"Sure, They Found Bottom! Old Foglet!"

his gold-laced cap sat exactly straight on his head, and his large hands rested on the rail without appearing to support any weight. Now and again some one of the jostling passengers-to-be would glance up and have his eyes arrested by the sight of this important and composed personage. Each time Ramsey saw the look, but allowed no vestige of expression to be visible on his impassive visage; but later he seemed to be conscious of a scrutiny that annoyed him, and began pacing up and down.

Captain Fallon in the course of his many duties was not unobservant of the attitude of the big ship's commander and several times he took an instant to consider, as it were, the meaning of it. Toward the last, while the mail bags were being swung inboard, he withdrew behind the crowd and studied Ramsey intently. Then, as though he had seen through the mystery, Fallon slipped to the gangplank and as agilely as any boy made his way to the bridge. Ramsey nodded to him and said in a heavy, cold voice:

"Last orders, sir?"

The elder man turned and looked down at the strange conglomerate of people below them, his lean face suddenly warmed by an expression of compassionate concern.

"Serious business, this is, captain!" he said gently. "No time for joking with the passengers when you are at sea."

Ramsey's florid face darkened.

"I guess I know how to run this packet," he returned. Then he faced his superior with an ill-concealed challenge in his tones:

"I've run ships before."

Fallon's eyes half closed.

"Ah!" he murmured with profound meaning, cast a single glance about the trim bridge, and departed without shaking hands or wishing the Marathon luck.

Ramsey felt the contempt in the old man's manner and his slightly globular eyes wavered.

"I must fix him!" he muttered angrily.

"What's that, sir?" inquired the smart second officer, arriving for duty.

"Nothing," the captain growled.

But it was a great deal that Reginald Ramsey had come to the point in his career where his whole hungry nature rose bristling against any hand that seemed to withhold what he desired; to the moment when he no longer said "I will!" but yielded to imperious appetite and said "I must!"

The Northern and Equatorial was a new line with great prospects—he thought; the Marathon was really a new vessel and a choice command. Ramsey's years in dirty and inconsidered freighters had sharpened his appetite for the few luxuries his profession affords—an athwartships cabin with a big mahogany desk; meals served decently and lavishly; clean decks; a regular schedule; the dignity of being master of a liner; the admiration and association of first-class passengers.

In the old days he had paid little attention to the comments of snarling superintendents or peevish managers. His feeling had been simply that he could easily find other employ and as good a berth. Now it was different. By astonishing good fortune he had been selected to command a highly respectable steamer. There weren't many Marathons afloat, much less many chances for skippers of cargo boats to attain their mastership. And Fallon would, if not tripped, dismiss him—Ramsey—from this fine position and condemn him again to the miserable life he had left.

"I must fix him!" Ramsey thought as he swung his vessel in the stream and set his engines ahead for the voyage. "If I don't he'll fix me."

He set his heavy jaws and proceeded to plan a way to get Captain Fallon out of his path. It did not occur to him that there could be any middle path or any compromise with the port captain, his enemy.

It is a positive though little recognized truth that the majority of all friendships and enmities lie not on the reasonable foundation of plain acts and words, but on swift, tacit understandings. In this instance the experienced, shrewd, secretive port captain instinctively comprehended the nature of the man who was in command of the Marathon; knew immediately his formless character, his idleness of thought, his incapacity to see in his profession anything except a means to an end. In a way Ramsey had ridiculed him, made light of what he held dear, cheapened his costly experience. And his keen perceptions had told him precisely how this uncouth man would attempt to make firm his footing in the line: he would make fun of the port captain.

Fallon was aware, too, that the younger man was not able to comprehend the reason why Fallon did not like him. Ramsey would doubtless set it down to jealousy. The port captain smiled grimly. Back in his own office, high above the pier, he stood at the window and looked out toward the Golden Gate, beyond which the Pacific rolled eternally in from the deep South. His old eyes kindled. The matter would be settled there, on the high seas, far from the petty politics of the city.

"Fool!" whispered Alois Fallon sternly. "Fool!"

His harsh voice sounded in the empty room like the utterance of a judge, wise in the mysteries of a tremendous and inexorable law—the law of the fathomless and infinite sea.

III

THE Marathon was tracing her straight way across the unclouded blue of the lower seas, lifting gently to the regular, strong and polished swell that ran steadily athwart her course. On every hand the horizon was an unbroken line of dark silver, wirelike and taut. Above the swaying mastheads the sky swept upward in a vast flight of azure toward the incandescent sun. At the zenith a faint disk of vapor showed, like an opening into aërial infinity.

Captain Ramsey and the chief engineer were spending a mild quarter of an hour in conversation, waiting for the moment of the noon observation.

"We ought to find ourselves pretty well on our way," Ramsey remarked in his self-satisfied voice. "The Marathon isn't slow!"

The chief, as neat and spare and trim as his engines, assented politely.

"We'll be a day ahead of our schedule, shan't we?"

"Yes; of the old schedule made by the port captain. But the vice president asked me to quietly keep her turning up—no need of a new line's sticking to old rates, you know." Ramsey opened his full lips and laughed. "Captain Fallon doesn't seem to realize that this isn't the early eighties and that twelve-day passages are out of date. Somebody ought to take the wind out of that old fellow's sails."

"Then you think the new company expects to be modern in every way?" the engineer suggested. "Quick passages—and all that?"

Ramsey nodded.

"Of course; and Fallon doesn't get it through his head. This is no day for fools—especially in the shipping business."

"Captain Fallon never was taken for a fool," was the mild protest, made as if merely to be conscientious.

"I guess the vice president is the man in our company," was the answer.

At this moment the wireless operator came along the deck, followed by a small group of curious passengers. Ramsey held out one hand, the smile still on his face.

"More news?" he said. "Let's see it." He nodded affably to the passengers.

The operator quietly delivered the yellow bit of paper, saluted and withdrew. The captain read the message, folded the sheet and turned a reddening face to the little company awaiting a bulletin.

"Nothing but ship's business," he said curtly, and stalked off to his cabin.

Back in his own station, the wireless man unsmilingly took out his private file and put away a copy of the message he had just delivered to his commander. His cynical glance rested on the signature: Fallon. Then, still unsmiling, he rang the bell for his boy.

"Present my compliments to the chief engineer and tell him I should like to have his opinion of some new apparatus here," he said.

To the chief engineer on his arrival he merely handed the file. Leisurely the machinist sat himself down and turned over the various slips of paper. The last one he pondered, with an occasional "T-chk! T-chk!" It read:

RAMSEY, Marathon: Your schedule requires you to be in Papeete Saturday morning eight o'clock, not Friday noon. Slow down. FALLON.

Silently the chief rose, handed back the file and retired. In the engine room he sought his first assistant.

"Tom, has the Old Man ordered the engines slowed down?"

They both stared at the revolutions-dial and then at the slate that bore after each hour's number a steady succession of 124–123–124–123; and the assistant shook his head.

"Ah!" said the chief. "We shall arrive Friday noon at this rate."

"We'll need the extra day in port for our engines if we keep this up, sir."

"And extra coal too," added his superior. "Well, we shall see!"

However, no one saw Ramsey alone in his great cabin, darkly plotting revenge on the man who had called across a thousand leagues of sea and curtly ordered him to mend his ways. His swelling pride was hurt. Being one of those masters who dislike the wireless and vent a little of that feeling on the operator, it galled him that the silent and independent youth in the station should know that he, commander of the Marathon, was watched by a far-away and distrustful superior. He verily heard Alois Fallon's cold voice saying:

"Slow down!"

"He's ashore and I'm at sea," he thought bitterly. "He can manage all kinds of underhand work while I'm helpless here. But I'll show him a thing or two!" He scowled at the barometer and greeted his first officer, entering with the day's reckonings, with a peevish:

"Some current must be fetching us along."

But this was a mere suggested excuse for the record run marked down in the mate's neat script, and when his subordinate was gone Ramsey settled himself to plan. It was characteristic of the man that he did not entertain any thought of obeying the port captain's orders.

"Before I'm well started on him he'll never think whether I brought the ship in a day early or not," ran his determination. However, he took the precaution not to send out his position by wireless that night, thus once more breaking a rule of the company as laid down by Fallon. "The vice president'll understand," he told himself.

In fact, at that moment in the outer offices of the Northern and Equatorial Captain Fallon was speaking briefly to the vice president:

"Ramsey is cutting his schedule a day. Our agreement with the other companies is that we make the voyage in eleven days, and no less."

"Ramsey's all right," was the easy reply. "What difference does it make if we show a little speed once in a while?"

"It's in our contracts," the port captain insisted. "And besides, how are we to know where our vessels are if captains are going to make their own schedules?"

(Continued on Page 74)

"It's Best for You to Know at the Outset That I Don't Stand for Larking on My Ships!"

THE REYNOLDS GROUP

A Story of Lord Louis Lewis

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"THIS," said Lord Louis Lewis, pointing to a three-quarter-length picture which was reclining against a pillar at the foot of the staircase, "is a Reynolds. The lady represented was, I believe, a very great-aunt of mine. The light is indifferent, but even so the touch of the master is unmistakable."

Mr. Russell Yorke adjusted his pince-nez.

"A very remarkable piece of painting," he observed

"You are right," assented Lord Louis; "but, on the other hand, the composition is extremely bad."

"I was about to say as much," agreed Mr. Yorke. "I am almost tempted to believe that this portrait has been cut down."

Lord Louis nodded. "The possibility had occurred to me," he said. "My poor cousin, from whom I acquired it after his decease, was the type of man who would not think twice about committing such an act."

"You astonish me," exclaimed Mr. Yorke, raising his eyebrows. "But what useful object could be attained by so doing?"

Lord Louis shrugged his shoulders. "It is a mere conjecture," he answered. "Possibly the original frame had worn out and rather than buy another he cut the picture to suit one he had in hand."

"It is hard to conceive any relative of yours, Lord Louis, being capable of such a wanton act," Mr. Yorke commented.

"Ah, Mr. Yorke," said Lord Louis, "the artistic temperament was not evenly distributed among the members of my family. The particular branch of which my unhappy cousin was the last descendant was singularly free from æsthetic tastes. It would be no injustice to say that, beyond the possession of very fair palates, there was little to mark them as people of refinement."

"You speak of your unhappy cousin?" queried Mr. Yorke.

"For two reasons," replied Lord Louis. "The first a conventional one, because he is no longer with us; the second because he hastened his own end by alcoholic excess. During the last few years of his life he was seldom sober, and was ministered to by an old manservant who, if rumor speaks the truth, was almost as dissolute as his master."

"A sad story," said Mr Yorke. "I read something of it in the paper a day or two ago. The estate he left was not large."

"It was not," said Lord Louis. "A matter of a few hundreds, the house in which he died and some furniture, which went to the manservant Griffe. The remainder of the family treasures—with the exception of this portrait, a crate or two of books and a very perfect Nantgarw dessert service, which came to me—had been sold to gratify his unconquerable thirst."

Mr. Yorke's gaze reverted to the Reynolds portrait.

"I take it," he said, "that you have not yet examined this portrait very minutely."

"It only arrived to-day," was the reply, "and I confess my attention was more readily attracted toward the Nantgarw—china, as you know, being my particular hobby."

"If you have no objection," ventured Mr. Yorke, "it would be interesting to remove the picture from its frame. We should then be able to judge whether or no it has been tampered with."

"I will order my man to bring a pair of pliers," he remarked. "There is nothing I enjoy more than elucidating mysteries of the antique."

Badger, the butler, answered his master's ring and received Lord Louis' instructions. As he was leaving the room he heard the nobleman remark:

"The picture is in a very dirty state. I will have it taken away and cleaned before we hang it up."

The task of removing the picture from the frame was easily accomplished. It was then clearly evident that Lord Louis' surmise was correct. The painted surface of the canvas did not leave off with the front arris of the stretcher, as is usual, but ran right round to the back. Here, however, the surface was so coated with dirt that all detail had entirely vanished.

He Paid Particular Attention to the Left Side of the Picture

"We should be better able to see what it is all about," suggested Mr. Yorke, "if we took the canvas off the stretcher. We could then remove some of this dirt with a cut potato."

The tacks which held the canvas to the stretcher were old and rusty, and some time elapsed before they were extracted and the two experts were able to commence cleaning the ingrained filth from the surface. In quite a short time details began to emerge, in the same way that a photograph appears upon the plate in a darkroom. Lord Louis had been working assiduously upon the right-hand side of the canvas when suddenly he remarked:

"This is very odd! I don't know what you make of it, but I should describe that as a man's hand."

Mr. Yorke directed his gaze to the part indicated.

"You are right," he exclaimed; "it is a man's hand. But why should it be there?"

Lord Louis rubbed his chin.

"It occurs to me," he said, "that this portrait is a section of a larger group." Mr. Yorke nodded his head and Lord Louis continued: "Everything points to that conclusion. Sir Joshua Reynolds would never have been guilty of such a bad composition. Observe how all the lines run out of the picture. The manner in which the figure is cramped by its margin. Evidently there was a male figure, probably that of a very great-uncle, standing behind the sofa on the right-hand side."

Mr. Russell Yorke was swift to indorse Lord Louis' hypothesis.

"Let us see," he said, "if there is any indication of what the left side of the picture portrayed."

After much energy with the raw potato another discovery rewarded their labors. At a spot where the knees of the late Lady Anne Sefton were cut by the edge of the canvas rested two small hands clasped together. When the picture was cut these little hands had been severed an inch or two above the wrists.

"Our inquiry moves quickly," said Lord Louis Lewis with suppressed excitement. "Beyond all doubt this group was composed of three figures, Lord and Lady Sefton and their infant son."

Mr. Yorke was quite agitated.

"What diabolical intention induced anyone to destroy so beautiful a work?" he queried. "If this picture had been whole it would have been almost priceless. To judge by the technic it must have been painted at the very zenith of Sir Joshua's career."

Lord Louis straightened his back.

"Mr. Yorke," he said, "I shall not rest until I have solved the mystery and regained the missing portions of this work. In saying so I do not speak lightly. And now let us take a glass of wine together and drink success to the enterprise."

Two mornings later Mr. Russell Yorke received a wire from Lord Louis requesting his immediate presence at Bruton House, the latter's abode. Scenting some fresh development with regard to the Reynolds group, Mr. Yorke lost no time in obeying the summons.

On arrival he was shown into a small breakfast room where Lord Louis was discussing a pot of coffee, a rack of dry toast and a dish of hothouse peaches. Propped up against a silver rose bowl in the center of the table was an old calf-bound book of manuscripts engaging his attention while he broke his fast.

"I am delighted you were able to come," said Lord Louis; beckoning his guest into a chair by his side. "Will you join me in a cup of coffee?"

Receiving a courteous negative he proceeded to explain his reasons for sending the wire.

"In examining the crate of books which I mentioned as having come from my unhappy cousin I made this discovery." He indicated the volume before him. "It is no less than a diary from the hand of Lady Anne Sefton, whose portrait was occupying our attention the day before yesterday. Pray listen to this passage," and he turned over several pages of the manuscript. "Here we are: 'The portrait group of John, myself and little Philip proceeds vastly well. Sir Joshua says it bids fair to outrival all his other works. A most pleasant man, Sir Joshua, and dexterous with his brush beyond belief. His only regret is that he cannot induce John to remain still. Sitting for his portrait causes John to display greater choler than heretofore. I upbraided him roundly this morning for want of sobriety. He had partaken so freely, even at the early hour of eleven of the clock, as to be unable to stand, and did rock so perilously at the back of the sofa as to cause little Philip to cry of fright and Sir Joshua to lay aside his brushes and declare it availed nothing to proceed.'" Lord Louis broke off the narrative to observe: "It is evident that my unhappy cousin's failings were inherited."

Mr. Yorke nodded.

"This is most absorbing," he remarked. "Is there any more?"

Lord Louis turned over a couple of pages.

"If you will look here," he said, "you will see that Lady Sefton made a rough sketch in outline of the arrangement of the figures. There! She herself, as we rightly surmised, was the central subject. Her husband is supporting himself at the back of the couch, a wise precaution I have no doubt. At his feet is a workbasket containing an embroidery frame. On our left we have the son Philip, beside whom a mongrel dog is seated. For an amateur the drawing is not without merit."

"A most valuable record," observed Mr. Yorke.

"True," Lord Louis acquiesced. "We now pass over a period of two years. Oh, by the way," he interpolated, whilst seeking the later entry, "she mentions the dimensions of the portrait as being six-foot-six by eight feet.

Now then. This explains how the picture came to be divided—the reason, as you will learn, being domestic and of a painful character."

"I am all attention," said Mr. Yorke, resting his elbows on the table. Lord Louis began to read:

"'Differences between myself and John have reached the final stage. I have decided that I cannot continue to dwell with him beneath the same roof.' An interval of four days, then this: 'John is much rejoiced by my determination. It is settled that I remain here whilst he goes to London. There is small doubt that his dissolute ways will make him many friends in that city.'" Lord Louis turned over three or four pages. "Listen to this," he said: "'A great trouble has arisen over the division of our effects. John insists that the Reynolds group belongs to him, for all that he borrowed the money from my private purse wherewith to pay for it. . . . We have come to a decision at last, but I fear a sorry one and tremble as to what Sir Joshua would say should news come to his ears. John's figure is to be cut from the group.'"

Mr. Yorke clasped his hands in pious horror and Lord Louis nodded sympathetically.

"There is a passage here explaining how this was done," he said. "It appears that Lord John was much incensed to find Lady Anne's workbasket at his feet, and accordingly cut off the lower part of the canvas upon which this was painted, thereby transforming his portrait into a three-quarter length. This study in still life, which I ascertain from the diary measured twenty-four inches by thirty, was retained by her ladyship."

"Is there no mention of why the child was severed from the group?" demanded Mr. Yorke.

Lord Louis picked up the diary and read the ensuing passage:

"'Many anxieties have I been caused as to who should have the custody of little Philip. Although John bears the child nought but ill-will he intends to take him from me. Rather than lose the dear infant I put it to John that he should have the portrait of the child whilst I retained the little one himself. I did argue that a painted picture would be less disposed to cast John into a frenzy than its living presentment. To this point John conceded, and he set about therewith to the further despoiling of Sir Joshua's masterpiece.'"

Lord Louis turned over three pages.

"This is the last entry which concerns our investigation," he remarked. "'John has gone and Philip and myself were vastly joyed to see the last of him. I pray, most devoutly, that never again shall I be burthened by the sight of him. He carried away his own and Philip's portrait and what little wine the cellars contained. The portrait of myself has been framed, but presents a sorry appearance, being over narrow for its length and topheavy withal. I have also found a frame for the painting of my workbasket and embroidery tambour, but that, too, looks indifferent well, with John's ankles and feet in the background.'"

"An artistic tragedy," murmured Mr. Yorke.

"And a domestic one," added Lord Louis. "It should, however, assist us greatly in prosecuting our search. We know now that there are three sections of the portrait to be found instead of two."

Mr. Yorke rubbed his chin.

"The workbasket should not be hard to trace," he ventured. "It might well have come to you with Lady Anne's portrait, seeing that she retained that portion as well."

"Quite so," responded the Peer. "A call upon my cousin's man-servant might not come amiss. He is still dwelling in his late master's house, the lease having been made over to him for his lifetime. In the meanwhile I have decided to insert this advertisement in all the leading journals. I do not anticipate that it will have any profitable results, but there is always a remote chance." And he handed his friend a sheet of note paper bearing the words:

"Lord Louis Lewis, of Bruton House, Clifton, would be glad to purchase the following works of art: The portrait of a gentleman, minus his right hand and both feet below the knees. Dimensions 54 by 24 ins. Period: Middle of the eighteenth century. The portrait of a small boy and mongrel dog. Both hands must be missing and the background to consist of red drapery and a conventional landscape. Dimensions 78 by 35 ins. Period: The same.

Mr. Yorke nodded his approval and returned the paper slip with the words:

"You have omitted to mention the workbasket."

"Purposely," replied his host. "If it should still be in the possession of my late cousin's servant it is wiser not to arouse his suspicions until I have made a personal call."

"Quite," indorsed Mr. Yorke, then adding: "Is this person a resident of Bristol?"

"No, he is living in Wells," replied Lord Louis, "at a house called La Peruse."

Mr. Yorke rose.

"I shall look forward to hearing of fruitful results from your advertisement," he said, and shaking hands with his host retired.

Lord Louis' advertisement appeared on the following morning and automatically found its way to some thousands of households.

One of the persons upon whom it created the greatest effect was Mr. Eden Kineagie. It was this gentleman's boast that he knew more about pictures than anyone else. Mr. Kineagie was an odd, round-shouldered little man of indeterminate age. He affected a wide-brimmed, clerical hat, a brusque manner and a semicircle of gray hair which vignetted his thin-lipped mouth. The announcement attracted his attention at breakfast on the second day of its insertion.

Being a man who was never content with a single occupation, Mr. Kineagie was reading the paper, eating a plate of porridge, and buttoning his jacket on to a hole in the tablecloth all at the same moment. He had placed the button in the hole for the tenth time when the significance of Lord Louis' requirements came home to him. Forgetful of everything else he sprang to his feet and made for the door. The direct result of this action was the transference of the entire breakfast service to the carpet. This *débâcle* Mr. Kineagie ignored, and hurried out into the hall, the tethered cloth flapping aimlessly behind him. Unlocking a door he admitted himself to a large gallery, the walls of which were covered with priceless works of art. In the farthest corner was a narrow, three-quarter length of an eighteenth-century gentleman, whose right hand passed beyond the margin of the frame.

Before this work Mr. Kineagie halted.

"Must be—must be," he muttered. "Now I shall find out who you are." He ran back to the door and thrusting his head outside, shouted: "Oliver! Oliver!"

"Sir," came the reply from a short distance away.

"Bring a tape measure and a time-table," was the order.

When the man arrived with these articles, Kineagie snatched the measure from his hand and snapped out:

"Train to Bristol! Look it up!" and so saying mounted a miniature flight of steps to ascertain the exact size of the portrait before him. Having done so he compared the result with dimensions stated in the advertisement.

"Odd, very odd," he muttered with puckered brow. Then: "Ah, of course, he didn't allow for the piece turned in. Well, train?" The last remark was fired at Oliver, who, with an inquiring forefinger, was searching the columns of the A B C.

"There is one in fifteen minutes, sir," said he. "The next ——" But Mr. Kineagie did not wait for the next train.

"Get a taxi, sharp!" he exclaimed, thrusting the servant before him from the room.

A couple of minutes later Mr. Kineagie was hurrying westward to Paddington Station.

"Ah, of Course, He Didn't Allow for the Piece Turned In"

On the same morning Lord Louis Lewis' letter bag contained a large and varied mail. Among the few that he opened was one from a young lady who informed Lord Louis that she taught water-color painting, and the French and Spanish tongues, at the moderate rate of two shillings and sixpence an hour. There was a second from a large firm of stockbrokers urging him to purchase a block of rubber shares. A third from a private individual who "begged to inform Lord Louis that he had a motorcycle and side-car combination, which he was prepared to sacrifice at a low figure for spot cash." And the last from a West African Missionary Society, imploring His Lordship for a donation to assist in the valuable work of carrying the Gospel into the heart of the Congo. All of which communications, by some inexplicable mental process, owed their existence to the insertion of the advertisement.

By an odd chance Mr. Russell Yorke received a note, by the same post, asking him to run over to Wells that day and take lunch with his brother-in-law. As some time had elapsed since their last meeting, and being free from any other appointment, Mr. Yorke decided to go. He took an early train and arrived at that town before twelve. On presenting his card at the hotel he discovered that his brother-in-law was out and not expected to return till one o'clock. The day being fine Mr. Yorke decided to follow his example and allowed his footsteps to lead him where they willed.

After walking for some ten minutes Mr. Yorke was attracted by a green bench in the shade of a chestnut tree. Here he sat down and lit a pipe. In that unconscious way in which our attention is attracted by unimportant trifles he began to take stock of his surroundings. Immediately facing him was a little old Georgian house upon the gate of which were written the words "La Peruse." Something in the name struck a familiar note in Mr. Yorke's mind. Then he recalled that "La Peruse" was the house in which Lord Louis' cousin had breathed his last. Mr. Yorke rose to his feet. Here was a chance to assist Lord Louis in his investigation.

Without considering what he intended to say, he crossed and rang the bell. He waited some moments before receiving an answer. Then a window in the area was raised and a head thrust out.

"Yes," said the owner of the head; "what do you want?"

Being a somewhat conventional person Mr. Yorke resented this mode of address, and made no other answer beyond ringing the bell for a second time. The head was withdrawn from the window and presently the front door was opened. The sight which greeted Mr. Yorke was not a pleasant one. His best friend could not have described Mr. Griffe as anything but a plain man. At no time could his features have been attractive, but now his ill looks were heightened by inflamed patches, the outward manifestations of intemperance.

"Well?" grunted Mr. Griffe.

"I am a friend of Lord Louis Lewis, who was a legatee under your late master's will," said Mr. Yorke.

"Well?" he repeated.

"Lord Louis is anxious to find out the whereabouts of a certain picture which he believes may have been in the possession of your master at the time of his death."

"The picture was sent to him," replied Griffe warily.

"I am not referring to the portrait of the lady," went on Mr. Yorke, "but to a smaller canvas of lesser importance. The subject was a homely one, consisting merely of a workbasket and an embroidery frame."

Griffe's eyes narrowed. "I know nothing about any such picture," he said sullenly.

"I thought, perhaps, you might remember to have seen it," Mr. Yorke hazarded. "Lord Louis was to inherit all the pictures, and I thought it not unlikely that this particular one might have got stowed away in a lumber room."

"I told you I know nothing about it," repeated Griffe in an uncompromising tone.

"Then I will trespass no further upon your time," Mr. Yorke replied coldly. "I wish you good day." And he retreated down the steps.

"Half a minute," grunted Mr. Griffe rather hesitatingly. "Is this picture valuable, eh?"

"That is not the point," retorted Mr. Yorke. "All your late employer's pictures are now Lord Louis' property, and if it is still here and you have failed to send it you are committing a breach of the law."

"Well, it isn't here, so I'm not," snapped Griffe, and slammed the door.

Mr. Yorke turned away not a little ruffled by the rudeness of his reception. Passing the garden gate he noticed there was a "To Let" board in front of the house which he had not observed before.

At half past three that afternoon Lord Louis Lewis had a caller. Badger, the butler, entered with a card on a tray bearing the name "Mr. Eden Kineagie."

"Show the gentleman in," said Lord Louis, placing a marker in the book he was reading.

A moment later and Mr. Kineagie was ushered into his presence. Ignoring all formalities Mr. Kineagie went straight at the object of his call.

"Where's the picture?" he rapped out. "Let's have a look at it."

Lord Louis raised his eyebrows, an amused smile playing over his features.

"I perceive," he said, "that I have not cast my nets in vain. You are here, Mr. Kineagie, in answer to my advertisement?"

"I am here because of it," came the reply. "If you have got the picture let's have a look. My time's valuable."

"Follow me, then." And Lord Louis, still smiling, led the way into an inner apartment, where the Reynolds, temporarily replaced in its frame, was hanging. "There!" he indicated.

Mr. Kineagie examined it minutely. He crossed to the window and threw back the curtains, thus admitting more light, then clambered up on a chair and glued his nose to the canvas. During the whole of this period no word was spoken. Finally he descended and turned his little beadlike eyes upon Lord Louis.

"I'll buy," he said. "How much?"

"I fear," remarked Lord Louis, "that you cannot have read my advertisement aright. I wish to purchase, not to sell."

"Give you four thousand for her," Kineagie exclaimed. "She's no use without the man—and I've got him."

"Have you, indeed," said the Peer, greatly interested. "I am delighted to hear it. I offer you five thousand for him, which is a fair price considering he is of no value without the lady."

Mr. Kineagie shot a shrewd glance at Lord Louis from under his bushy eyebrows.

"You have got to sell," he said. "I've been looking for this for years and don't mean to lose it now. I stop at nothing when I'm after a thing. Why, I have ruined people to get a picture I wanted."

"I question your ability to do so in my case," remarked Lord Louis politely.

"Don't waste time," Mr. Kineagie cut in. "Are you going to sell?"

"Certainly not," replied Lord Louis. "I am just as determined to possess your portion of this group as you are to possess mine. Besides, let me remind you that the rest of the picture is still to be found, and until then the canvas will be of no real value to either of us. It would be to your evident advantage to accept my offer and leave the tiresome business of searching to me."

Mr. Kineagie scratched his chin.

"I want the picture," he said, "not money."

"Our points of view are united," murmured Lord Louis. "It is a pity, for if we both retain this obstinate attitude the picture will never again appear as a whole. Let us return to the other room and discuss the matter in comfort."

Lord Louis found his companion a most difficult person to deal with. He resolutely declined to agree to any proposal, and it was not until Lord Louis had the inspiration to make an appeal to his sporting instincts that an understanding was arrived at. It was decided that whoever secured the part of the picture representing the child should be able to purchase from the other, at a fixed sum of four thousand pounds, the remaining portion or portions of the canvas. In order that there should be no unfairness or special advantage Lord Louis showed Kineagie certain passages in the diary and also the little pencil sketch Lady Anne had made. The only thing that he refused to confide was where the portrait of Lady Anne had come from, as he did not wish Mr. Kineagie to steal a march upon him with the man Griffe. Mr. Kineagie, in return, told how he had acquired the portrait of Lord Sefton, having bought it at the Caledonian Market for a few shillings from a man who had no idea at all where it came from.

Eventually Lord Louis rose to end the interview.

"I Give You Two Minutes to Bring Me the Picture Which Hung There, or Face the Consequences"

"Well, Mr. Kineagie," he said, "it will be interesting to see who wins the prize. I trust I may be forgiven for hoping it will not be you."

"Hum," mumbled Kineagie, "you'll be disappointed then. The workbasket and the child will be in my gallery inside a month. You said these things, the diary and the painting, came from a cousin of yours. What did you say his name was?"

"I carefully omitted all mention of either his name or his address," replied Lord Louis with a smile. "The picture arrived from another city in company with that case of books, which I have not yet unpacked."

"Hum!" repeated Kineagie, and followed by Lord Louis walked across the hall toward the open front door, arriving there at the same moment that Mr. Russell Yorke turned in at the drive gates.

"Hello, where did I put my hat?" Kineagie snapped.

"You left it in the smoking room, I fancy," said Lord Louis.

"So I did," he said, and quickly returned to that apartment, leaving Lord Louis to welcome the new arrival.

Mr. Kineagie's actions in the smoking room were brief but dishonorable. He put on his hat; then, crossing to the table, slipped Lady Anne's diary under his overcoat. His eye was attracted toward the wooden case containing the books.

He stepped toward it and looked at the label, on which he found was written Lord Louis' address and that of the sender. This he whipped off and dropped into his pocket, then went straight from the room.

He acknowledged Lord Louis' farewell salute with a curt nod and made off from the premises at a brisk pace.

"Wasn't that Eden Kineagie?" demanded Mr. Yorke.

"The same," replied Lord Louis, and leading his guest to the smokeroom recounted all that had taken place.

"An eventful day," remarked Mr. Yorke. "I also have been following the scent of this mysterious group."

"Pray tell me all about it," demanded the Peer.

Thereupon Mr. Yorke took up the tale of his adventure with Griffe, which he told with a surprising wealth of detail, doing great credit to his powers of observation.

At the conclusion Lord Louis puckered his brow.

"It is good of you to have taken so much trouble," he said, "but I wonder if we have been wise to arouse this man's suspicions."

"He undoubtedly knew nothing of the picture."

"One can never be certain," mused Lord Louis. "Possibly he kept it without knowing it was of value; but, I fear, having learned to the contrary, he will do all in his power to conceal its whereabouts. I must lose no time in paying him a visit."

"As you wish, of course," returned Mr. Yorke; "but I fear your reception will be no more cordial than mine was."

"I shall travel incognito," said Lord Louis, fingering his chin. "Didn't you say the house was to let?"

"There was an agent's board in the garden, yes."

"Good! I will get an order to view. This will insure my gaining admittance ——" He stopped abruptly, his eyes upon the center table. "Strange," he said. "I could have sworn I left Lady Anne's diary on that table. I took it from that case to show Mr. Kineagie."

"You returned it unconsciously, perhaps," suggested Mr. Yorke.

Lord Louis walked over to the case to make sure.

"No, it is not here," he said, then added: "Dear me!" The last remark being inspired by the sight of the four tin tacks which had recently held the label to the side of the box.

"What's the matter?" demanded Mr. Yorke.

Lord Louis spoke very incisively.

"Our friend Kineagie," he said, "does not intend the grass to grow beneath his feet. In returning to this room to fetch his hat he not only took Lady Anne's diary, which will in no way aid his search, but also tore off the label from this box—which I now remember bore my late cousin's address as well as my own. He will know now where the workbasket canvas may possibly be found."

Mr. Yorke whistled.

"I think," continued Lord Louis, picking up a time-table, "I should be wise to go to Wells immediately. Be so good as to look me up a train while I send a wire."

Mr. Yorke took the time-table, and Lord Louis seated himself at his desk and addressed the following telegram to Mr. Kineagie, whose card he had retained:

Eden Kineagie, Staintons, Fellows Road, Hampstead, N. W. To remind you of the eighth commandment, which escaped your memory in my smoking room this afternoon.

LEWIS.

"There," he said, handing the form to Mr. Yorke. "I do not imagine that he will have returned home, but I should like him to know when he does that his theft has not passed unnoticed. What are the trains?"

"The last to-day left an hour ago. There is one in the morning at nine-forty-five."

"I will catch that," said Lord Louis, "and unless I am much mistaken I shall have the pleasure of Mr. Kineagie's company en route."

"May I see you off?" volunteered Mr. Yorke.

"Please do," replied the Peer. "It is possible you might be able to do me a service at the station. Let us breakfast together here at eight-thirty."

"Delighted," said Mr. Yorke, and bade farewell to his host.

That night, at about two A. M., Lord Louis' house was broken into. The catch of a downstairs window was forced and the sash raised, admitting an individual of inconspicuous appearance. This person's movements were not in accord with those of the average burglar. He carried neither a bag nor a weapon, but only an electric torch, the light from which he directed exclusively at the walls. He did

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A Corn-Belt Pioneer—1916 Model

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

I Was So Quiet That They Forgot All About Me

DID I mention in that piece about Retiring From Fairview the fact that Daisy Raymond Wiggins had brought her husband up from the State University, and that they had begun reliving the pioneer life of her grandfather and great-grandfather right here in the Fairview neighborhood? I did? Well, now I'm going to tell you all about it.

Her grandfather, Ezra M. Raymond, was older than my father, and came to the settlement, with some pretty good chunks of boys, before we did—about '53 or '54, I think it was. We drove in with oxen two or three years behind them; but Old Mule Raymond, as Ezra was called as long as he lived, because he came in with mules, had more sense than we had. My father bought land along the river, because it had timber on it; Mule Raymond took up his out on the prairies, because it had none. We spent ten years grubbing timberland before it dawned on us that Mule Raymond had done as much in the way of making a farm on the prairie in two years as we had done in ten, and had better land.

Then we sold out to an Indiana man, who was used to roots and stumps and couldn't be happy unless he was tussling with them, and bought land alongside the Raymond farm—and paid six dollars for it, though we might have had it when we moved in for a dollar and a quarter.

That man Knickerbocker, who wrote a history of New York, tells, as a joke on the Dutch, that they pretty near had to give up settling on Manhattan Island because it didn't seem to be any fit place for a town. It almost looked as if they had robbed the Indians of something not worth stealing. They hunted and hunted for a place fit for a town site, and weren't satisfied until at last they found one low enough so that they had to build dikes along the shore to keep out the tide. Then they hopped to it in a leisurely sort of way.

I believe the story is true. It's just the same thing the early settlers did in the prairie states. They hunted for land encumbered with brush and timber, because they were used to timber and brush. I believe if they could have found rocks they would have been happier—but they couldn't. And right before their eyes were those broad prairies of black soil, far richer than the timberlands and all ready for the plow!

The Jungle in the Corn Belt

MULE RAYMOND was eccentric in two things: He preferred mules to oxen because they were faster, and to horses because they were tougher; and he preferred rich land ready to plow to fair-to-middling land that had to be reclaimed. It took him a quarter of a century to outlive these twin disgraces.

Al and Frank Raymond were neighbor boys of ours, but older than I. This did not prevent us from being good friends and playmates; but it cut short our fun when Al, who was the one I liked best, got married at the age of nineteen. Why not? He had earned enough working for Foster Livermore to pay for a team and wagon, and could buy all the land he wanted on grain payments—and Zeruiah Livermore was willing to have him. So they were married.

His first child was named Wilfrid Livermore Raymond, and he is now a professor of something related to geology or archæology at the State University. I am told that he knows all there is to know about his specialty. There's everything in heredity; but when I think of Old Mule Raymond and Dr. Wilfrid Livermore Raymond, his grandson, I am convinced that it is better seen by hindsight than foresight.

Naturally we had seen very little of Doctor Raymond in the Fairview neighborhood for years. We are not a scholastic people. He and his wife used to rusticate among us once in a while during vacations and between his voyages to foreign parts; and once he came all the way from the university to address us on the occasion of our great Homecoming Week, when half the crowd was composed of retired farmers who flocked back from the cities and towns to see one another and us and to find out just how badly run down their farms were getting to be. That time they had with them a little daughter, about eight years old, who took quite a shine to me and called me Uncle Abner. She and I spent an hour in my feedyards looking at the steers.

She looked to me to be about ten years old when she brought her husband to see me—but they look younger to me now than they used to.

"Mr. Dunham ——" she said.

"What's become of your Uncle Abner?" I inquired

"I hope he's well," she giggled. "Do you remember about that?"

"I never forget anything," said I; "and the neighbors say I never learn anything."

"Well," said Daisy, "you're going to learn something right now. I'm going to present to you my husband, Frank Wiggins, and he's the most knowledgiferous person alive!"

"I'm glad to meet you," said I, "you cradle robber!"

Daisy giggled again and looked as pleased as Punch. He wasn't very mad, either. My wife came out and we had them in to dinner. He was a puzzle to me at first. I don't know but he is yet. He was pretty well dressed and looked to be about thirty. My wife informed me after they went away that Daisy would be twenty-six the twenty-seventh day of the next December. How they remember such things is past me!

Wiggins was a clean, hard, brown-looking customer, with a mild eye, a beard that he kept at about a two-weeks' growth, and a stocky build. I should say he would have weighed a hundred and seventy-five and was five feet ten. He was just the man for build that I have always liked to get for farm hands. I was a little taken back when he told me, in answer to my query as to his business, that he was a preacher, but was looking for a job. I had sized him up for a real-estate man or a life-insurance agent—or possibly, when I noticed those mild eyes, one of the newer breed of college professors who like to be called Smith instead of Doctor.

He was a good single-handed talker, but wasn't talky. I noticed that when he spoke he generally said something, but never used ministerial lingo. In fact, he more than once dropped into that sort of just-folks language that lots of starchy people call slang. That's why I was a little surprised when he said he was a preacher but you never can tell nowadays!

"Where do you think of locating?" my wife asked.

"In the missionary field," said he.

"It's a noble field," replied my wife, giving me thereby a sly dig, for I have always been a tightwad when they begin to sing about "Greenland's icy mountains" and "India's coral strand."

It always seemed to me that we are pretty short on practical Christianity right here in the Corn Belt.

"But," went on Mrs. Dunham, "it would be a great cross to me to send a daughter of mine across the seas to where they have leprosy and jaguars and cobras, and kill their little girl babies. I should feel that I'd given everything to the Lord, and could never expect to see her alive again."

"What cobra country," I inquired, "do you expect to locate in?"

"Well," said Wiggins, kind of drylike, "we think the Fairview neighborhood is about the jungle for us."

"You see, Uncle Abner," said Daisy, bursting in while my wife and I were all aback and our sails flapping, "Frank was a classmate of Henry Ackerman's. And when Henry told him that he had been much troubled at what you told Henry about the Ackermans and Raymonds and Lutzes and Livermores, and all the rest of us, deserting the Fairview neighborhood and retiring to the cities and towns, just as though the soil we grew up out of wasn't good enough to stay on, I just told Frank that it was my soil just as much as Henry Ackerman's—and it was just the sort of thing we'd been wanting to do all the time. And so here we are, Uncle Abner, on your hands, and you've just got to put your shoulder to the wheel and boost!"

"The country church is dying," said Wiggins, "just because we preachers haven't sense enough to do anything but preach; and for the additional reason that, instead of curing the home-grown evils we have, we prefer to fly to others that we know not of."

"If we are to endure things for the cause," said Daisy, "why not endure them right here?"

"And save traveling expenses," put in Frank.

"And cut out the 'Afric's sunny fountains roll down their golden sand' business," I injected, looking at my wife.

"But, my dear," said my wife, "a person has to dress better round here!" And Daisy began giggling.

The Reverend Frank's Business Proposition

"AND then," said mother, "being poor and hard-run for a living is one thing among black heathen who are all poor and you look down on, and another among white people who are rich and look down on you."

Daisy quit her giggling at that and looked sober.

"Aunt Lucy," said she, "that's a profound truth; but Frank says we have just got to go against this game."

"It wasn't Frank, was it," said I, "who said: 'For he that is least among you all, the same shall be great'!"

"Oh, well," said the Reverend Frank, wriggling in his seat as if on nettles, "this is a business proposition, and I believe we can make a go of it!"

I began to like him then.

We found out by degrees, partly then and partly since, that Frank had worked his way through a divinity school by serving as athletic director, and had gone to the university to take a course in psychology so he could preach better. There one day he dropped into a conference on the condition of the rural church and, as a consequence, flopped over to

Everybody Went. We Wondered What Sort of Religion He Would Preach

the Agricultural College and specialized in Rural Economics. Daisy Raymond was writing a thesis on Rural Sanitation, after taking a course in nursing; and they met.

After that he majored in Daisiness and she in Frankism, and both became enthusiastic over the idea that it was their duty to do what they could to serve the people of the United States of America—especially the country people.

That talk of mine with the Reverend Henry Ackerman, who was born on the next farm and is now a city preacher, had mighty little to do with their decision. But I think it might have had some connection with their coming to the Fairview neighborhood, Old Mule Raymond's alighting place when he flew across the Mississippi in the fifties.

The church situation in our neighborhood was typically bad. There weren't as good church facilities as fifty years ago. Then we had no church buildings; but pioneer ministers used to hold services in the schoolhouses frequently, and there was a Sunday school every few miles.

A Church for the Asking

AS THE country got richer the families of the pioneer farmers kept moving to town; and the town preachers, like the city doctors, had all they could do to attend to their city practice. They didn't care for us any more. They could serve the Lord by wholesale in town, but farmers were a retail proposition; and who can blame a man for laboring in the wholesale vineyard rather than in the five-and-ten-cent line? Only the youngsters cared to ride the country roads, and they weren't crazy about it. The churches kept up a pretense of holding services in the schoolhouses, but the congregations fell off. The folks and the preachers had no chance to get acquainted.

The pioneer ministers of years agone were more like us anyhow. The towns of sixty years ago weren't so much different from the farms as they are now. The age of specialization had not set in. There was the pioneer spirit of getting acquainted which pervaded everything. Why, when I was a boy we never passed a team on the road without stopping and having a talk—especially if the people in the outfit were strangers. If an outfit of strangers stopped at the house to inquire the way to the next town we asked them in to dinner, and were pretty likely to tell them that it was too late to make it that day, and they'd better stop and stay all night. If they stayed we made up shakedowns on the floor and slept with a family of strangers in the same room, with not half the impropriety a man sees in a sleeping car to-day. Why, strangers were better acquainted then than most neighbors are now.

In that sort of atmosphere, and the old-fashioned attitude of veneration toward the clergy, there was no such strife between town and country church affairs as exists now. So I am perfectly safe in saying that—it was so when Frank Wiggins and Daisy came to us, and it's just the same to-day in most rural neighborhoods—the preacher who really devotes himself to a rural pastorate in the dead-and-done-for church surroundings of the twentieth century is more of a pioneer than were the ministers of the prairie settlements of the middle of the nineteenth.

There was an old brick church on one corner of my farm that had not been used, except by sparrows and wasps, for twenty years. It had been built by a congregation of Winebrennerians from Pennsylvania before the war, and was closed by a lawsuit and general fracas in the time of Elder Hershberger, about 1870. The old Pennsylvania Dutch settlers died off and their children went to town or to Dakota or Western Canada.

The land had reverted to me by a clause in the deed under which I gave it to them. The roof was bad, the floors ruinous, and the windows all out; but, except where the bricks had fallen out under some of the windows and over the doors, the walls were in pretty fair shape. If it hadn't been so far from the farm buildings I should have converted it into a cow stable or something of the sort; but it was at the other end of the place. It typified in brick and moldering wood the decline of the rural church in thousands and thousands of farm communities.

"I want you to give me the old Winebrennerian church," said Mr. Wiggins.

"Well, if that's all ——" I began.

"It isn't all," said he. "How many acres are there in that marsh back of the church?"

"About fifteen acres," said I. "You don't want that, do you?"

"Yes," he answered; "I want that too."

The marsh was of small use to me, because I couldn't drain it. To do so I had to discharge the water on the land across the road; and I had never been able to get consent from Abel Bohn, the son of one of the original Winebrennerians. He was sore at me because I didn't let him have the church, as the last member of the congregation—a sort of cook and captain bold, and mate of the Nancy brig. Abel and I were not very friendly—all on account of the marsh. It bred dissension and mosquitoes, and it was only in dry seasons that it could be mowed—and then the hay wasn't very good. But he wouldn't let me discharge the water on him.

We Drove In With Oxen

"Got any money?" I asked, looking at Mr. Wiggins.

The Reverend Frank looked at Daisy inquiringly.

"Three hundred and eighty-seven dollars," said she, "and sixty-seven cents. But we've oceans and oceans of clothes, and we can live a long time on them. If we wait for money enough, Uncle Abner, it will show that we haven't enough faith to make a success of the work anyhow—and nobody will ever endow us."

"Two young fools!" said I; but I finally told them they could have the ruins and the swamp.

What they expected to do with this equipment was a mystery to me; and the wonder extended to the whole neighborhood when, early in April, the Reverend Frank Wiggins and his Daisy wife appeared one day, when the woolly anemones were peeping up through the dry grass at the roadsides and the marsh pools were gilded with cowslips, and took possession of their church and its aqueous glebe land.

"For the land's sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Hans Larsen, wife of the Dane who was John Ackerman's tenant that year. "Y'st look what the preacher's doin' in the old churchyard!"

I stepped out back through the grove and looked. There was a nice wall tent pitched under a tree on the south side of the old church, with a fly stretched by its ropes to trees. The few neglected graves were within a stone's throw. Passing back and forth from a dray to the tent were Daisy and the Reverend Frank, carrying cooking utensils, hammocks, books, cameras and a typewriter. A banjo and a fiddle hung on the side of the tent—I could see them plainly etched against the white canvas. A camp fire was already sending up its azure smoke into the chill blue April sky. The Wigginses had moved in!

"'Foxes have holes,' Uncle Abner," said Daisy, "'and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head.' Why should we worry when we have such a bully place as this tent?"

"*Ish ka bibble*," said the Reverend Frank.

"Well," said I, "about the time the mosquitoes begin to come out of the marsh you'll begin to *bibble*."

"Oh, I'm going to drain the swamp," said he.

"I think I see you!" said I, having in my mind's eye the sour visage of Abel Bohn whenever I alluded to drainage; but, of course, Frank was not only joking but was himself a joke—as yet.

He started the day after they got settled and visited every house for miles round on his motorcycle, leaving hectographed invitations to religious services at the schoolhouse the next Sunday. My wife and I went. Everybody went. That camp they had established in the old churchyard was the best advertisement they could have had. We wondered what sort of religion he would preach, anyhow.

The Wigginses were so odd in their methods that we thought maybe it would be a sort of Salvation Army or Holy Jumper affair; but there wasn't a thing out of the ordinary, except that Daisy led the singing with her fiddle and the Reverend Frank dominated the soprano with a round barytone. Daisy played a violin solo which we all liked, but anyone could see that she never would be able to set the world afire as a violinist.

When the services were over Daisy crept into the hearts of all the old settlers' wives by talking of old times in Fairview, and captured the rest in other strategic ways. Frank had a word with every person there who didn't hurry away to keep from being solicited to support the new preacher.

Daisy and Frank went home with us to dinner, and several neighbors went along. We simply had fun that day, with Daisy and Frank leading the merriment—you know the kind of time we sometimes have when people get so full of laugh they can't stop and anything at all is funny. I'm sorry these affairs get fewer and fewer as we grow older. Why need it be so?

Frank and Daisy went back to what they called their pavilion pretty soon after dinner and left us to discuss the sermon.

"Not what you'd call an eloquent man."

"Good, clear, common-sense talk, though."

"I should say he'd never make 'em hit the sawdust trail in droves."

"Got a peach of a wife, hain't he, now?"

"She gets good expression out of the violin, but as for power—she ain't there."

Brother Wiggins' Startling Omission

"WELL," summed up my wife, "it was as good a Gospel sermon as I ever heard! But what was left out of that service? It seemed all right—but what was lacking?"

We sat in thought a while, and then I slapped my thigh and shouted:

"Gosh a'mighty! He never took up the collection!"

The next development in the Wiggins experiment in Corn-Belt ministerial pioneering was about the next Saturday. I met Abel Bohn and asked him how he liked his new neighbors.

"Brother Wiggins is a fine man," said he. "He is maybe like our old preachers, who did not preach for gold but worked on their farms six days and preached to their neighbors on the seventh. That would be something different from what we have in the towns now."

(Continued on Page 46)

THE DARK HORSE

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

Parson Custard Conducts a Beauty Contest

"Wait, Criddle! Wait! I'll Give You Fifty Dollars ——"

THE longer Virgil Custard lived, the more facts he neglected to foresee until afterward. Batting his eyes and swinging his cane, he pursued his fancies with exuberant optimism until sudden information jolted him from the rear. Truth never seemed to hit Virgil in the head. Calamity always sneaked up behind while he was studying about something else, which sharpened his posterior perceptions. Yet the Pop-Eyed Parson, with foresights less acute than hindsights, should have known better than to start a Beauty Contest.

The United States Government had recently tendered Virgil a complimentary jolt in the rear concerning his Correspondence College for Pullman Porters. Subsequently thereto he shut up the college and shut up himself. Reverend Baltimore Criddle, with the tar-jelly cheeks, sat observantly in his rocking-chair and watched Virgil mooning about the Coffin Club, doing nothing except draw his regular rake-off as Chief Mentor of the High Court of Corinthians. Criddle twirled his oily thumbs and felt abundantly able to do all the heavy sitting round. More than this, another matter rankled in the Criddle breast—a matter of ninety-odd dollars invested in Simon Staraby's obligation to chase off the pestiferous Custard. Simon had departed; likewise the ninety-odd dollars—while Virgil yet remained.

"I got to collect dat money out o' Virgil some kind o' way."

Criddle interlaced his pudgy fingers across his bulging white vest and considered the means. After the third week of corpulent consideration the astute Criddle began to see signs.

"Sumpin' sho is buzzin' roun' in dat yaller nigger's head; an' 'tain't nary Juney bug."

Virgil Custard's head began to buzz, then to roar, with a sizzling new idea. Why not pull off a Beauty Contest, like the white folks? Sell votes at five cents per each; elect a Queen to lead a Grand Parade to his picnic at Newman's Grove.

Virgil's head continued to buzz and his feet to tingle, pacing in and out the door, up and down the sidewalk. Criddle always knew what Virgil was thinking about from the way he handled his feet. So Criddle eyed him warily as he moved slowly toward the club, then whirled with decision and hurried south.

"Dat pop-eyed nigger sho is fixin' to start sumpin'!"

Criddle edged round in his chair, leaned far out the door, and watched.

The fact is, Virgil had resolved to start something, and start it right. First, he must have a circular printed to make known the glories of his amalgamated Beauty Contest, Parade and Picnic. But the United States Government had behaved so peevishly when he sent those college circulars through the mails that he determined to consult Lawyer Harry Madison again.

"Come in, Virgil. What's your trouble?"

The lawyer was mightily amused at his ex-office boy's enthusiasm, but kept it to himself. He listened gravely, refired his pipe, went over to the table, and drafted a masterpiece at Virgil's suggestion, with diverting novelties of his own.

"There now, Virgil; you'll have every negro in town talking politics! Going to let women vote?"

"Anybody what's got a nickel."

"Without regard to age, sex, or previous condition of servitude."

"Thankee, Mister Harry; thankee, suh."

Lawyer Madison had put in a lot of dictionary words that Virgil didn't understand; so he stopped in the doorway and inquired:

"Mister Harry, dis ain't agin de law?"

"No, no; only against the peace and dignity."

"Dat's all right. I wants sumpin' what'll ketch niggers a-goin' an' a-comin' an' returnin' back."

Reverend Baltimore Criddle was not permitted to ruminate in peace and silence until Virgil Custard should return from the printing office, for Jinny Jane Wilkins fractured the silence as she flounced in at the door, with a belligerent tilt to her widow's hat which constituted a breach of the peace. The bulk of Jinny Jane—shoulders downward—was garbed in striped pink, overdraped by a doleful black veil which floated below her waist. Jinny Jane was a newly wedded widow and promulgated the fact. She demanded to know why Criddle had never paid her five-hundred-dollar policy on the late lamented. She was getting tired of coming every day. Criddle looked tired. She spoke a lot of conversation, all in a rush, and flourished her umbrella.

"You needn't claim I ain't nary widder jes' 'cause I'm married agin. I keeps on bein' a widder ontil I'm paid. Gimme my money—right now; an' no back talk ——"

She got no back talk or money, but left him black and flabby, huddled in his chair, when Virgil Custard pranced up to disclose:

"Say, Criddle, I'm fixin' to hold some votin' fer a Queen."

"Some what? For who?"

"Queen o' my picnic—an' Miss'ippi to boot."

"Your picnic!"

"Sholy. I aims to give a grand picnic at Newman's Grove on the sixth of August. Hold votin' from now ontil den fer Queen—five cents a vote."

The wrinkles began to swell out in Criddle's neck as Virgil grew eloquent.

"De Queen gits fifty dollars, gole money, an' leads my peerade in a lovely float ——"

"Virgil, you's fixin' to have a lot o' niggers leadin' peerades in a fust-class hearse."

"How come?"

"I had one o' dem Beauty Contests at Greensboro, Alabama; an' it broke me o' suckin' eggs. Not countin' dem what got crippled concernin' de Queen, four members in good standin' got kilt. I couldn't pay fer 'em an' didn't want no hard feelin's, so I arrived away from Greensboro dat night."

Virgil scoffed at the idea.

"Vicksburg niggers is quiet an' peaceable."

"Niggers is niggers! Ain't you l'arned dat yit? You can't mix votin' an' wimmens."

There was no use in arguing with Virgil, so Criddle held up his fat hands.

"Dis 'lection is gwine to stir up contention whar 'tain't nobody lookin' fer it."

Reverend Baltimore Criddle had spoken a mouthful of parables when he predicted the ruffling of hitherto placid circles. The dazzling handbills of Virgil's proclamation set all niggerdom to discussing elections and suffrage, free ballots and fair counts. But even Criddle's omniscience never foresaw the argument that broke out between Jinny Jane Wilkins and her brand-new husband. Owing to her recent bereavement and unpaid policy, Jinny Jane had the marriage ceremony performed in her widow's veil, while Slick Wilkins leaned upon a crutch in token of his pending claim against the railroad for permanent injuries received—a thrifty union of contingent expectations.

Jinny Jane's cabin faced a weed-grown street on the southern edge of town. Between her happy home and Kitty Mims' lay a patch of worm-eaten collards, a clothesline strung on crazy poles, and the jagged souvenirs of a picket fence.

For a married man, the affair looked bad at the start, and might have looked worse at the finish if Jinny Jane had let her husband alone—which she didn't. That's why she married Slick—because she couldn't let him alone. Jinny Jane being twenty-two, a staving good-looker and able-bodied washerwoman, Slick had no visible excuse for exchanging signals with high-yaller Kitty Mims while his wife was on the back gallery packing up the white folks' laundry. But Kitty was a pippin—a pippin with a gold tooth and eyes like a runaway mustang.

Slick stole out front and cut a fantastic pigeonwing just to show how frisky he felt. Kitty waved at him with one of the Beauty Queen circulars; to which Slick nodded, indicating that they would confer as soon as Jinny Jane got out of their way.

Fortunately Jinny Jane couldn't see all this; for what looked good to Slick might look bad to Jinny Jane.

Five minutes previously Slick had side-stepped a discussion with his wife about the Custard Contest. Slick did not want her to know too much, for reasons concerning a pippin. He had cunningly touted her off into a general discussion of suffrage as picked up at Lawyer Gus Rigg's office. Then he made his sneak but Jinny Jane shouted:

"You, Slick, come here!"

Slick grabbed his crutch and appeared, limping, at the back door. His big brown wife whirled, her arms bare to the elbow.

"Slick, what's all dat humbuggery you was tellin'? Who's gwine to make me vote? You? You ain't man enough to make me sop gravy outen a skillet!"

"Hold up, Jinny Jane! You ain't 'bleeged to vote 'ceptin' you wants to vote!"—referring to basic principles of suffrage and not to the Custard Contest.

Jinny Jane squared herself; up and down she was shorter, but sideways she'd make one and a half of Slick.

"Dat's 'cisely what you say when you commenced settin' de rent collector onto me—say I needn't pay him ef I didn't want to. But soon as I gits started, den it's 'Step aside, Slick, 'cause Jinny Jane's tendin' to dat.'"

Slick felt easy so long as his wife got riled upon non-incriminating topics.

"Lawyer Rigg tells me ——"

"Shet up! Dat's whar you gits dese fool notions, loafin' roun' listenin' to white folks' gabble."

"You Needn't Claim I Ain't Nary Widder Jes' 'Cause I'm Married Agin. I Keeps on Bein' a Widder Ontil I'm Paid"

"Mens is goin' to do right smart votin', an' wimmens do right smart — "

"No sech thing! Ef I picks up de ax, does you snatch it 'way an' hustle to de woodpile? Nary time! Say you got a misery in de laig whar de railroad hurt you."

"Yes; an' Lawyer Rigg is goin' to make 'em pay fer it."

"Hope he do, 'cause you don't git nary cent o' my money what Criddle pays."

Jinny Jane resumed her bending over the basket, packing away the laundry.

"Slick, ev'y day you goes to dat lawyer's office dey pumps you full o' some newfangled howdy-do! Who's gwine to make me vote? Dat's what I keeps axin' you."

"'Twarn't none o' me, Jinny Jane. It all riz up from what Squire Murch read in dat newspaper. Squire laffs an' prophesy, from de way de cat was hoppin', 'twon't be long befo' wimmens was doin' all de votin', an' us mens could set down an' watch 'em run de whole ontire worl'."

"Dat's jes' what I 'lowed—let me do it all, on top o' de udder bizness what I got!"

Slick shook his head positively.

"No use gittin' pestered. From what Lawyer Rigg say, you mought try to vote—jes' one time, fer a sample; den quit ef you ain't pleased."

"An' s'posin' I quit? 'Twon't no votin' git did ef it 'pended on you. No, suh! Ef I starts in I'll sho bulge throo wid it."

"Dat's how come Squire Murch specify what he do—ef wimmens picks up a job dey runs it plum' in de groun'. Hold still an' lemme splain. 'Tain't nothin' hard about votin'. I used to vote heap o' times at Indianapolis an' Chicago, when de boss send money to pay my way. I jes' rambles down to whar de boss is waitin' an' says I ain't quite got my head sot whicherway I aims to vote. Dat's when he begins to talk financial. Den you walks to de votin' room, an' de clerk wid de big specs gives you a long piece o' paper, wid printin' on it. You steps in dat little fold-up room an' makes a cross-mark on de paper wherever you 'zires to make a cross-mark at. Den you draps dat paper throo a slot in a box an' somebody hollers 'Voted!'—right solemn. 'Tain't nothin' hard about it."

Jinny Jane looked up with a shirt in her hand.

"Who's gwine to wash de white folks' clo'es an' pay de rent ef I fools roun' drappin' papers in a slot? Huh?"

Having led her gently away from the Beauty Contest, Slick ventured an argument.

"You votes in de church. Nobody can't tie you away from a 'lection fer pastor!"

Then Jinny Jane rose.

"Is all de wimmens goin' to vote?"

"I reckon so—dem what's got deir minds sot."

"Dat gole-toof hussy, Kitty Mims—she ain't gwine to vote! Yon she is, settin' in her window, grinnin' at me while I'm workin'."

This startled Slick and he commenced advancing backward.

"I don't know nothin' 'bout dat gal."

"Well, I does! In dat 'lection at Pleasant Waters Church she riz up an' voted square 'ginst me. I tole Kitty: 'Don't you never vote 'ginst me no mo'—you gole-toof, sparrer-built ape, wid a face like a dime's wuth o' dog meat!' Den she 'ply back discontemptuous, an' dat's what cause de hullabaloo."

Slick had more gumption than to rile Jinny Jane; he poured oil on pleasant waters.

"Kitty mought vote de same way you does."

"Kitty ain't got to vote neither-which-way—likewise Irene an' Louella Dorkins an' Cissy Coleman "

Slick kept his eye on a mighty stylish shirt which Jinny Jane was preparing to fold into the basket. Before marriage she had washed for a fat grocer with an eighteen-and-a-half neck; then changed to a bank clerk who wore fifteen collars—Slick's size. So the appreciative husband began pacification.

"Lawyer Rigg say a lot o' wimmens ain't cravin' to vote."

"Kitty Mims needn't crave to do no votin', 'cause dey'll sho tote her to de horsepital an' slap me in jail."

"Sho will!" Slick laughed. "Squire Murch say dey keeps a considerable sprinklin' o' wimmens in jail an' feeds 'em wid a squirt-gun."

"Feeds 'em wid a squirt-gun! How come?"

"'Cause dey sulks an' won't eat. Sheriff 'low he can't let a passel o' petticoats die on his hands, which he done give a receipt for 'em. So he props deir moufs open an' shoots 'em full o' soup."

"Slick, is you contrivin' a way to git me put in jail?"

"Dat don't 'mount to shucks. Ef you lands in jail, jes' complain 'I done los' my appetite!'—an' de sheriff 'vites you outside."

"Look at me, nigger! I'm fixin' to slam you down 'ginst de city o' Vicksburg an' bust yo' spireal colum! Git yo' hat an' tote dis basket."

To-Night Criddle Was After Peace—With Honor if Convenient, But Peace at Any Price

Slick didn't get his hat; he went lame and got his crutch.

"You knows I can't tote nary basket. My lawyer say never go nowhar widout dis crutch—till I c'lects from de railroad."

"When you gwine to finish dat case an' do some hustlin'?"

"Lemme have dis striped shirt an' a pair o' dem socks—so I kin hobble downtown an' seek fer a light job."

The washerwoman hesitated, handed out the shirt, with appropriate hosiery, then got her widow's hat and veil. As she couldn't handily balance a basket on top of the hat she balanced the hat on top of the basket, and let the veil flow loose, as the outward and visible sign of her unpaid condition.

Kitty watched impatiently until the big brown woman went puffing over the hill, then emerged from seclusion. Slick promenaded gallantly across the collard patch, twirling his crutch like a drum major.

"Kitty, I'm goin' to quit dat ooman. She's too fussy. Den me an' you'll git married."

Kitty smiled flashingly with her gold tooth.

"I ain't studyin' nothin' but dis Custard Queen."

She spread the Virgil circular on her knee and read aloud:

GREAT AND GRAND BEAUTY CONTEST, CONDUCTED BY PARSON VIRGIL CUSTARD!

OPEN TO ALL COLORED LADIES OF MISSISSIPPI!

The Lady obtaining the Highest Number of Votes will be Crowned Queen of Beauty, and paid

$50!———in Gold!———$50!

Nominate your Best Girl. She will choose her own Maids of Honor and lead the Grand Parade to Picnic Train.

REMEMBER! REMEMBER! REMEMBER!

A Float fit for an Empress will be prepared for Your Girl. Say, Boy, won't you be Proud?
Ballot Box Open from Morning till Night.
Five cents per each Vote! Votes, per each, Five cents!
Remember the Dazzling Dates!
Polls Close at 10 P. M., Saturday, August Third.
Queen Announced at Pleasant Waters Church at 8 P. M., August Fourth.
Gorgeous Parade at High Noon, August Sixth.
Picnic and Gala Ball at Newman's Grove, 1.30 P. M., August Sixth.
All Votes Cash—Five Cents!

PARSON VIRGIL CUSTARD,
Superintendent of Contest.
Vicksburg, Mississippi.

"Gee! Slick, won't dat be grand? Git fifty dollars fer five cents, an' be Queen too!"

"Ef dat's all you wants, you's jes' as good as got it already. Me an' Virgil Custard is p'tickler friends an' I'll fix dis 'lection."

"Kin you fix it?"

Slick emitted his most knowledgy wink.

"I been workin' politics in Chicago an' sholy ought to know how to fix a little votin' like dis."

"Hurry up, den! Hurry up!"

Kitty gave him an enthusiastic push from the steps.

Slick Wilkins started off, whistling; then remembered to lean upon his crutch—according to legal advice—and limped painfully into town.

The fatness of Reverend Baltimore Criddle, in his rocking-chair, blocked the Coffin Club door. Slick Wilkins paused. Beyond, in the funereal gloom beside a somberly draped casket, he saw Virgil Custard holding a bumblebee conference with Wad Grimes, the Sport. Slick sat down on the doorstep, cocking his ear, trying to hear what those two were talking about.

Wad seemed to be arguing mighty powerful about something. He used to be a blacksmith before turning to sport, and won scads of money off the steamboat niggers. The floor trembled as he rose to leave and Virgil followed him to the door.

"Ballot box opens ev'y mornin' at nine o'clock an' stays open ev'y night till seven. Votes five cents per each."

This explicit information failed to satisfy the burly blacksmith, who stalked away; and Virgil returned busily to his desk.

"Huh!" Slick observed. "Wad ain't so overly pleased."

Then he limped in among the spears and undertakers' gloves, tapping Virgil intimately on the shoulder.

"Pard, I wants to speak wid you."

"All right."

The Superintendent of Contest glanced up.

"Le's go into dat back room, where us kin talk private."

Politics necessarily called for a certain amount of secrecy and caution, which Virgil readily comprehended; so he took Slick's arm and they passed confidentially into the small room at the rear. Having closed the door behind him, Slick, with unselfish affection, grasped Virgil by the hand.

"Me an you's mighty good friends—ain't we?"

"Uh-huh!"

Virgil showed the stony countenance and determined not to lend him a cent.

"I wants you to do me a little favor."

"What kind?"

"Nothin' much—jes' fix up dis 'lection so Kitty Mims kin be Queen."

"Huh?"

"So Kitty—Kitty Mims—kin be Queen. Jes' fix it up—'twixt me an' you."

"Niggers is got to vote fer Queen."

"'Twon't hurt nobody to let 'em vote. De mo' dey votes, de better fer you. All you got to do is read out Kitty Mims as de one what got 'lected."

A simple scheme and simply framed.

"You see, Virgil, dat ain't no trouble."

"Mought not be; an' den agin it mought."

"Not ef me an' you fixes it befo'han'."

"Look here, Slick: while I does all dis fixin', what does you aim to do?"

Slick wabbled first on one foot and then on the other, while the Pop-Eyed Parson listened for virtuous inducements that never showed up.

"Slick, de onliest way to gain dis 'lection is to buy de morest votes—five cents per each."

"Dem votes ain't costin' you nothin'."

"I don't figger on dis Beauty Contest to cost me nothin'."

Slick performed mighty handy with his tongue. Time and again he dug both hands deep into his pockets, but they always came out empty—which failed to stir the Custard. His head shook and kept shaking, unconvinced to the very end.

"See here, Slick; money talks—jes' like I tole Wad Grimes. He's runnin' Cissy Coleman; an' what do he do? Coughs up ten dollars in advance fer two hundred votes. Dat's proper an' reg'lar."

Slick's jaw dropped.

"Grimes is runnin' Cissy?"

"Uh-huh! Got a flyin' start."

"Done paid ten dollars already?"

"Cash!"

"Den it'll cost a heap befo' Wad gits throo!"

"Wad say dat Cissy is goin' to ride in de Queen's float or he'll make somebody spend a house an' lot."

Which fitted the thinking cap to Slick's corrugated brow. Wad Grimes was Vicksburg's leading colored gambler. If he needed ten or twenty dollars—or a hundred—all he had to do was to sit on a cotton bale at the landing, wait until a steamboat tied up and the roustabouts were paid off. This kept him in cash; his size and reputation for preparedness kept him in peace.

Big Wad had been to the penitentiary four times, resting easy while the principal state's witness was undergoing repairs. Altogether he was an inconvenient person to buck up against. Slick didn't have to think this—he knew; so he perched on a lower limb and argued in a lower key.

"Wad wins his money shootin' craps an' I got to git mine off de railroad ——"

"When's dat lawyer goin' to c'lect on yo' case?"

"Next month." Slick brightened. "It's a cinch, an ——"

"No votes on credit"—which sawed off that hope.

"Den I got to go an' git a check cashed."

Slick turned with impressive dignity, intending to stalk out by the front entrance. But Jinny Jane loomed up; so he changed his mind and direction. He ducked behind the coffin until his wife was exclusively occupied with Criddle, then evaporated through the rear door into the alley.

There was no sense in tarrying to hear what Jinny Jane might say. He knew it all beforehand. So did Criddle. And besides, Slick would glean the verbal details when he got home. Jinny Jane never repeated much of what Criddle said, for the Reverend merely humped himself like a duck in a storm and shed it. On this particular and vociferous occasion, however, Criddle improved an opening and suggested:

"Le's compromise. I'll pay a hundred dollars ——"

"Nary hundred! I want my five"—which opened another crevasse of unsanitary remarks.

Meantime Slick loped to the mouth of the alley before taking to his crutch. The stars in their courses fought against Slick Wilkins—he couldn't fix Virgil; he couldn't outvote Grimes; and he couldn't break the news to Kitty. Crippled in soul and body he hobbled down the steep sidewalk and halted mournfully at the corner of Washington Street.

"Hello, Slick!" It was Big Bull, the Boilermaker, captain of the Custard Nine. Some negroes, when Bull couldn't hear, spoke of him as Tar-Moon, which was descriptive but unsafe. "Hello, Slick!"

"Hello yo'self!"

"Sh! Foller me over to de Shinin' Light. I wants to talk."

Tar-Moon rarely talked and never solicited conversation; evidently he had something on his mind. Slick followed and wondered until the baby-faced giant sat down in the restaurant.

"Slick"—he gave his slow thought with stupid directness—"I aims to git my gal 'lected Queen o' dat Custard peerade."

"Say, you do!". Slick gasped only once, then gave up and died.

"Louella warn't satisfied with bein' Sponsor fer my baseball match; she 'low dat warn't nothin' but settin' down, while dis is ridin' in a hack." Tar-Moon's face looked mighty solemn. "Y'onderstan', Virgil come powerful nigh gittin' tangled wid me 'bout dat gal once befo'. Dat's de time Louella went fer Sponsor to Greenville, an' he claim 'twas his baseball club, 'cause he give us some bats. Bein' de cap'n, I claim I picked her fer Sponsor. Nacherly Virgil shet up while he still had a mouf to shet up wid. Me an' him went out o' speakin'. Ef I was to start votin' fer Louella my ownself, an' he didn't let her git 'lected, I mought bust him in some pieces."

This was more talking than Bull customarily did for a month and clearly conveyed the ticklish situation. Bull drew a long breath.

"By gittin' somebody to do my votin', unbeknownst to Virgil, it mought save trouble—fer Virgil. Can't you take my money and buy de votes?"

An earnest black baby face looked across the sticky red oilcloth—a simple man, stating a simple proposition. Slick knew that Bull had cash. He drew four dollars a day at the shops and saved thriftily.

"Grimes is runnin' Cissy Coleman," Slick suggested.

"So I heerd. An', furthermo', I don't love to ack unpleasant—bustin' dat club's furnicher while I'm throwin' Grimes out."

"He done started Cissy wid two hundred votes."

"Den I starts Louella wid fo' hundred." Bull went down into his flank and pulled out a tobacco sack full of tightly folded bills. "Put twenty dollars on Louella, and tell ev'ybody ——"

Out of the night that covered him Slick reached upward and grabbed his opportunity by the forelock.

"Hold on! Hold on! Don't tell nobody! Ev'y time you brags yo' brags it'll make Grimes put up jes' dat much mo'. We'll work dis on de quiet."

A flicker of comprehension crossed the dull black baby face. "Dat's so—but I got to tell Louella ——"

"Jes' as well print it in de newspaper. It'll git straight back to Wad."

"All right; me an' you bofe keeps our mouls shet. Go 'long now an' vote dat."

Slick almost forgot to limp as he crossed the street, climbed the hill and disappeared into the alley. A back-door campaign was safer for his meditated maneuver. Peering in cautiously, he beckoned Virgil again to the consultation room.

"I wants fo' hundred votes."

"Who? What?"

"I said fo' hundred; an' here's de cash spondulics."

The Pop-Eyed Parson stared.

"Who's you votin' fer?"

"None o' yo' bizness! Bein' married, nobody ain't got to know I'm votin'."

"I sees yo' p'int." Virgil's eyes opened wide enough to see anything. "Want 'em now?"

"Uh-huh! Fetch 'em here an' show me whar to make de cross-mark at."

"You got to write de lady's name on 'em," with twenty dollars in seductive sight Virgil hastened to say.

This Beauty Contest was conducted according to constitutional requirements.

Criddle had loaned a large tin box with a larger red padlock. Having a slot punched in the top it served admirably as a ballot box. This reposed upon Virgil's shiny little desk alongside the casket, flanked by spears, banners and mortuary habiliments. Virgil kept a few blank ballots in the upper drawer; his reserve stock, in packages of tens, twenties and hundreds, was locked in the drawer below.

Criddle sauntered over to observe and Virgil glanced up.

"Feller wants to vote fo' hundred."

"Fo' hundred—dat's twenty dollars!"

"Uh-huh! An' he's got de cash."

Criddle's mouth flew open as he licked his dry lips. Virgil had blundered on another mortal cinch.

"How many votes is dat already?"

"Two hundred from Wad Grimes—an' dis fo' hundred."

Virgil extracted four packages of one hundred each; closed and locked both drawers. In the secluded consultation room he exchanged four packages of ballots for a like number of five-dollar notes. Slick counted his purchase, one by one.

"Now den, show me whar to write de lady's name."

The ballot was a slip of white paper:

GRAND BEAUTY CONTEST
One vote for _____

Virgil indicated the blank line and left Slick to his task of writing "Miss Kitty Mims" four hundred times. When this was done he called Virgil.

"Lemme put 'em in de box right now, an' be done wid it."

(Continued on Page 33)

"Kitty, I'm Goin' to Quit Dat Ooman. She's Too Fussy. Den Me an' You'll Git Married"

A POOL OF CLEAR WATER

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

LOUIS DELABORD MAGNAN reduced the speed of his car to a mere crawl through the street thickly covered with falling maple leaves and carefully scanned the faces of the red-brick houses on either side. This was Eastlake—more, it was Willow Street; and Orrin Watkins lived on Willow Street, in Eastlake. Louis had repeatedly promised to drive out from the city and see Orrin Watkins. He had, in addition to the facile friendliness of the promise, intended to carry out his declaration; but this, after a whole year had elapsed since they left school, had been his first attempt to find the other at his home.

From the single low seat of the piratical-looking yellow car only Louis Delabord Magnan's head, in an ample plaid cap of striking design, and his hunched shoulders could be seen; lower down a seemingly independent pair of legs clad in crisp striped flannels extended diagonally forward, disappearing into a cavernous region of levers and dials.

He examined the placid porticoes until the dark columns and rusted iron gate described by Orrin moved into view, and there dexterously turned his car in by the curb. He removed himself from among the mechanisms, the legs established themselves as a part of his anatomy, and—a colorful young figure—he crossed the uneven pavement. Above the striped flannels a gabardine jacket, belted in countless folds, showed at wrist and neck blazing magenta silk; a vivid sport tie held a large horseshoe of expensive diamonds; an impressive jeweled ring graced a little finger; while white buckskin shoes strapped in red morocco completed his Solomon-like adornment.

He pulled sharply at the worn brass bell handle after a second hasty survey of the gate and columns, and Orrin Watkins himself opened the door. The latter was palpably surprised at the unexpected appearance in Eastlake of Louis Magnan. He said:

"Why! . . . Oh! Hello, Lou! Didn't think you'd ever get here. Stopped looking for you months ago." Then he added the more appropriate form: "Glad to see you. Come in—no; the porch is better. Ain't it hot for nearly October? I was going swimming."

"Don't stay out because I'm here," Louis returned with a hastily assumed indifference. "I was just driving round anyway, and thought I'd stop in."

He was now sorry that he had come. Orrin Watkins had been one of the few boys at school he had known with anything approaching intimacy and he had thought it would be pleasant to continue their intercourse afterward. But Orrin's welcome had been perfunctory, and an instant, resentful pride checked the other's warmth. His countenance grew sullen. He told himself that he did not care whether Watkins wanted to see him or not; Watkins lived in an old skate of a village, anyhow, and his house needed painting.

These considerations, however, brought him small comfort. He wondered desperately why he encountered that faint, perceptible coldness wherever he turned with anything like desire for companionship. There was always, of course, a possible explanation; but that was too obviously unfair—he refused yet to admit it. The truth was, he was lonely; he recognized that now clearly. In spite of his car, his entire willingness and ability to pay for whatever parties were suggested in his presence, he had been unable to penetrate the circle of less materially endowed but otherwise favored individuals. His was not a social ambition, but a preference for something that, subtle and desirable, lay outside his experience and surroundings.

"I've got to go right on," he said in preparation for his retreat.

"Ah, what's your hurry?" Orrin Watkins replied. "Isn't that a new car? It's some baby!" He crossed the short distance to the street, where he admiringly pressed the button of the horn, sounding an imperious grunt, and fingered the polished levers. "What is it? I bet it'll scamper."

"A Nord twelve," Louis indifferently replied. He leaned over his car and switched on the power.

Orrin Watkins surveyed him with a species of awe. It was evident that Orrin possessed no Nord. His shirt was only cotton, his shoes common canvas sneakers. But Louis suddenly found the other's limitations of apparel prepossessing. His car, he felt, was oppressive; he wished that his clothes were more worn, spotted a little, like Orrin's. Still, since he could have a car he would be a fool to walk; he might get his clothes sparely at a department store, but that was only a trifle.

"Going to college?" Orrin asked.

"No," the other responded bluntly; "I'm older than those that went, and it would be no good anyway."

"I'm not either. I'm going in with father; he wants me to learn the business."

"Now," She Proclaimed, "for the 'Jackknife'!"

"Well," Louis pronounced with a foot in the car, "you'll want to go swimming."

"I can't," Orrin replied; "it's at the pool, outside town, and the family have gone off with the jit. Listen, Lou," he added, warming perceptibly under the influence of a new idea: "how'd you like to go swimming? I can give you a suit and in your doll-baby we could get there in fifteen minutes.

"The pool's on a farm of the old man's. It's been rented by a sort of private association, but I swim there when I like; and I guess I can take a friend."

Orrin's voice, Louis thought, had grown a little defiant; he was not entirely at ease in issuing the invitation and the latter instinctively prepared to decline. But Orrin Watkins proceeded rapidly:

"That's the plan. It'll be great swimming to-day; it's so hot. I will go in for the bathing suits. If they get gay with me there'll be no renewal next year—that's all."

He turned and, before Louis could object, hurried over the bricks and into the house. In a remarkably short time he returned with a bundle rolled in towels, and they drove with an increasing, smooth speed over the leafy street. Outside the town:

"Straight down the pike," Orrin Watkins directed, "till I tell you to turn."

The macadam was smooth, the way before them empty, and the Nord lurched forward in a sudden streak of speed. Orrin's eyes watered, he rigidly clutched the side of the seat and stuttered.

"This is great!"

Then: "Stop her! . . . Lou, it's the next cross-road." When the car slowed down he drew an irrepressible breath of relief. "How fast was that?" he demanded with a belated show of sophistication.

"Seventy," Louis Delabord Magnan replied.

"Pretty good," Orrin asserted. "In here."

Louis turned into a deeply rutted lane that ended abruptly in a tangle of saplings and bare rocks. Other conveyances, he saw, were resting before a slope mounting steeply to hazy space. There was no sign of water.

"We go up here to the bathhouses," Orrin continued, leading the way over a narrow ascending trail.

II

THE bathhouses presented a surface of unpainted boards, crowning the ascent. On a narrow walk before the doors a young woman was drying a loosened mass of hair. She looked up as they approached and nodded with marked indifference to Orrin Watkins.

"Come in here, Lou," Orrin proclaimed with a perceptible defiance. "The stiffs!" he muttered inside. "I'll drain the old pool when I get it."

Louis Delabord Magnan quickly changed into the borrowed bathing suit. Orrin Watkins gazed admiringly at the other's arching chest, at his body springing gracefully and securely from light feet, the flat, hard muscles of the thighs and arms.

"You certainly keep in condition," he commented. "Remember how old Weismann, in gymnasium, used to call you the Discus something or other, and more Greek stuff?"

He led the way from the bathhouse to where a cliff fell abruptly to a narrow gray ledge and a pool of clear, dark water. On all sides the walls of the quarry rose starkly to the green plateau, while down the rock from the bathhouses steps had been cut and an iron handrail socketed into place. Louis saw diving-boards, a raft partly submerged by the weight of young bathers, and the smooth surface of the water stirred by swimmers.

As they descended Orrin said:

"There are the Frazers, you know—the bankers; and ——"

A slim girl swayed for a moment at the end of a diving-board and shot smoothly into the water.

"That's good enough," Louis commented. "She can swim too!"

"Linda James. I suppose she can swim; she thinks she can anyway. She's worse than the others. . . . Society! They make me sick."

Orrin made his way across the stretch of broken stone and, from submerged steps, launched himself into the water. Louis paused on the edge. A struggle was being waged for the possession of the raft; a girl fell into the water with a strangled shout; and the others, one by one, were tipped off the swaying boards. There was applause—a call across the surface.

He circled the quarry to where a high diving-board hung out over the profound depths, and stood poised on its dipping end. He waited until a girl below had made her way from under the board. It was—he recognized from her demerate, deep stroke—Linda James. She turned lazily on her back, critically awaiting his dive; and something of Orrin Watkins' uncomfortable defiance communicated itself to him.

He jumped out, bent sharply at the waist and, straightening in midair, fell with a perfection of rigidity into the water. He came up slowly from the shadowy depths, hanging stationary for a moment, treading water. From behind came the sounds of a faint splash and a high, clear young voice:

"That was a splendid 'jackknife'!" He turned and saw Linda James at his shoulder. "I've tried it again and again," she continued, "but only get slapped in the wind."

"It's easy if you don't open too soon," he replied diffidently.

She wore no cap and her plaited hair hung out in a dark line from a low, broad brow. He saw that she had a gray, direct gaze, a short nose, and a mouth that seemed fixed in a delicate curve of amusement. Her entire person disconcerted him; she was, as Orrin Watkins had said, infernally certain—even a little mocking.

"I must try it again," she declared. "Let's both go up to the board."

She swam without a backward glance to the edge of the pool and drew herself out upon the rock, while Louis silently followed as she led the way to the diving-board. As she stood with her heels together and her hands raised he suddenly thought that he had never before seen anything so natural or so fine. Her sleeves, mere bands of black satin, fell back from arms delicately full, tapering to round and yet capable wrists; her wet bathing suit clung frankly to a beauty of which she was absolutely unconscious. It was this last quality—her entire thoughtlessness of self—that struck him most forcibly. Other girls—the girls he had known—would have been animated or restrained by countless ulterior thoughts or affected poses. Linda James

revealed to him unguessed possibilities, actualities; and his whole being responded with sharp, humming admiration.

She jumped out, doubling like himself, but straightened too quickly and struck the water with an awkward splash. He followed instantly, certain that he would find her confused, if not helpless; but, swimming, she laughed at him undismayed.

"Isn't it silly?" she sputtered. "I wish you'd show me how. I'll stay here and watch."

Once more he shot out from the board, opened precisely, and made a smooth orifice in the pool.

"You dive better than anyone I know," she told him. "I'm discouraged for this afternoon. Swim over to the raft with me."

He saw, when they had started, that she was an unusually fast swimmer and that she intended to beat him. Ordinarily he would have hung back, reached the raft a stroke or two behind, as the girls he knew would expect. But he instinctively recognized that Linda James' difference held constant in this, too, and he went ahead at his best ability, waiting almost a minute for her at their goal.

"I'm certain you're a professional," she told him, "and regularly swim the Hellespont—or is it Hellgate now?—for money."

They sat on the edge of the raft with their legs in the clear water. Louis Delabord Magnan was absurdly happy. An inchoate dissatisfaction, increasing in him of late, was absolutely stilled. He saw Orrin Watkins attempting the "crawl" in another part of the pool. The latter waved urgently to him; but Louis was plunged too deeply into his own absorbing sensations to be careful of the propriety of Orrin Watkins' desires or claims.

"I haven't seen you here before?" Linda James indirectly queried.

"I've never been," he returned. "Orrin Watkins brought me."

There was a perceptible pause. Then:

"Do you know him well?" the girl asked in a perfunctory voice.

"At school," he replied simply. "I have never been in Eastlake before to-day."

"Linda!" a voice called from the shore.

She dreamily ignored the summons.

"I don't know him," she continued; "but, of course, that's not a criticism. You meet so few people really."

"I'm glad I met you."

"You haven't. I don't even know your name."

"Louis Delabord Magnan."

"That's quite nice." He saw with immense relief that her momentary indifference had vanished.

"Linda!" the voice insisted from the land.

Linda James was suddenly blandly responsive.

"That's Margaret Frazer," she informed him. "I'm going back with her and she's getting impatient." She gazed at Louis with frank approval. "I'll be here Sunday, if it's fit," she informed him. She added: "Come if you like." With a slow turn she slid into the water. "This is a private sort of place," she said from the pool. "You're coming now because I asked you."

III

LOUIS slowly mounted the colored marble steps that led to the entrance of his home. The house, a part of a solidly built city row, was tall and narrow, faced with smooth greenstone, and fronted on a broad asphalt way with similar edifices opposite. Within, the hall was narrow and tall, and—without windows—lighted by an electric torch in the hand of an opulent bronze nude crowning the newel post. A further glow was furnished by a platter of illuminated glass grapes, and a warm, thick radiance streamed down from above.

He left his cap on one of the branching elk horns that offered the involved pegs of a hall stand and mounted the stairs. His family was at dinner. The room through which he passed was so crowded with furniture that it necessitated a twisting course—it presented the appearance of an auction room filled with the spoils of numerous ornate chambers. A gilded and ebonized piano, against a wall of embossed crimson, was lost in a press of chairs, divans, stands, and more amorphous swollen upholsteries. A large, fretted easel held a portrait in oil of a large man with a rotund, brilliant waistcoat, traces of Louis' youth on a heavy countenance, and a formidable and carefully tended mustache, while beyond rose the sculptured agony of the Greek Slave.

At one end of the table Peter Magnan was consuming his dinner with solid satisfaction. At the other Mrs. Magnan's short, wide person seemed at the point of explosion within its confining black satin. She radiated an eager sentimentality, expressed in voluble tones and gesturing little hands as filled with variegated rings as the reception room was with furniture.

On a side, opposite her friend Agatha Inez Canning, sat Ysobel Lorraine, the daughter of the house of Magnan. Both girls, in the initial twenties, had handsome, emphasized figures and good features masked in tinted powder. They gave the impression of thin pink silk, ruffles, bright gold and newly waved hair, and filled the air with sudden comments and subtle, strong perfume.

Louis saw with a sense of revolt that Agatha Inez Canning had been placed at his side. A perceptible approval crossed his mother's face at the spectacle of the girl and him thus situated. A determined, sullen silence enveloped him.

"What's the matter, Looie?" his father demanded. "Why don't you entertain the ladies? You're as chipper as a clam."

"Now, Mr. Magnan, you let Looie be!" The mother took up her son's defense. "It ain't necessary to gabble all the time, even if your grandfather, fourth remove, was a French émigré."

Peter Magnan burst into an instant peal of hilarity; he leaned, scarlet with mirth, toward Agatha Inez.

"You lose," he articulated; "but it wasn't on the level. You didn't have a chance." He turned to the others. "I bet Miss Agatha a gold piece to a kiss that mamma wouldn't go through the meal without mentioning the old Frenchman. My father was an émigré too," he chuckled; "but he émigréd from Dublin, and they don't trumpet him up."

Mrs. Magnan was unmoved. "Louis Honore de la Bord!" she pronounced complacently. "I got a little picture of him, and it's my Louis all over."

Louis wished desperately for the dinner to end. He was intensely uncomfortable. The cheerful life and humor of his family were distasteful because of their extreme difference from what he inchoately wanted. He had, however, a prefigurement of his desire, of the thing he had blindly groped for—his existence was all so different from that of Linda James. He pictured the latter poised on the diving-board, her fine, frank arms upraised, and a slight, scoffing smile on her frank, fine mouth.

There was a scraping of chairs and the diners trailed into the reception room.

"This is Unspeakable!" She Protested

Louis lingered at his place, absorbed by his vision, as it stirred, moved beyond. His parents had disappeared; his sister was isolated across the tropical plush and varnish and Agatha Inez, at the piano, was picking out the languid bars of the current Rosary

"Louis," she called, "papa's going to give me a new car, and I wish you'd tell me about yours."

Without choice he made his way toward her. With a friendly push she installed him in a three-cornered chair beside the piano stool. In easy reach was a box of sugared fig paste; and, before he was conscious of her intention, she leaned over and crammed a gummy square into his mouth. Her smooth, warm shoulder pressed against his and her fingers trailed across his cheek.

He choked ungraciously on the cloying candy, drawing away. A quick resentment flared beneath her penciled brows, and she returned to the keyboard with a shrug of mingled elegance and hauteur.

"Pardon me!" she observed.

He rose and wandered into the hall to where a leaded window opened out on the street and night. The sky was clear, the stars partly veiled in a mist like blue dust. He hoped that it would keep "fit" till Sunday. He thought of the pool lying clear and cool at the foot of its rocks; and in an unaccustomed imagery it struck him that Linda James was like that too—a pool of clear water.

IV

THE warm haze outstayed the week; and on Sunday Louis found a small number of conveyances already gathered under the ascent to the bathhouses when he arrived. He changed his clothes hurriedly and descended the rock-hewn steps. Linda James was standing by the high diving-board and waved as he approached. She was talking to a girl with pointed features, a probing black gaze and brilliant natural cheeks. Linda James said:

"Margaret, this is Louis Magnan." Then, to Louis: "Margaret Frazer is having the first ball this season. If you are very nice to me perhaps you'll be asked."

"How idiotic, Linda!" the other girl commented. "You know how priceless men are. He will probably be asked to any number of things that night."

Linda James moved to the end of the diving-board.

"Now," she proclaimed, "for the 'jackknife'!"

She jumped out, delayed a fraction longer than before in turning, and struck the water with smooth proficiency. Louis followed and they swam lazily toward the center of the pool. The float was dipping under the usual struggle of lithe young bodies; the splashing falls and the ringing laughter were pervaded by a sense of intimate freedom.

Louis Delabord Magnan was absolutely happy. He felt that this tranquil pool, shut in by its cliffs and echoing with crisp, cultivated young voices, was the Elysium of his desires. Linda James was its supreme embodiment, the perfection of his ideal. She was swimming close beside him, her potent face half submerged and her hair drawing like a satin fold over her shapely head. Her splendid body straightened out with each decisive kick; her arms glided whitely through the eddying green water.

"I can't think why I haven't known you before," she said. "But then, I've only gone to a very few parties. You see, my mother died, and we stayed in the country the last two years. I'm going into town this winter though. We'll make up some little signals, and when you see them at dances you must cut in, take me away from the impossible individuals one gets caught with."

Mingled sensations of delight and unhappiness possessed Louis. He felt that he would not be privileged to signal her at the balls to which she lightly alluded. They were a part of another world than his. He knew that he should tell her this; but the lack of any precise terms to explain his feeling left him silent. Finally he blundered:

"Do you see people only at dances? Don't they ever come to your house?"

"I should have guessed it," she replied with a mock resignation—"you won't go to dances. I suspect that a great many of the nicest men don't. Then I'll be reduced to seeing you at home. There's no credit in that, you know, for a girl."

The afternoon deepened to a gold radiance that filled the cavern of the pool; the water grew dark, like jade. The other swimmers appeared far off and, strangely, of heroic size; the scene vaguely recalled

something he had half heard at school—something about Olympus, the region of the goddesses and gods.

She turned over, floating with extended arms and a wet, seductive countenance.

"You're so comfortable to be with," she sighed contentedly.

His joy at her fine confidence grew more acute; it mounted to a poignant happiness that dismissed all other considerations of past or future. He drew unconsciously closer to her. Their shoulders touched. They moved apart without visible effort. Louis was ineffably thrilled by the momentary pressure; she smiled at him.

"There is a lot of things I'd like to say," he told her; "but you couldn't believe them. It would sound like other stuff you have heard. Everybody uses the same words," he discovered, "no matter what they feel. It spoils things for—for times like this."

"Try!" she directly encouraged him.

"Well—there's my family: I owe them for years of giving and things; then I see you only twice and the family is lost; you are the only thing that matters—the only real thing in the world."

"Don't you think—life is arranged that way purposely?"

Her utter disregard of trivial precautions, her ignoring of conventional pretense, swept him into a poignant tide of words.

"The only thing in the world!" he repeated. "You are exactly what I've thought about and wanted all my life. Of course I didn't know you existed, before. I didn't know what it was I wanted; but I do now. This isn't sudden; it wasn't sudden even when I first saw you. I just recognized that you were all."

"If I admit so much," she returned, "wouldn't I seem frightfully conceited? You see, I like you—oh, a very great deal! And I'm sure your opinion is like the rest of you—fine and straight. This is so remarkable—the way we have seen each other . . . free from the little things. It doesn't happen often; we mustn't waste our opportunity."

"I won't waste a second of it," he replied. "I love you!"

"I don't realize quite yet just what that means; it should include so much." She faced him, a submerged, wavering figure, with pale lips, candid eyes. "The others have gone in," she announced; "we ought to follow. Will you take me home, Louis?"

Above, there was a clamor of gay voices from behind closed doors. Louis dressed slowly, lost in a haze of contemplative delight. He sat absently holding a brilliant yellow shoe until he was stirred by a clear summons from without.

"Tie your ribbons in a hurry," Linda James called; "we are deserted. The others have all gone down."

He slipped on his finger an emerald with supporting diamonds, settled the large, glittering horseshoe in a blinding tie and stepped outside.

As Linda James saw him the smile slowly faded from her countenance, its place taken by a dawning surprise that she struggled to repress.

"What's the matter?" Louis asked sharply, and suddenly his pleasure was weighted with heavy doubt.

"Nothing ——" she replied. She stopped, obviously at a loss to proceed.

"What is the matter with me?" he insisted.

"Of course nothing," she repeated. "I—I just took for granted ——"

"That you wanted to know me," he finished her period hardily. "I'm going to ask you again," he persisted. "What's wrong with me? I'll change it."

His resentment gave place to a consuming desire to rectify what she might consider his deficiencies.

"How can I tell you?" she replied helplessly. "It's so ridiculous, so impossible to discuss. I liked you beyond measure in the pool, and you are still you—straight and fine; you haven't changed in anything that ought to count; but now ——" Her gaze rose from his suit, striped in a glaring design, to his flaring tie with its obvious diamonds, to the jewels on his fingers.

"It's all wrong," she continued. "I hate myself for it. . . . It's your rings," she swept on honestly. "You see, the men I have known don't wear diamonds like that; and—and the rest of it; it is much too startling."

"Too loud!" he corrected her.

"I must be a snob at heart," she addressed herself rather than him; "and I hate that more than anything else. I always thought the little things didn't matter to me; but now, beside what must be the big things of life, they spoil all my joy."

"You can't help it," he replied; "it's born in you. I ought to have known you couldn't take me just for myself. Things are not fixed so easy as that. Do you know why you have never seen me at any of your balls or parties? . . . It's because my father keeps a saloon. Oh, they call it a café now. It is a very respectable place, with the best trade in the city; but it's a saloon in spite of the refined decorations and bluff. I'm the son of Peter Magnan; all the men you go with know his place."

Louis Delabord Magnan Was Absurdly Happy

"I'm so terribly sorry!" she said in a low voice.

"We live in different worlds," he went on thinly; "even the names are not the same. My sister is Ysobel Lorraine, her best friend is Agatha Inez, while you are Linda or Margaret."

"You can't guess how I hate myself." She faced him rigidly. "How you have ruined all my nice young conceit! Already I feel quite old and hard and enameled." She put out her hand. "Good-by, Louis Magnan. Something's terribly wrong with life or with me, and I'm not strong enough to overcome it. You will loathe me after a while—if you don't forget."

"Not either," Louis told her. "I never thought I'd get what I wanted, anyhow." He turned and walked abruptly from her and stood looking fixedly out over the profound clear depths of the pool. "But it is unfair," he whispered; "it's unfair to put it in me and show it to me, and then shut the door."

V

HE PURPOSELY delayed his return home until dinner was over. It was dark in the living room and he was turning to go above when he saw a flutter of white in the corner. Louis switched on the light, illuminating his sister, Ysobel Lorraine, hastily removing her head from the shoulder of a young, masculine caller. All his accumulated wretchedness escaped in an uncontrollable expression of displeasure.

"You make me sick," he informed Ysobel Lorraine—"sitting in the dark, like a—a cook!"

The girl rose to her greatest shapely height.

"Indeed!" she retorted. "A cook! You don't say! And right before my company! We'll see what papa has to say to that."

She swept from the room and Louis abruptly turned his back on the company.

"He says," Ysobel announced from the door, "that he's in his room expecting you. I feel just awful, Looie Magnan!" she proceeded, stifling a sob. "I haven't got the nerve to ——" She disappeared.

Peter Magnan, in a royal purple house-coat elaborately flowered with braid, was visibly angry.

"What's this," he demanded, "about you insulting Ysobel before her friend?"

In view of the hopelessness of any explanation Louis attempted no reply.

"I've had my eye on you," his parent went on. "I've saw how you acted—as if you were better'n some others; and I won't have it."

"I don't think I'm better," Louis returned; "only ——"

"I've saw," the other interrupted; "too good for your sister and parents, with your glum face spoiling all the fun. I haven't said anything, but this last can't be stood. I'm going to take a hand now and cure your foolishness."

"You don't see," Louis maintained, "and you won't let me finish. I was going to say that I—I like things different from the rest. I like things . . . clear; and it's muddy to sit round in the dark hugging Johnny Arbogast."

"Nobody's the worse for an innocent hug," Peter Magnan pronounced, "and courting ain't done in a full light; any fool knows that. But that is not it—I won't have you frowning round here superior. You'll go to work—that's where you'll go!"

Mrs. Magnan, comfortable in voluminous, pale-blue draperies, hastily entered through an inner door. "My soul!" she exclaimed. "Whatever's the matter? Ysobel Lorraine is crying herself pink, and won't go back and sit with young Arbogast; and here you two are, fussing."

"Looie insulted his sister," Peter Magnan informed her.

"Well, it's a shame!" Mrs. Magnan asserted hotly. "Ysobel is a good little girl. What took you, Looie?"

"I didn't mean all that," Louis returned wearily.

Suddenly he realized the utter impossibility of establishing any understanding with his family. They might, so far as any sympathy went, as well have been speaking different languages. He gazed at them, at their red, exasperated faces, with a species of wonderment. He was conscious of his debt to them, of instinctive, deep-rooted affection; but, more powerful than any other consideration, the instinct for self-expression, the impulse driving him toward something different, ruled.

"I'd be glad to go to work," he told the older man. "I'll go down to the ice plant you control to-morrow."

"Ice nothing!" the other stoutly maintained. "You'll go into the café, into your father's legitimate business, that's fed and clothed you and sent you round the country in a giddy yellow automobile."

"You mean the saloon," Louis corrected him.

"It ain't no such thing—a saloon!" his mother cut in. "What do you mean, calling your papa's café that, after the money he spent for those art panels, and the hangings and all? It's the most respectable retail place in the city—that's what it is—with no ladies' entrance, and ——"

Peter Magnan stopped her with a commanding gesture.

"He can call it anything he likes, but there he goes. He can sit with the cashier and see the people handled; maybe that will put some sense in him."

"I think not," Louis Delabord Magnan asserted.

"Too good, ain't you?"

"Not that."

"Too refined for your father's honest business?"

"Don't haggle at him any more to-night, papa," Mrs. Magnan entreated. "It's the French blood in him that turns easy. He'll be reasonable another time. Won't you, Looie?"

"Damn the French blood!" the senior Magnan exploded.

VI

THE following day Louis made his way to a towering, ornate structure in the heart of the city's choicest financial district, where he was shot smoothly aloft to a floor occupied by a single firm, a single name. On a door opposite the elevators was inscribed in inconspicuous gold letters: Canning & Company, Contractors.

Louis entered and stood at a varnished rail before a scene of utmost crowded activity. The floor was occupied by a score of desks and crossed by constantly passing files of clerks; there was a constant, subdued clatter of voices and recording machines. He stopped a young man.

"Mr. Canning?" Louis inquired.

"Name?"

"Louis Magnan."

The clerk returned after a short absence.

"Door to the right, straight through."

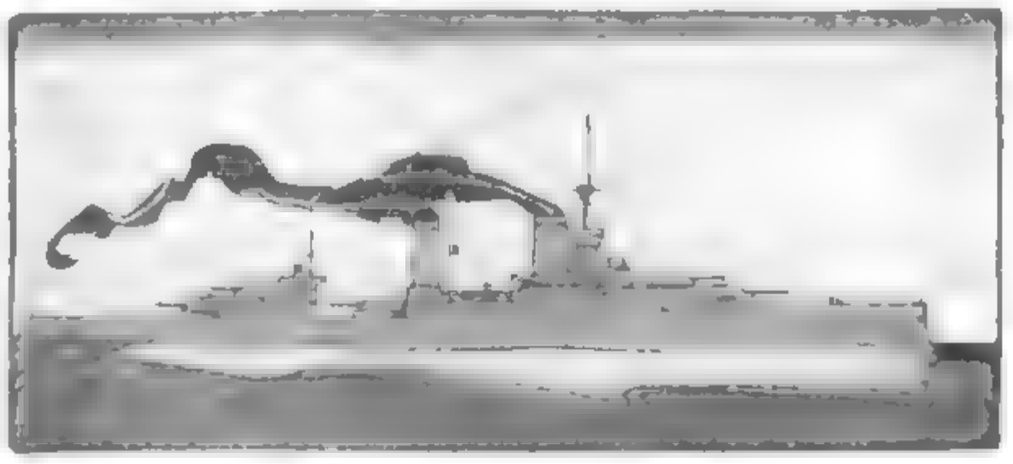
Beyond opaque glass walls Louis entered the office of the contractor. The latter, seated behind an oppressive expanse of mahogany, had a bare, surprisingly gaunt countenance, as if the dry skin had been stretched over a cage of sharply bent wires, and small, frosty blue eyes. However, he greeted Louis Magnan genially.

"Something from your father?" he asked.

(Continued on Page 49)

WHAT IS COMING—By H. G. Wells

THE UNITED STATES, FRANCE, BRITAIN AND RUSSIA



DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

IN THIS paper I propose to speculate a little about the future development of these four great states, whose destinies are likely to be much more closely interwoven than their past histories have been. I believe that the stars in their courses tend to draw these states together into a dominant peace alliance, maintaining the peace of the world. There may be other stars in that constellation—Italy, Japan, a confederated Latin America, for example. I do not propose to deal with that possibility now, but only to dwell upon the development of understandings and common aims between France, Russia and the English-speaking states.

They have all shared one common experience during the last two years; they have had an enormous loss of self-sufficiency. This has been particularly the case with the United States of America. At the beginning of this war the United States was still possessed by the glorious illusion that her people were aloof from general international politics; that they needed no allies and need fear no enemies; that they constituted a sort of asylum from war and all the bitter stresses and hostilities of the Old World. Themselves secure, they could intervene with grim resolution to protect their citizens all over the world. Had they not bombarded Algiers?

Our Condensed Course in World Politics

I REMEMBER that soon after the outbreak of the war I lunched at the Savoy Hotel, in London, when it was crammed with Americans suddenly swept out of Europe by the storm. My host happened to be a man of some diplomatic standing, and several of them came and talked to him. They were full of these Old World ideas of American immunity. Their indignation was comical even at the time. Some of them had been hustled; some had lost their luggage in Germany. When, they asked, was it to be returned to them? Some seemed to be under the impression that, war or no war, an American tourist had a perfect right to travel about in the Vosges, or up and down the Rhine, just as he thought fit. One family had actually been careering about in a cart—their automobile seized—between the closing lines of French and Germans, brightly unaware of the disrespect of bursting shells for American nationality.

Since those days the American nation has lived politically a hundred years.

The people of the United States have shed their delusion that there is an Eastern and a Western hemisphere, and that nothing can ever pass between them but immigrants and tourists and trade, and realized that this world is one round globe that gets smaller and smaller, if you measure it by days' journeys, every decade. They are only going over the lesson the British have learnt in the last score or so of years. This is one world and bayonets are a crop that spreads. Let them gather and seed, it matters not how far from you, and a time will come when they will be sticking up under your nose. There is no real peace but the peace of the whole world, and that is only to be kept by the whole world resisting and suppressing aggression wherever it arises.

To anyone who watches the American press this realization has been more and more manifest. From dreams of aloofness America comes round very rapidly to a conception of an active participation in the difficult business of statescraft. She is thinking of alliances; of throwing her weight and influence upon the side of law and security. No longer a political Thoreau in the woods, a sort of vegetarian recluse among nations, she girds herself for a manly part in the toilsome world of men.

So far as I can judge the American mind is eminently free from any sentimental leaning toward the British. Americans have a traditional hatred of the Hanoverian Monarchy and a democratic disbelief in autocracy. They are far more acutely aware of differences than resemblances.

They suspect every Englishman of being a bit of a gentleman and a bit of a flunky. I have never found in America anything like that feeling, common in the mass of English people, which prevents the use of the word foreigner for an American; there is nothing to reciprocate the sympathy and pride that English and Irish republicans and radicals feel for the States.

Few Americans realize that there are such beings as English republicans. What has linked them with the British hitherto has been very largely the common language and literature; it is only since the war began that there seems to have been any appreciable development of fraternal feeling. And that has been not so much discovery of a mutual affection as the realization of a far closer community of essential thought and purpose than has hitherto been suspected. The Americans, after thinking the matter out with great frankness and vigor, do believe that Britain is, on the whole, fighting against aggression and not for profit; that she is honestly backing France and Belgium against an intolerable attack; and that the Hohenzollern Empire is a thing which needs discrediting and, if possible, destroying in the interests of all humanity, Germany included.

The Search for American Affinities

AND they find that, allowing for their greater nearness, the British are thinking about these things almost exactly as they think about them. They follow the phases of the war in Great Britain—the strain, the blunderings, the tenacity, the onset of conscription in an essentially non-military community—with the complete understanding of a people similarly circumstanced, differing only by scale and distance. They have been through something of the sort already; they may have something of the sort happen again. It had not occurred to them hitherto how parallel we were. They begin to have inklings of how much more parallel we may presently become.

There is evidence of a real search for American affinities among the other peoples of the world; it is a new war-made feature of the thoughtful literature and journalism of America. And it is interesting to note how partial and divided these affinities must necessarily be.

Historically and politically the citizen of the United States must be drawn most closely to France. France is the one other successful modern republic; she was the instigator and friend of American liberation. With Great Britain the tie of language, the tradition of personal freedom and the strain in the blood are powerful links. But both France and Britain are old countries, thickly populated, with a great and ancient finish and completeness, full of implicit relationships. America is by comparison crude, uninformed, explicit, a new country, still turning fresh soil, still turning over but half-explored natural resources.

Harvard Older Than Petrograd

THE United States constitute a modern country, a country on an unprecedented scale, being organized from the very beginning on modern lines. There is only one other such country upon the planet, and that curiously enough is parallel in climate, size and position—Russia in Asia. Even Russia in Europe belongs rather to the newness that is American than to the tradition that is European; Harvard was founded more than half a century before Petrograd.

When I looked through the train window on my way to Petrograd from Germany, the little towns I saw were like no European towns I had ever seen. The wooden houses, the broad, unmade roads, the traffic, the winter-bitten scenery, a sort of untidy spaciousness, took my mind instantly to the country one sees in the back part of New York as one goes from Boston to Niagara.

And the reality follows the appearance. The United States and Russia are the west and the east of the same thing: they are great modern states, developing from the beginning upon a scale that only railways make possible. France and Britain may perish in the next two centuries, or they may persist; but there can be no doubt that two centuries ahead Russia and the United States will be two of the greatest masses of fairly homogeneous populations on the globe.

There are no countries with which the people of the United States are so likely to develop sympathy and a sense of common values and common interests as with these three nations, unless it be with the Scandinavian peoples.

The Scandinavian peoples have developed a tendency to an extra-European outlook; to look west and east rather than southward; to be pacifist and progressive in a manner essentially American.

From any close sympathy with Germany the Americans are cut off at present by the Hohenzollerns and the system of ideas that the Hohenzollerns have imposed upon German thought. So long as the Germans cling to the tawdry tradition of the empire; so long as they profess militarism; so long as they keep up their ridiculous belief in some strange racial superiority to the rest of mankind—it is absurd to expect any coöperative feeling between them and any other great people. The American tradition is based upon the casting off of a Germanic monarchy; it is its cardinal idea. These sturdy republicans did not fling out the Hanoverians and their

(Continued on Page 54)

THE MAN NEXT DOOR

I Seen Her Stow Down and Swing In, and Then Stand Up and Whirl a Rope

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFE

V

WHEN all three of us—Old Man Wright and Bonnie Bell and me—went inside the door of that big new house we stood there for a minute or so; and at first I thought we had got into the wrong place—especial since that sad man looked like he thought so too. It was all lit up inside and you could see away back into the hall—little carpets of all sorts of colors laying round, and pictures on the wall, and a fire away on beyond somewhere in a grate. I never seen a hotel furnished better.

Old Man Wright was like a man that's won a elephant on a lottery ticket. Bonnie Bell looks at him and looks at me like she missed something. On the whole, I reckon we was the three lonesomest, scaredest, unhappiest people in all that big town—it was Christmas Eve too!

There was a lot of other people in a row standing down the hall, back of this sad man. He located us at last and begun to help Old Man Wright take off his overcoat—and me too; but I wouldn't let him. I wasn't sick or nothing. So we stood there a little while, dressed up and just come to our new home ranch.

"That will do, William," says Bonnie Bell to the sad man.

"Father," says she, and she leads him to the row of folks in the hall, "these are all our people that I have engaged. This is Mary, our cook; and Sarah, the first maid. Annette is going to be my maid."

Well, she went down the line and introduced us to a dozen of 'em, I reckon. I just barely did know enough not to shake hands. Some of 'em touched their foreheads and the girls bobbed. They didn't talk none and they didn't shake hands.

By now Bonnie Bell's maid had her coat over her arm and them two was starting upstairs.

"I'll be back in a minute, dad," says she. "William will take you and Curly into your room."

The sad man he walks off down the hall, us following, and we come to a place right in the center of the house—and he left us there. We stopped when we went through the door.

What do you know? Bonnie Bell had fitted up that room precisely like the big room in the old home ranch! All our old things was there—how she got them I never knew. There was the old table, with the pipes and papers on it, and tobacco scattered round, and bottles over on the shelf, and a bridle or so—just the same place all the way through. She even had the stones of the old fireplace brought on—one nicked, where Hank Anderson shot the cook once.

"Look-a-here, Curly," says Old Man Wright after a while.

He leads me over to the corner of the room, aside of the fireplace. Dang me, if there wasn't our two old saddles, wore slick and shiny! Old Man Wright stands there in his spiketail coat, and he runs his hand down that old stirrup leather a time or two; and for a little while he can't say nothing at all—me neither.

"Ain't she some girl, Curly?" says he after a while.

"She's the ace, Colonel," says I.

"Ain't a thing overlooked," says he, thoughtful, walking round the place, his hands in his pockets.

By and by he come up to half a bottle of corn whisky—the same one that had stood on the table out on the Circle Arrow. He picks it up and pours hisself out a drink, thoughtful, and shoves it over to me.

"Every little thing!" says he. "Not a thing left out! It's the same place. Gawd bless the girl anyways! I don't think I could of stood it at all if she hadn't fixed up this room for you and me. I was just going to stampede."

"Well, Colonel," says I, "here's looking at you! I see we've got a place where we can come in and unbuckle. It makes it a heap easier. I wasn't happy none at all before now."

"She done it all herself," says her pa, setting his glass down and looking round the room once more. "I give her free hand. The architeck had marked this place 'Den,' I reckon. Huh! I don't call it a den—I call it home, sweet home. If it wasn't for this room," says he, "this would be one hell of a Christmas, wouldn't it, Curly? But never mind; we're going to break into this town or get awful good reasons why."

"You reckon we can, Colonel?" says I.

"Shore, we can!" says he. "We got to! Don't she want it?"

"For instance," says I, "what's the name of our neighbors over next door to us, you reckon?"

"That's where Old Man Wisner lives," says he, grinning. "Them was the folks that set over at the table that Henderson pointed out to us to-night. He's the biggest packer in Chicago, president or something in about all the banks and everything else—there ain't no better people than what the Wisners are. And don't we live right next door to 'em? Can you beat it? That's why the land cost so much.

"Wisner didn't want us to buy this place; he wanted to buy it hisself, but buy it cheap. It was him or me, and I got it. Still, when I want to be neighbor to a man I'm going to be a neighbor whether he likes it or not."

"You reckon they'll like us?" says I.

"They got to," says he.

We was standing up, our glasses in hand, looking out through the door down the hall to where things was all bright and shiny; and just then we heard Bonnie Bell come down the stairs and call out:

"Oo-hoo, dad!"

We raises our glasses to her when she come in the door. She had took off the clothes she wore down at the hotel and had on something light and loose, silk, better for wearing in the house. The house was all warm, too, and in our fireplace—the old smoky one—some logs was burning right cheerful.

"How! Kid," says we, and meant it.

It was a new sort of Christmas to us, but we lived it down. The next morning we all acted as much like kids as we could, which is all there is to any Christmas. My socks was full of candy, and Old Man Wright he had a Teddy bear in his—partways anyhow. Then Bonnie Bell she give him a new gold watch with bells in it, and me a couple of pins for my necktie. I never could get 'em in right.

After a while we come down to breakfast. We was in a big room that faced toward the Wisners' and likewise toward the lake. I reckon you could see forty mile up and down from where we set eating. It was warm in the room, though there wasn't much fire, and we all felt comfortable.

You could see out our windows right over the lot of the Wisners'; we could see into their house same as they could see into ours. There was a garridge set back toward the lake, same as ours, about on the same line, and beyond that you could see a boathouse. They had trees in their yard like ours, but ours was almost as big, though just planted. You could see where our flower beds was laid out, and the lines of little green trees all set in close together. On beyond the Wisners' you could see a whole row of other houses, all big and fine like theirs and ours.

All the whole country was covered with snow that morning. The wind was still blowing and the lake coming in mighty rough; you could hear the noise of it through the windows. It shore looked cold outside and it was cold. You can freeze to death respectable in Wyoming, but in Chicago you keep on freezing and don't freeze to death, but wish you would, you are that cold.

Well, like I said, it was warm in the big room where we et. Bonnie Bell had a couple of yellow canary birds which was able to set up and sing, which Old Man Wright said was almost more than he could do hiself. Breakfast come on a little at a time—you couldn't tell how much of it there was going to be; but it made good, though it didn't start out very strong. By and by it got round to ham and aigs, which made us feel better. I never tasted better coffee; it was better than anything we had on the Yellow Bull. Ours out there was mostly extract, in pound packages—beans, I think, maybe.

"How do you like our new house, dad?" says she.

"They can't beat it, Bonnie Bell," says he.

"Dad; dear old dad!" says she. "I'm so glad you like it. I done it all for you."

"How do you mean?" says he.

"Why, of course, you know what a sacrifice it was for me to come here and leave the old place! But I seen you wanted it. If I thought it wasn't all right I believe it would break my heart."

"I know it," says he. "I know what a sacrifice you made when you come here on my account. If anything come out wrong for you because of that sacrifice it shore would break my heart. 'Button, button,' says he, 'who's got the sacrifice?' If you leave it to me I'd say it was Curly, and not neither of us. Forget it, sis, and have another warfle."

"How do you like the place, Curly?" says she to me.

"I never seen anything like it," says I. "Like enough you paid too much though. I bet you paid two or three thousand dollars for this land—you was fooling when you said over two hundred thousand; and there ain't enough of it to rope a cow on at that. You could have bought several sections of real land for the same money; and how many cows this here house cost there can't nobody figure."

About then I heard a noise out in the street. Four or five people—Dutch, maybe—was playing in a band out there in front of the Wisners'. A man come out and shooed 'em away. They stood out in front of our place then and kept on playing. It seems like you can't eat in Chicago without someone plays music around. The way these people played shore was hell.

"Here; take 'em out some money, William," says Old Man Wright. "It's Christmas. We got to be forgiving."

They played some more then, and every morning since. I always hated 'em and I reckon everybody else did along in there, but there didn't seem to be no way to run 'em off.

"Well," says Old Man Wright when we finished our breakfast, "what are we going to do to-day, sis?" says he. "It's good tracking snow, but there ain't nothing to track. There ain't no need to see how the hay's holding out or to wonder if the cows can break through the ice to get at water. There ain't no horses in the barns. We ain't got a single thing to do—not even feed the dogs."

Bonnie Bell was reading in the paper which William, the sad man, had put by our plates. Her eyes got kind of soft and wetlike.

"I'll tell you what we can do, dad," says she. "Look at this list of poor people here in town that ain't got no Christmas."

"I've got you, sis," says he. "William, go tell the driver to bring the big car round; and tell the cook to get several baskets, full of grub—we're going to have a little party."

Well, by and by the chauffore brought the car round in front and we went out; and William and the others loaded her up with baskets. The chauffore was looking kind of pale and shaky. He seemed to have something on his mind.

"I hope you'll excuse me, sir," says he, touching his hat to Old Man Wright. "I didn't mean to be late; but, you see, it was Christmas Eve ——"

"Why, that's all right," says Old Man Wright to him. "Don't mention it—Christmas is due to come once a year anyhow."

"I'll not let it occur again," says the chauffore, touching his hat again.

"What? Christmas?" says Old Man Wright. "You can't help it. But when I give a man a ten-spot I never ask him what he done with it."

The man looked at him kind of funny. I knew then he'd been celebrating the night before, and I was right glad he hadn't begun to celebrate until after he'd drove us home, for he was jerky yet.

Christmas is a time when folks ought to be happy. We wasn't happy none that day. I never seen before what it was to be real poor. Here in this town, where there is so much money, it seemed like there was hundreds and thousands of people hadn't saw a square meal in their whole lives.

You couldn't hardly stand it to see 'em—at least I couldn't. We spent our day that way—our first Christmas in town—trying to feed all the hungry people there was; and we couldn't. It was the saddest Christmas I ever had in all my life.

That night Old Man Wright and me didn't stop to put on our regular eating clothes, as Bonnie Bell said we ought to, and we all set down in her dining room for dinner, feeling kind of thoughtful and thinking of how many people wasn't going to get no such a dinner that night. As for us, we had plenty; and believe me, there was something which filled a long-felt want for Old Man Wright and me. What do you think?

Why, ham shank and greens!

"Sis," says her pa, "you certainly are thoughtful. Every little thing!"

We could see out our windows over into the Wisners' windows—it seemed like they had forgot to pull down their blinds, same as we had. They didn't seem to be nobody at home, only one young man. He come in all by hisself, all dressed up, and there was three men waiting on him at the table. At length I calls attention to this, and Bonnie Bell turns her head and looks across.

"The Old Lady She Turns Up Her Nose and Looks the Other Way"

"William," says she, "draw the blinds; and be more careful after this."

VI

WELL, things rocked along this way and we got through the winter someways, though every once in a while I taken a cold along of being shut up so much. There wasn't nowhere to go and nothing to do except to read the papers and wish you was dead.

Old Man Wright couldn't stand it no more; so he goes downtown and rents him a fine large office in a big building, with long tables with glass on top, and big chairs, something like in a bank. He didn't put no business sign on the door—just his name: J. W. Wright.

I'm lazy enough for anybody, like any cowpuncher—I don't believe in working only in spots; but sometimes I'd get so tired of doing nothing at the house that I'd get the chauffore to take me down to Old Man Wright's office, where I felt more at home. Nobody never come in to see us once—not in several months. We didn't have no neighbors, and we begun to see that that was the truth. I couldn't understand it, for we'd never got caught at nothing.

"Colonel," says I one morning, "do you reckon they're holding our past up against us anyways?" says I. "We spend a awful lot of money, but what do we get for it? Not a soul has came in our new house. As for me, I know I ain't earning no salary."

"Don't worry about that, Curly," says he. "You're getting plenty of grub and a place to sleep, ain't you? I'm the one that ought to worry, because I can't hardly find nothing to do here except make a little money."

"Won't there nobody play cards or nothing? Ain't there no sports in this town?" says I.

"Poker here is a mere name." He shakes his head. "If you push in a hundred before the draw you're guilty of manslaughter. But there is other ways of making money."

"How is the deferred payments on the Circle Arrow coming on?" says I.

"One come in, so far, interest and all," says he. "I wish't it hadn't. First thing I know, I'll be as rich as Old Man Wisner here. I see he wants to run for alderman up in that ward. Now I wonder what his game is there—it don't stand to reason he'd want to be a alderman, now, unless there's something under it. You'd think he was trying to run the town and the whole world, too, wouldn't you?"

"I don't like that outfit," says I. "They ain't friendly. If a man don't neighbor with you, like enough he's stealing somewhere and don't want to be watched."

"That certainly is so," says he. "Still, I been busy enough for a while."

"The first thing you know," I says to him, "you'll lose your roll, and then where will we be?" But he only laughs at that.

"For instance," says he, "you see all them electric lights all over this town. I begun to study about them things when I first come here. There's a sort of little thing inside that they burn—carbon they call it. I seen that everybody would keep their eyes on the light and not notice the carbon. But still they had to have carbon. I put a little into a company that made them things—not much; only a hundred thousand or so. Since then, what have they done? Why, they've turned in and gave me eighty per cent stock for nothing, and raised the cash dividend until I'm making twenty per cent on all I invested and what I didn't invest too. Such things bores me.

"Then again, there's my rubber business," says he, "rubber tires. The second day we owned the big car she busts a couple of tires—fifty dollars or so per each. I begun to figure out how many cars they was running in this town, up and down the avenue and all over all the other streets, each one of 'em with four tires on and all four of 'em steadily wearin' out. I figure the tires runs from fifteen to sixty dollars apiece and that somebody spends a lot of money for them. Then I went and bought into a good company that makes them things, a few months ago—not much; only a couple of hundred thousand or so. But what's the use?" He sets back and yawns, looking tired.

"I can't help it. I can't find no game in this country that's hard enough to play for to be interesting. What them rubber-tire people done was to make me a present of a whole lot of more stock the other day and raise the dividends. I can't buy into no company at all, it seems like, unless every twenty minutes or so they up and declare another dividend. I don't like it. I wish't I could find some real man's-size game to play, because I'm like you—I get lonesome."

Still, he was looking thoughtful.

"Some games we can play," says he. "Then again, seems like there's others we can't. Now about the kid ——"

"She's busy all the time," says I to him. "She reads and paints. Sundays she goes to church, while you and me only put on a collar that hurts. Week days she goes down to the picture galleries and into the liberry. She buys books. She's got her own cars—the big car and the electric brougham you give her on her birthday last week—ain't a thing in the world she ain't got. She's plumb happy."

"Except that she ain't!"

"You mean that we don't know nobody—nobody comes in to visit?" He nods.

"Well, why don't we go in and call on them Wisner people that lives next to us?" says I.

"We can't do that; the rules of the game is that the folks living in a place first has to make the first call."

"That's a fool rule," says I.

"Shore it is; but Bonnie Bell knows all them rules and she ain't going to make any break—Old Man Smith taught her a few things—or maybe she learned it instinctive from her ma.

"Her ma was a Maryland Janney. They pretty near knew. And yet she told me —— Oh, shucks, Curly!"

"Well, what did she say?"

"She says she met Old Lady Wisner fair out on the sidewalk one morning and she was going to speak to her; they was both of them going down to their cars, which was standing side by side on the street. The old lady she turns up her nose, such as there was of it, and she looks the other way. That hurt my girl a good deal. You know she ain't got a unkind thought in her heart for nobody or nothing on earth. She never was broke to be afraid of nothing or expect nothing but good of nobody—you and me taught her that, didn't we, Curly? And that old cat wouldn't look at my girl! Well, Curly, that's what I mean when I say there is some games that seems hard to play. Don't a woman get the worst of it every way of the deck anyhow?"

"Well now," says I, "ain't there no way we can break in there comfortablelike?"

"I don't see how," says he, shaking his head.

"Why can't we kill their dog?" says I. "Something friendly, just to start things going."

"That ain't no good," says he. "We tried it. Bonnie Bell already killed two of their dogs with her new electric brougham. You see, she had to go out and run it for herself, for she says she can ride anything that has hair on it, even if it's only curled hair in the cushions. First thing you know, the Wisner dog—pug nose it was, with its tail curled tight—it goes out on the road, acting like it owned the whole street, same as its folks does. Well, right then him and Bonnie Bell's new electric mixes it. The dog got the worst of it.

"Look-a-here, Curly," says he after a while, and pulls a square piece of paper outen his pocket. "Here's what we got in return for that before Bonnie Bell had time to say she was sorry. The old lady wrote, for once:

"Mrs. David Abraham Wisner requests that the people living next door to her exercise greater care in the operation of their vehicles, as the animal lost through the criminal carelessness of one of these people was of great value.

"Ain't that hell?" says he. "Cheerful, ain't it? No name signed to it—nothing! But you can see from that just how they felt. That was a few days ago. They got a new dog. Well, other morning, Bonnie Bell killed that one!

"The trouble with them dogs is, they been used to thinking they own this whole end of the street. They don't seem to recognize that we're anybody at all. It's a awful thing, and it put Bonnie Bell in wrong. She didn't know what to do. She was so mad she wouldn't write. So she sends for Jimmie—I mean James, our chauffore—he's got almost sober lately, it being three months or so since Christmas, and him knowing a lot about dogs. So she buys a new dog for them—a large one that you can see easy, a collie dog; and Jimmie says he paid one-fifty for it."

"A dollar and a half is more than any dog is worth," says I, "especial a dog that has anything to do with someone like that Wisner woman."

"A dollar and a half!" says he. "A hundred and fifty is what it cost; this was a swell dog—a young collie about a year old. Well, Bonnie Bell, she sends it round by James, our chauffore, with her compliments. Their butler takes it in. I don't know whether it's going to stick or not. It's a sort of olive branch. You see, Bonnie Bell can't write to no such people, but she is sorry for killing their dogs and she wants to make good somehow. I think it was a right good way. It looks like she knew her own place and could hold her own, and yet like she was willing to meet 'em halfway on values.

"Well, that's all we can do," says he. "Let it go the way it lays on the board. I don't like Old Man Wisner a little bit anyhow."

"Well," says I, "if he's running for alderman, why don't you run for sher'f or something, just to keep occupied?"

"I'm studying my ward," says he. "I don't know very many of the saloon people yet. You have to be pretty far along to get to be sher'f in a place like this. But now, a alderman might be easier, if you went at it right. Anyways, the way they have acted, I feel like I'd copper any game Old Man Wisner was playing. I kind of feel in my bones that him and me is going to lock horns, Curly. I don't like the way he acts; and I tell you, when I want a neighbor to be friendly with me he's got to be friendly sometime, whether he likes it or not."

Old Man Wright gets up now and walks around some, kind of grinning.

"But, on the whole, I may find something to keep me busy here in town. For instance, Old Man Wisner is back of some sort of steal, shore as you're born, in the Lake Shore Electric Extension that's going on up in there—the paper says he's been selling it, or the interests has. Why? He never done a direct thing in his life—that ain't the way he does business; for that matter, it ain't the way business is done in the city nohow. It's always done at a side door, not at a front door, the way we done it on the Yellow Bull—straight out, even-Steven.

"I figure he starts that story to make that stock cheap. Well, the other day I buy up a little of it, right cheap at that—not much; only a few hundred thousand dollars. Now I figure that if it ever goes up for Old Man Wisner it will go up some for me. I may buy some more of it. I don't know as it is worth anything—maybe not; but it certainly would please me if I could find some kind of a side game here where I couldn't make no money. I'm bored, Curly," says he; "that's what's the matter with me."

But still he came round again and again to the real center of our coming to town—Bonnie Bell. Him and me could have had a good time, but we knew perfectly well that she wasn't having no good time.

"Curly," says he, kind of frowning and his jaw working some, "she ain't got a friend in this whole damn town."

"Listen at you!" says I to him. "What are you talking about? She has got us, ain't she? We are her friends. We've raised her. We are going to take care of her. Ain't we enough?"

"No, Curly," says he to me, sober; "we ain't enough."

VII

"WELL," says Old Man Wright to Bonnie Bell one day about four o'clock when we was having a cup of tea, which William insists we ought to drink then, "what have them folks over there said about the dog you sent 'em?"

"They haven't said a word," says Bonnie Bell. "They kept the dog though. I don't think much of that cinchy outfit, if you ask me, dad."

"Give That New Dog We've Got a Year or So and He'll Eat Up That Pup of Yours"

"Nor me neither," says he. "It was too bad you run over their dog, or so many of their dogs; but then you done what you could, sending 'em another dog as big as all you killed. A collie is right smart. I hope this one will keep on the sidewalk and not get under the wheels. That Boston dog of yours always has me guessing."

Well, we talked on a while, both of us sort of joshing her on her dog deal, until she gets up and goes away from the little table where she is setting and stands in front of the window, looking out, her teacup in her hand.

All at once she says: "Good Lord!"

"What's wrong?" says her pa, and we all holler at her. But she is out of the room and down at the door before we can stop her, all in her gingham apern and cap, like she is then; for she had been looking after the housecleaning—though William looks at her sad for not being dressed up more.

We went to the window and looked out. All at once we heard a awful barking going on down there, and we seen what had happened. That new dog of theirs had come into our yard to look around, and Bonnie Bell's Boston dog, Peanut—which mostly rode in her car with her—had jumped this here visiting dog, and they was having it out industrious and sincere, right in our front yard.

Well, sir, it was one of the prettiest fights you ever seen. A collie ain't no slouch in a scrap, and if this dog wouldn't of been so young he like enough could of licked Peanut, all right. But, you see, Peanut he was taking care of his own folks, according to the way he figured it, and this was a intrusion on the part of the Wisner dog.

Anything that's got bull pup in him, like Peanut had, ain't got no sense about fighting; so Peanut he mixed it with the collie copious, and they tumbled all over the yard until you couldn't hardly tell which was which. At last Peanut got hisself a good leg holt, and the collie hollers bloody murder and starts for home and mother through the fence, Peanut hanging on.

It seems like their front door was open; and the collie he made for it, hollering every jump, and Peanut after him. He chases him plumb up the steps and clear into the house, and that was all we could see for a while, except Bonnie Bell standing in her cap and apern, looking across. Then through the window we could see folks running round here and there, like the dogs had got into the middle of the house and was still mixing it.

By and by—three or four minutes—their butler comes out, holding Peanut by the collar, and drops him on the front steps. But Peanut he is game, and he ain't had no satisfaction out of this scrap; so he goes back and scratches most of the paint offen their front door, and barks and howls, trying to get back in to finish his job.

Bonnie Bell she stands there just crying because she is so much ashamed, and she calls and whistles to Peanut. When he comes, at last, he does it looking over his shoulder and growling, and daring that other dog to come out and knock a chip off his shoulder.

When Bonnie Bell came back in, carrying Peanut, happy, by the loose skin of his neck, she was more worried than I ever seen her about anything.

"Now we've done it!" says she. "Our dog run right in their house and chased their dog. There was guests there, too—look at the cars standing out there. They was holding some kind of a party—bridge, like enough. Oh, whatever shall we do!"

"Come here, Peanut," says Old Man Wright; which Peanut jumps up on his lap then. "Have something on the house," says he; "and if that dog comes over in here eat him up!"

Peanut understands this perfect, and he goes to the window and tries to get out, and barks until you could hear him a block.

"That is some dog, sis," says her pa. "It looks like, anyhow, some of our family has broke into polite society for once. Come here, pup!" And he pats Peanut on the head and laughs like he is going to die over it. But not Bonnie Bell!

There was a awful silence come in between them two big houses after that. There wasn't anything that we seen fit to say and they didn't pay no attention to us. Their hired man—that worked round the back yard sometimes in overalls and a sweater—he sometimes walks out in the yard with their collie, but said collie he takes mighty good care to keep on his own side of the fence and only looks over, respectful.

It was getting spring by now—sort of raw weather once in a while; but the grass was getting green, and some of Bonnie Bell's flowers she had planted was beginning to show up through the ground, and once in a while she would go out, in old clothes mostly, with maybe a cap and a apern, and fuss round with her flowers. She wouldn't never look across at the Wisner house.

Their hired man that taken care of their dog was the one that taken care of their flowers, same as she did of ours. One morning it seems like, not noticing each other, they

(Continued on Page 64)

THE MOVIE QUEEN—By Rob Wagner

IF MY male readers who have followed this story will now please stand aside for a few minutes I will take the ladies gently by the hand and lead them to our dressing rooms. Men are excluded and of course no gentleman will peek.

In this room, what do you think the negro maid is doing to that young lady standing like Diana at her bath? She is giving her a nice, thick, gooey coat of olive oil, for she is sentenced to do tank stuff—a castle moat, I believe—and will probably have to stay in the water all morning. And that character woman over there is being upholstered in anticipation of a shocking bump from a jitney. Those two young ladies who are having their torsos laced up in stout, corset-coverlike bodices are preparing for a violent quarrel in a cigarette factory. If they were not thus incased beneath their shabby dresses their clothes would be unable to contain them, and the scene would be censored out. The undergarments of many of the others, you will notice, are not such as are advertised in the daily papers, for our needs are peculiar, and we have to be prepared for all sorts of bizarre adventures.

Fay Tincher

These surroundings are luxurious, however, compared with the inconvenience we have to endure when out on location. Talk about dressing in a Pullman sleeper! Imagine the privacy of a jitney or the "looard" side of a sagebush on the desert. True, some of us have motor cars rigged up like traveling minstrels, but often we have to shift where no motor car can go. I have had to make a complete change in two feet of snow behind the doubtful shelter of a sugar pine up in Bear Valley. To hang a mirror in a manzanita bush and make up in a blizzard is indeed earning one's salary in the most cold-blooded way.

How Wardrobes Empty the Pay Envelope

I'LL never forget the amazement of a forest ranger in the Sierras when he rode into our location and in all directions could see men and women hiding behind trees. He thought a stage had been robbed; that the highwaymen had taken even the clothes of the passengers, and that we were only waiting for the cover of night so that we could crawl shamefully back to civilization. We develop some situations that are funnier than any you see on the screen, but I'm afraid the censors might be a bit squeamish about releasing them.

Now, gentlemen, you may rejoin us. You will not be particularly interested in our wardrobes, except in a fiscal way, but this factor ought to supply the shock you have just missed.

Before I reveal this sartorial heaven to the ladies—the men trailing—permit me to make one or two observations. When you hear of the salaries that some of us get, you no doubt think that our greatest sport is to go down and laugh at the mint. But I assure you our expenses are quite as alarming as our pay, especially if you consider the girls who play straight leads.

An automobile has come to be a necessity; a maid or a seamstress indispensable; daily subscriptions or charitable touches amount often to as much as twenty-five dollars a week. Photographic bills are outrageous; then we have to pay for our own gowns in everything except costume plays.

A girl starting in often has to spend her first six months' salary accumulating wardrobe necessities. The gowns for one six-reel story cost Agnes Underhill nearly fifteen hundred dollars. And the tragic part of it is that they are useless for further picture purposes.

Just as the studios find it cheaper to rent furniture, so that the sets will be always new, so, too, the directors demand that each new story have its own gowns. And such memories as these men have! Don't ever again tell me that the male sees only the face. These uncanny men have the cruelest memory for feathers, fine or faded. If you try to ring in the simplest hat that you wore two years ago they will spot it a mile away.

The wardrobe of a comedienne is not particularly exciting, so I shall take you in to see the glorious raiment and the many little coquetries of Agnes Underhill. No, this is not a store, nor are these the gowns for a whole cast. That last case contains only the dresses she wore in The Do-Nothing. She cannot wear them again and she cannot make them over—we call it taking them down—until the picture is released in New York. This ties up a fearful lot of money, yet it is essential to "keep them on ice" against the possibility of a make-over. For if the big fish or the censors order a retake of a certain scene we must be prepared, and it can easily be seen how difficult it would be to rebuild a gown after it had been taken down and perhaps merged into several new ones. The slightest change might be fatal to the picture. These slips are most likely to occur when scenes are made days apart, or when a make-over is ordered a month after the original scene was made.

Suppose, for instance, that I was making a scene Saturday morning, and rain or something else compelled us to abandon the finish of it until Monday. Suppose that Monday I put on canvas shoes, forgetting that I had worn black shoes Saturday. This is what would happen when you looked at the finished picture: You would see me—picture made on Saturday—jump up from my chair, grab a revolver, dash out of the front door, shoot a book agent. Returning with a smoking revolver—picture made on Monday—you would behold a pair of shoes turned white simply because I had shot a book agent! Nobody could convince the amazed audience that such things happen in real life, especially as the shooting of a book agent has never been considered good form among nice people.

This hypothetical case is not stated to be humorous, for slips of this kind are constantly happening. A man will enter a telephone booth in a gray coat and come out in a black one. Hortense might be on her deathbed, and while a three-foot title was spliced into the film some one might have changed the carpet on the floor or even raised the ceiling. Indeed, so difficult is it to carry over the minutiæ of the *mise en scène*, that unless it is absolutely impossible to do so all scenes in the same location are made at one time.

To emphasize the great care that must be exercised so that the sequence of scenes may not be made ridiculous by too sudden a change, I must tell of an incident I witnessed the other day when Gene Wilkinson was doing one of her famous stunts with the cats. It was necessary for her to sneak up behind a small, sleeping tiger and hold it at arm's length by the skin of its neck—a very dangerous performance. After a great deal of preliminary care she accomplished the picture, and the director called for a close-up of the scene. While the camera man was moving his machine Gene released the beast, because of his weight, and when she picked him up again a great argument arose as to whether, in the first picture, she had held him with the right or the left hand at his neck. In order to be sure, two pictures were taken, one with the squirming beast in the right, the other with him in the left hand. They will use only the one that corresponds to the first film.

When White is Yellow or Blue

SO, ONE can see that it would be unsafe to take down a gown until the final release of the picture. However, there are a few studios that have introduced a regular department of dressmaking with a high-priced designer of gowns in charge, and thus they are assuming the expense of owning a wardrobe, with satisfactory results to themselves. These dressmakers seek out the best models at the spring and fall fashion shows and copy a two-hundred-dollar gown with fifty dollars' worth of material, each garment being so built that it is easy to take down after the release has come. The material, of course, can be used again.

The men of the pictures own a complete wardrobe—evening clothes, dinner coats, morning coats, tweeds and riding breeches. Their linen is usually yellow, but not always, and this reminds me of another of our crosses—the color eccentricities of the camera man. If there were any fixed chromatic formula, it would be easy; but one fellow insists that all white be reduced to a certain yellow, while another one has a different tone. Some, indeed, demand a blue: then everything from shirts to feather boas must be dyed to suit him. Often what one believes to be a gorgeous gown gets thumbs-down from the camera man. Even the director has to acquiesce, or otherwise become responsible for the photography—and directors have enough responsibilities without assuming foreign ones.

In the pictures the actinic value of various colors changes the technique of make-up used in the stage drama.

Typical Studio Scenes With Griffith Directing. Mme. Nazimova in Foreground of Right-Hand Picture

Much depends upon the location and the atmospheric condition of the light. At the beaches and on the desert, because of the intense whiteness of the sand, a very light make-up is used; otherwise the faces would appear too swarthy. For ordinary studio purposes the women use a number five and the men a number six grease paint. Blondes use a light Japanese make-up. Because their high lights are much hotter than those of brunettes, red-haired girls always photograph very dark. Rouge is not used because the photographic value, being dark, makes shadows rather than color on the cheeks.

Practically everybody except little children, and one or two girls who happen to have magnificent skins, have to use grease paint. This is due to the close-up. When one's face is enlarged on the screen to the size of a moving van even apparently smooth skin looks like a plowed field with spring wheat just emerging

Everybody is supposed to report at the studio at 8:30 o'clock in the morning in make-up, and, unless released, must remain there thus glorified all day. The necessity of this daylight use of calcimine has some very curious consequences. A seven-passenger car with twelve occupants in full evening dress, and all made up like "shameless jades," goes right through the shopping district at ten A. M. on the way to some location. Is it any wonder that a lot of people think we spend our nights carousing at the beaches, and that certain ministers are in a constant state of turmoil over our scrambled morals? However, most of us have become immune to these attacks, and we go nonchalantly about our work without the slightest sense of shame.

Real Tears for Fussy Directors

IF, HOWEVER, we are making a street scene and do not wish to attract attention the camera is hidden in a motor van and our make-up is very carefully done. One time, while doing a boy's part, I was standing in front of a bank building when a man called to me to crank his car. I did so, and as I stepped up to accept the ten cents he handed me I saw that he was looking into my face with chagrin. I knew who he was and he recognized me. His embarrassment was expressed by beating it away four bells ahead.

Every profession has its disagreeable duties, and one of ours is to work under the studio lights. Every actress dreads them, for they are simply cruel to the eyes, and to work within a few feet of eight or ten ghastly, hissing, flaming arcs will unnerve the strongest of us. The red rays are entirely absent in these awful things, the consequence being that when they are used everything in the scene is bathed in a sickly bluish green. Faces appear ashen gray and the red of one's lips looks purple. The actors appear like uncanny corpses suddenly come to life. The light is so dreadful to the eyes that the least result is a splitting headache, and the worst, the necessity of seeking the solace of an oculist or of wearing amber glasses for several days. Fortunately we of the West have very little of this work to do, except in hurry-up cases where night work is essential. In some Eastern studios work is done almost entirely by artificial light.

Speaking of eyes reminds me that we have one emotional stunt that puts it all over the legitimate stage, and that is the registering of real tears. Even if the emotional actress can turn on the tears, only those in front would ever see them; but we have the advantage of the close-up. Of course the usual way to produce them is to smell an onion concealed in a handkerchief, or in the shirt front of the lover—in case the sorrowful lady has to weep on his manly chest. The onion, however, will not have the same lugubrious consequence with everyone.

These immunes must either sit and look at the sun until their eyes run or use a little boric acid and oil with an eye dropper. But the onion produces the most Madonnalike tears and is by far the most popular method of producing the *doloroso* effect.

However, artificial tears are not allowed by some directors, and they resort to all sorts of devices to cause real ones to flow. A few days ago one of these chaps tried in vain to work up the emotion of a young girl so that she would shed tears of hate at the man in the plot; and when he had struggled for twenty minutes he turned on her in contempt and indignation

"You are the worst actress I ever saw. You've got about as much temperament as an ice man. I'm going to get this scene, and I'm going to have Blanche Harvey"—he knew their enmity—"to make it." Then came the flood; and while the girl was mad clean through, the director got a close-up of the most indignant tears that ever leaked from pretty eyes. Perhaps the trick won't work again

One of the few women directors in the business insists that tears shall be real. I saw her work over a girl for half an hour, while she went through the whole story, acting every part. The girl finally lay down upon a couch, and

Lillian Gish

Bessie Eyton in Her Automobile Dressing Room

the director knelt beside her and pounded away. What she said I do not know, but the girl cried all right, and furthermore she had to be carried to her dressing room in downright hysterics. If the realism that demands our suffering the actual pains of our heroines is carried much farther it will some day exhibit a tender young girl permitting a lion to bite her ear off—just for the sake of the picture. You can get people to do almost anything if you will pay them well enough.

Astronomically speaking, the firmament of filmdom is occupied by fixed stars—those who are permanently employed in the moving pictures; the comets of the stage, who temporarily leave their orbits, and, acting for a few weeks or months, return whence they came; and the burned-out old moons, whose effulgence is a reflection of past glories. The comets are the most spectacular and perhaps the best known, and for their short stay make stupendous sums.

Besides the fabulous salaries paid them they are often provided with private cars, furnished bungalows or mansions, fully equipped with servants, and motor cars, grand pianos and other household pets. The dressing rooms of some of these pampered ones would make Count d'Orsay feel like a plumber. They have ivory toilet sets, great mirrors, "hot and cold folding doors," and every little frill to delight the feminine heart.

Are we jealous? Oh, dear no! Their pay checks are bigger, but ours are oftener!

Now that most of the studios are cutting out the one reeler and going in for the four to eight reel feature stuff, we are drawing more and more of the stage stars to the pictures. Some of the less thoughtful of the film favorites deplore the competition, but many of us believe the capitulation of the legitimate stars is a great boost to our business. Every year adds to the dignity and artistry of the film drama, and in that we all profit. Even in my work, starting out as a sort of female Charlie Chaplin, subjecting myself to all the grotesque clownishness of the slapstick and spit curls, I find myself at last cast in comedy dramas that call for something approximating intelligence and offer a chance for more subtle comedy than cyclone and cataclysm.

Studio life is not exactly what most outsiders think, for I believe it is generally supposed that we are on the jump from morning to night. The fact is, our personal excitements are few indeed, and four hours of actual work is quite a full day. It is true that those in stock must report in make-up by 8:30; but that does not necessarily mean that work begins at that hour. There are many factors that determine the time of taking a scene—the light, the position of the sun, a scenic experiment, the temperament of the director, and many other things. Any or all of them may drag out the waiting for half a day or more, yet the company must be ready to go out at any moment. Then one may be cast in a part that will not be staged until the next week, yet he must stay on the lot, though he does not need to make up. The stars are privileged to stay away when not working, though they must telephone the studio every morning and evening and leave word where they can be found between times. And, of course, the stars have more to do outside, for they are constantly attending the dressmakers' and milliners'.

Leisure Between Scenes

BUT for the rank and file there are sometimes days on end when they do no acting at all. It is interesting to see how the actors employ their leisure—a problem which becomes more important in this profession than in any other. I hasten to say that the women use their time to much more purpose than the men; the majority of them sew, embroider, weave or mend. They sit round in little groups as intently interested as any altruistic church sewing circle knitting bands for Belgian babies. Indeed, one English actress at our studio has knitted hundreds of pairs of socks for her soldier boys. Another, a socialist German girl, also knits, and, as she has no way of getting her work to Germany, she sends it with the English girl's. I only wish the boys who get the socks could know!

Horrified uplifters, whom our morals are constantly concerning, would feel very much chagrined if they could investigate a studio on a dull day. Some of the women read a great deal, not only the movie dope and papers, but good stuff. A young college girl at the studio has installed her library, and rents her books to the others for ten cents a week. With the proceeds she adds to her library.

Although the men for the most part just loaf round, smoke, and read the movie magazines, there are occasional book lovers, and always a few who like to work with their hands. One chap here spends all his time modeling in clay, another in learning scene painting; one studies Spanish, and another, an American boy brought up in Mexico, has built a theater of marionettes.

Of course there are eccentric individuals who will not mix at all with the others. One girl, with evidently enough money to be independent of her job—she is an extra and sometimes makes nothing for a week or two—spends most of her time reading in her dressing room. Another youngster, with no more talent than a rabbit, but with the artistic temperament of a pyschic seeress, moons round all day looking at the hills. Her firm belief in her art is perfectly beautiful. She is the daughter of a large stockholder, but even her pull seems never to penetrate the prejudices of the many directors. One very daring fellow cast her for the rôle of a maidservant in a cafeteria scene; she played the part like the wronged lady in East Lynne.

Besides the actresses there are carpenters, scene painters, costumers, property men, developers, printers, shippers,

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1 75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3 25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 15, 1916

Party Government

IT IS just as well to remember that the framers of the Constitution expected the Federal Government to be nonpartisan. Their idea was that political parties would foam and rage over the local affairs of the states, but the larger national affairs would be discussed without party division. It is well to remember it, because every now and then somebody declares that government by party is necessary in a democracy.

For some time, in important respects, the United States has not been governed by a party. It was by Republican votes that a House nominally Democratic supported a Democratic President in the matter of not warning Americans off armed merchantmen, though it had been said the President would refuse to stand for reëlection if Congress repudiated his policy. In the matter of Mexico, and as to the whole subject of preparedness, party lines have been pretty largely disregarded.

This is by no means unique. At various times in the last twenty years, when affairs of first-rate importance came up, party alignment has been abandoned. No matter what question is up, disregard of party lines is always a good omen of intelligent settlement; adherence to party lines is always a bad omen. If there is anything of real importance before the country the first wish is that it may be considered nonpartisanly. When any question whatever becomes a party question experienced observers expect it to be bungled. By the common judgment of American people party government is a perfect instrument for doing things wrong.

We shall very soon have a Democratic nominee for the presidency and a Republican nominee, each appealing for votes under a party label. But, in view of recent Democratic utterances concerning the tariff, there is not in sight at this moment one solitary thing that is traditionally Democratic or traditionally Republican upon which they will confront each other. The only "issue," so far as now appears, will consist of attacking and defending the performances of the Wilson Administration on matters that have never been subjects of party division.

The real paramount issues before the country are true neutrality, government economy, "pork," Mexico, the extent of preparedness for war—things that are neither Democratic nor Republican. The time is really here when the adjectives Democratic and Republican tell little more about a man's politics than the adjectives blond and brunet.

Those tough old party shells enable some people to get public jobs, and a great many more to avoid thinking about politics. They have no other usefulness.

One Crop or Several?

THE collapse of cotton prices that followed the declarations of war threatened a very serious situation for the Cotton States and inspired a general agitation to reduce cotton acreage. Last year the acreage was reduced about fifteen per cent, and though war cut off important normal markets it developed others. It has been calculated that three million bales were consumed in the manufacture of explosives in the United States and Europe during 1915. This is as much as all the cotton mills of the North consume in making cloth in a normal year. So the price of cotton has lately been maintained round twelve cents a pound, or about what it was when war broke out.

But a new crop year is at hand, and the question arises whether last year's war scare had any permanent effect by way of inducing greater diversification of crops in the Cotton States. Speaking at Birmingham recently, and arguing against a one-crop system, Mr. Harding, of the Federal Reserve Board, pointed out that—war or no war—the man who depended on one crop was always subject to a painful liability that the crop would be somewhat overabundant, somewhat in excess of consumptive demand. In which case the price was pretty sure to be unprofitably low; while a crop that was a little under demand brought good prices.

From the growers' point of view the situation is: Raise fourteen million bales and be prosperous; raise seventeen millions and be broke. Again, a smaller acreage and more careful cultivation mean more profit than a larger acreage and careless cultivation. Many cotton farmers have never grown a stalk of corn.

There is no doubt that the South, on the whole, devotes too much area to cotton. The war shock may be the beginning of a change, with greater crop diversification and less dependence on the big staple.

The War Boom

TO DISCOVER any such rapid change in business conditions as occurred in the last half of 1915 one must turn back to 1908—but then the change was downgrade, a result of the panic of October, 1907. In the first half of 1915, for example, the country made but little over twelve million tons of pig iron—nearly three million tons less than in the first half of 1910; but in the last half it made seventeen and three-quarter million tons—a high record.

The make of pig iron has long been regarded as one of the most important indications of general business conditions. In the first half of 1915 gross receipts of railroads—a sure indication of the total movement of goods—were smaller than in 1914; but in the second half they were larger than in 1914 by nearly two hundred million dollars. Bank clearings, bank deposits, bank loans—all good indications of business activity—tell the same story. Probably so swift an expansion of business never before happened in so short a time. Undoubtedly war orders started it going.

Quite naturally, then, the conservative mind is uneasy. An expansion so rapid as that, proceeding from any causes, would provoke conservative apprehensions; but war orders grow relatively less important in the country's business. As to the effect here of their total cessation, and of Europe turning seller instead of buyer, that runs into the chartless sea of post-bellum speculation. Nobody knows.

There is no profit in trying to know until more tangible signs develop. Proper conservatism at present consists in making the most of the boom in an attitude of watchful waiting.

Investigating as a Courtesy

PRESIDENT WILSON suggested a congressional survey of the situation with respect to Government regulation of railroads—obviously a large and complicated subject. It occurred to somebody in Congress that this large subject touched the still larger and more complex one of Government ownership of all public utilities; so he suggested that the investigation include the latter field. It is hardly necessary to add that it was so ordered. Objection to investigating anything that any member wants investigated is considered bad manners.

Now Government ownership is a matter of opinion rather than of definitely ascertainable facts. The important experiences of Government ownership have occurred under conditions so unlike those in the United States that it is impossible to draw hard-and-fast deductions from them. The Prussian Government, for example, manages state-owned railroads very well; but that signifies nothing whatever as to how the American Government would manage them.

The French Government, on the other hand, has managed state-owned railroads badly; but that again is not necessarily conclusive for us. The telegraph and telephone virtually grew up in Europe as adjuncts of the post office, which is a vastly different matter from taking over immense systems of communication that grew up under private ownership.

Any competent student of economics, working single-handed, can collect the really pertinent facts regarding public ownership in a few months. Most of them can be collected in the Congressional Library at Washington. After they are collected, persons prejudiced on one side or the other will, as likely as not, draw exactly opposite conclusions from them.

Probably a congressional investigation of the subject will produce some fat volumes containing prolix opinions from all those who choose to submit opinions, and a mass of statistics that can readily be got together from existing publications. Probably nobody will ever read the volumes.

If Congress wants to get something more or less worth while on the subject of Government ownership it might offer a prize of five thousand dollars for the best essay, not exceeding twenty-five thousand words in length, on each side of the subject. The essays, at least, would be read.

Foreign Investment

ANYBODY who wants to buy foreign government bonds now can not only get them at a very low price but pay for them with very cheap money. The price is low because enormous quantities of government bonds have been issued of late, with more big issues in sight. In special cases it is low, also, because war impedes or prevents free international circulation of securities. Thus, German bonds in the hands of British holders are subject to a special discount. At present, of course, Germany will not pay interest to British holders of her bonds, nor England to German holders of British bonds. England has seized many million dollars' worth of securities en route from Holland to New York, on the supposition that they were German property.

All such belligerent interferences, by restricting the market, tend to depress prices. Then, foreign exchanges are at a heavy discount in New York, which means that one can buy funds with which to pay for foreign bonds much below par. For four dollars and seventy-six cents one can buy in New York a pound sterling that normally costs round four dollars and eighty-six cents. For seventy-two or seventy-three cents one can buy four German marks that normally cost about ninety-five cents. For a dollar one can get nearly six French francs.

At this writing British consols are quoted at fifty-nine cents on the dollar; French three-per-cents at sixty cents; Russian fours at fifty-five cents; German three-per-cents—"British stamped"—at forty-eight cents. The astute and adventurous neutral can pick up bargains on which he will realize handsome profits if ——

It is the "if" that you must gamble on.

Little Business and Big

WITH some socialistic exceptions—which one may, we trust, be pardoned for considering unimportant at this stage of American economic development—everybody admits that small business is good in the sense that it is highly useful and ought to meet all reasonable encouragement. Political criticism of business addresses itself almost exclusively to "Big Business"; but there is no dividing line between big business and little business. Automobiles were little business fifteen years ago; so were telephones somewhat farther back, and railroads back of that. Big and little are interwoven throughout a great part of the whole field. A vast deal of what the country consumes in the course of a year is supplied, in whole or in part, by little business.

Incorporated business is often used as synonymous with big business; but, out of two hundred and fifty thousand corporations recently reporting to the Federal Trade Commission, only ten thousand do more than a quarter of a million dollars of business a year; less than five thousand do more than a million dollars of business a year; less than five hundred do five million dollars of business a year—that is, "corporation" might about as fittingly be used to connote little business, since only two or three corporations out of a thousand do a really great volume of business.

Of course you can tell no more about the morals of a business from its size than you can tell about the morals of a man from his weight.

A Labor Settlement

SOME time ago bituminous coal miners demanded an increase of pay and a different system of computing their compensation. There was an excellent opening for bitter contention, strike, riot, and all the depressingly familiar results of recourse to passion and class prejudice. But representatives of the two sides appear to have met amicably and open-mindedly—in much the same spirit of mutual respect and candor that representatives of conflicting business interests meet every day.

Then there was really no trouble. The miners got an advance of pay and the run-of-mine system they wanted, their gain amounting, it is calculated, to eight million dollars a year.

There would seldom be a strike if representatives of the two sides got together in the same spirit that representatives of the two sides to a business dispute do. But, with melancholy frequency, when it is a capital-and-labor dispute both parties are bristling with truculence before they get within gunshot of each other. An irritated class prejudice on one side or the other, or on both sides, causes strikes oftener than the tangible differences that are under discussion.

The Rural-Credit Firing Squad

By HERBERT QUICK

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE reader may be a little uncertain in his mind as to the meaning of the expression rural credits. In that case he should be in Congress. Incomprehension, like misery, doubtless loves company. If you do not understand a thing, define it, as I am about to do. If the reader is not helped by the definition I shall be, let us hope. Rural credits in the United States is a system, as yet uncreated, to give the American farmer as good facilities for borrowing money for productive purposes as are possessed by farmers in all other civilized countries. It is hoped thereby to increase production, develop backward regions, decrease landlordism, increase home owning, make rural life more attractive, and check the rush to the cities.

If we could only have tackled this problem about 1888 it looks now as if we might have put it through without all the lets and confounded hindrances that we have encountered in the era from 1913 to 1916

Then the old teapots of New England, the buried treasures of Manhattan Island, the underslung pockets of Pennsylvania and the bank deposits from Central Iowa to Cape Cod were opened up to the dealers in certain securities bearing a strong family likeness to the rural-credit land bonds that the present Administration has a sneaking notion it will be hard to sell now, even with the standardizing and inspection and appraisal of the Government back of them.

In those days we called them debentures. One who desired to engage in the vending of them went to Cherokee, or Sioux City, or Wichita, or Omaha, or Kansas City, and organized the Slew-Water Debenture Corporation, or the Sand-Hill Debenture and Mortgage Association, Limited, and loaned the bank roll to owners of land called—only by courtesy sometimes—farms. Ordinarily the bank roll could be borrowed if one had the reputation of being a successful man in placing money. These mortgages were carefully deposited in a vault and debentures were issued based on them.

And the way the nation's solid citizens, tightwads, misers, estate managers, trustees, heirs, executors, administrators and assigns gobbled up these debentures was too much for the self-control of the loan men of the West, most of whom were Easterners by nativity. The thing was too easy. All one had to do was to take a suitcaseful of Western debentures and pass down Devonshire Street, Boston, or Nassau Street, New York, or drive along the country roads about Montpelier, Vermont, and he would be mobbed by buyers. These mortgages paid as high as seven per cent—even eight. They were issued by old and well-established concerns, which had promptly remitted for every coupon for as much as two whole years. They were an exception to the old rule that high interest means low security.

So the Yankees and the Knickerbockers bought them by the million, all oblivious of the fact that the average trust and debenture company was getting from ten to twelve per cent on its mortgages, was taking a commission mortgage for two per cent, and was run by a set of fellows whose business stock in trade was a certain roseate optimism. They were sure that the stenographer who had homesteaded the NW of the NW of Section 17, Township 89, Range Plenty, would marry the book agent who had taken the adjoining quarter, and together they would make a great farm of it.

The Movement to Standardize Farm Loans

AS FOR the drought—why, the climate had changed—no danger of that any more. Why not make two or three or four per cent a year on another thousand, and the commission as well? So when the stenographer and the book agent, urged by the local loan agent, who got his bit too, came to the land office to prove up on their claims they executed the mortgage or mortgages—for, alas for romance! they did not always marry—took their thousand dollars or their five hundred each, and drove eastwardly toward where the folks lived, having thoughtfully rigged up the covered wagon in advance for that purpose. They had been waiting for that thousand dollars. The mortgage was a sale.

There was weeping and wailing in Devonshire Street and Nassau Street when the accumulating defaults caused the debenture company to blow up. And it is one of the ironies of finance that if the mortgagees had taken over and held those farms not many of them would have lost a cent. One Boston estate was glad to close out at a loss a three-thousand-acre tract in South Dakota that it had taken on a fourteen-thousand-dollar mortgage. The purchaser from the Bostonians now has a net profit in the deal of over two hundred thousand dollars on a purely farm-land basis. Even more extreme cases are common; but that does not do away with the fact that the time has never been so propitious for standardized farm loans as it was in the days of the unstandardized sort, from 1886 to 1890.

Why, if anyone at that time had gone on the market with good farm-land bonds, based on mortgages issued under strict Federal appraisal and inspection, and not exceeding in amount from fifty to fifty-five per cent of the value of the farm, he could have taken in all the loose money in the Western World—that is, he could if one may judge by the lavishness of the investments in land-mortgage debentures issued without any Government inspection on the appraisal of men whose only interest lay in making the loans, and who were in part ignorant of land values, in part dishonest, and in part quite crazy with the heat of the wildest farm-land boom in our history.

We are right now in the throes of a campaign for a Federal system of rural credits. Also, several states have passed rural-credit acts of their own, and others are sure to do so unless the National Congress passes a good deal better law than it is likely to do at this time. The proposal is to issue carefully guarded debentures, such as have been described. Will they sell? Just how much Government responsibility must be placed back of them if they are to sell so as to give the farmers much better rates on needed capital than they now get? Will they give, at fair rates, money on mortgages to that immense class of farmers who cannot now get it at all?

This whole vexatious business started at Nashville when the Southern Commercial Congress held its great meeting in that city about five years ago, and got David Lubin to come clear from Rome, Italy, to make some addresses. I say it started there; but, really, it began with Frederick the Great, of Prussia, who established the *Landschaft* bank system in Prussia nearly two hundred years ago. Probably few monarchs are the authors of their own ideas—they are too busy monarching; a merchant named Büring furnished Frederick with the idea, and kept dinging at him until he established the *Landschaften* "to free the landowners for the future from the necessity of borrowing money directly."

I suspect Frederick was tired of having Büring round underfoot. And Büring got the idea from Hanover, where *Landschaften* had existed since long, long before the time

of either Frederick or Büring. So Hanover begat Büring, and Büring begat Frederick, and Frederick begat the whole family of German *Landschaften*. And the German *Landschaften* begat David Lubin, the Californian, the partner of Colonel Harris Weinstock. And in the commercial congress at Nashville Lubin begat enthusiasm out of the needs of Southern agriculture. And enthusiasm and one thing and another begat a whale of a junketing trip—officially called the American Commission on Rural Credits—the next year, for the purpose of studying rural credits in Europe, though the subject could have been studied just as well in the Library of Congress at Washington. And the junket begat Senate Document 214, containing a thousand pages and all there is to be known on rural credits, and some that is not known—and therewith went some perquisites of a Congressman.

And the voice of Myron T. Herrick was heard in the land, and the bankers began to organize agricultural committees at their conferences. And all these begat planks in political platforms promising the farmers a better system of rural credits. And these promises begat trouble for Woodrow Wilson and David F. Houston; for they wist not what to do. And there is where we are at this writing, with many bills pending in both Houses, and the farmers looking across the board at the Administration and saying:

"Well, Woodrow, it's been your move for over two years."

But suppose you were seated at a table, with a pack of cards in your hands, and told that it was your deal—what would you do? First, you would ask: "What game are we playing?" And if you should be told, "We're playing cards!" it wouldn't help you much, would it? You would demand a more specific statement and would have to be furnished with one before you could deal.

Gropings for a Vague Something

THE President was seated in the game, given the deck, and asked to deal. "What's the game?" asked the President, trying to recall just what had been said by the platform. "Rural credits," said the country, all oblivious of the fact that there are almost as many kinds of rural-credit systems as of games at cards.

Now, how could Mr. Wilson deal until he had worked the game out in his own mind, until Congress had worked it out, and until the business and the intellectual world—and especially the farmers—had some sort of notion what economic game was referred to under the term rural credits? The Administration was under fire, but had no way of answering. This was scarcely the fault of the Administration. It was the misfortune of people who wanted something without knowing exactly what, and had become enamored of some words with no agreement as to their meaning.

Mr. Wilson was peculiarly subject to criticism when he failed to move, even though the people did not know which way they wanted him to move. We had had some years of desultory discussion of European systems of cooperative rural-credit—just enough to familiarize us with the term and impress on us a hazy belief that here was a good thing. Then came the Nashville conference, attended by that rural-credit apostle, David Lubin. Then all three national political platforms promised rural-credit legislation. Then our diplomats and consuls abroad were instructed, for the love of light, to send us all the information they could dig up on rural credits, and be quick about it. Then Ambassador Herrick, seizing time by the forelock, made a comprehensive report.

President Taft joined the rural-credit chorus in a letter to the governors. About this time two great commissions came home from Europe loaded to the muzzle with data on rural credits—so much that nobody has had time to read the enormous volumes in which they are embodied. And finally, Woodrow Wilson himself said of rural credits:

> There is no subject more important to the welfare of the industrial development of the United States; there is no reform in which I would myself feel it a greater honor or privilege to take part, because I should feel that it was a service to the whole country, of the first magnitude and significance. . . . This is our next great task and duty.

All this proved one thing clearly: The farmers demand a better system of rural credits. It failed, however, to cast any light on the exact system needed. It is now the last session of Congress before another presidential election and there is still no blinding glare of light—and no rural-credit law.

The farmers of the country demand a better system of credits than they now possess, demand one devised expressly for rural needs, even as the system we now have was devised expressly for urban needs; but the demand did not originate in any concrete form.

To be sure, every agrarian movement in the history of the United States has been a more or less blind and unintelligent demand for the very things now demanded in the form of rural credit. Take that pathetic mass of agricultural depression and distress which fizzled out like a wet squib before the musket fire of the troops in Shays' Rebellion a hundred and thirty years ago—how typical of the moral basis of every farmers' revolt since! It was a protest against a plutocratic senate, the extortions of lawyers, high taxes and a scarcity of money. The remedy proposed was a large issue of paper money. It had in it the germ of the Antimonopoly movement, which passed on into the Greenback Party. It was the progenitor of the Populist movement.

It still exists. There are agencies now active which are asking for the same things in the main that were advocated by the insurgents who on that December day in 1786 marched, under Daniel Shays, Eli Parsons and Luke Day, on the arsenal at Springfield, Massachusetts; and those ideas were not vanquished at all when their little army of rebels was scattered by the gunfire of General Lincoln's troops. Shays, Parsons and Day are the Wat Tyler, Jack Straw and John Ball of American history. They will finally win.

Though the present demands of the farmers did not originate in concrete form among the farmers themselves, they did originate in bitter needs, of which the agricultural leaders have always been conscious. The present movement became important as it became intelligent and well-informed. It became intelligent and well-informed by reason of the interest taken in the development of the country, as a whole, by men who saw the agricultural population decreasing; the tenant system supplanting the old American plan of farm-owning farmers; the slowness with which our waste places are being reclaimed; the unhealthy growth of our cities; and the decreasing attractiveness of rural life as compared with that of the cities.

And when the matter was finally confronted by economists and financiers as well as farmers, it was gradually realized that the basic distinction between American agriculture and that of every other really civilized country lies in the fact that they have systems of credit designed for the special needs of agriculture, while we have not. There existed in Hanover on the day when Shays' Rebellion was suppressed a system of loans which, if it had been in operation in America, would have made not only that rebellion impossible but also every movement of agrarian protest on the part of our farmers that has occurred from that day to this. These complaints have not been without good cause, though sometimes they appeared to be without reason.

The banks of the United States have had the field of finance to themselves. The bankers frequently speak in a tone expressive of pain and injury at this agitation for some new system under which farmers may borrow money more easily. Not all of them, to be sure. I know, for instance, one banker who has established one of the most successful rural-credit organizations of the country, for the purpose of making it easier for the farmers in his vicinity to borrow money, so that they might be more prosperous; so that, in turn, his little string of country banks might have a better business community in which to thrive. It takes a man of imagination to see that anything in the way of a new system can be a good thing. It took imagination to see that the present Banking and Currency Act would be a good thing for the banks as well as for the country at large.

Proof That Farmers are Not Prosperous

NINETY-NINE bankers out of a hundred, being void of imagination, were against the Banking and Currency Act. Now a large share of them are for it. Most bankers are opposed to rural-credit legislation; though they are by no means so overwhelmingly so as they were with reference to the Banking and Currency Act. If a successful rural-credit system is once established we shall, no doubt, see the bankers unanimously for it as soon as it becomes a success. It is, of course, too much to expect them to be for it beforehand.

Farmers, economists, writers and legislators, however, are familiar with certain facts that call on us for action. First, the farmers of the United States are not prosperous. Shall I prove this? Very well. You will admit, I doubt not, that the thing the average farmer dreads most is to become landless; and the thing the landless man in the country desires most is to be a farm owner. You will also admit that in the childhood of us middle-aged people most of the farmers of the United States owned their farms. There was very little tenancy. I now, therefore, offer in evidence—marked Exhibit A; to prove that the farmers are not prosperous—the United States Census Reports showing that thirty-seven per cent of the American farms are now worked by renters. This indicates that thirty-seven out of every hundred farmers have either lost their farms at some time in the past or have been unable to obtain farms. Are you convinced?

Well, now I offer in evidence—marked Exhibit B—the United States Census Reports showing that during the decade from 1900 to 1910 landlessness among farmers increased sixteen per cent. It probably never increased so rapidly in any other decade in the history of the country. It will take very few decades at that rate to destroy the landowning farmer in this country as an American institution. Is this important? I think it is.

Go with me through any part of the United States and observe the difference already existing in conditions of living, in mental attitude, in hopefulness, in everything that makes for good condition in the citizenry, between the tenant farmer on the average and the landowning farmer on the average. You will come back admitting that within the next twenty-five years no country can stand the shock of such a change as that which we seem to have been passing through, unless this tendency is checked. And this contrast between conditions of the landowning farmer and the tenant farmer I think I shall introduce in evidence—marked Exhibit C—and rest my case.

Hon. Paul M. Warburg, of the Federal Reserve Board, in testifying before a congressional committee last December, said: "I think our present usury laws are not scientific. Usury abroad is considered to exist only where there is extortion and where the man who takes the loan is in dire distress." Mr. Warburg's point seems to be that a man who is not in distress, but who, feeling that he can make more than the legal rate of interest by borrowing at a higher rate, goes ahead and freely contracts, as man to man, to pay ten, twelve, or any other percentage, does something to which there is no scientific objection.

I once rejoiced in the acquaintance of a gentleman who made his living by exceptional skill and judgment in estimating the value of certain slips of pasteboard that he was accustomed to hold in his hand, as compared with the value of similar slips held in the hands of other gentlemen seated at the table with him and supposedly also able to take care of themselves. I have known him to offer in periods of financial stringency as high as 438,000 per cent a year for the use of money in his business—that is, he was willing to pay ten dollars for the use of ten dollars for two hours. Such a case is clearly not within the reason of the usury laws.

Mr. Warburg's observations imply the possibility of extortion through loans; and undoubtedly, if there can be any such thing as a scientific usury law, its intent must be not to prevent men from paying the money market what money is worth in business, but to prevent the crime of extortion. Extortion is a name given in the law to a certain form of robbery, and extortion through loans has been one of the reasons for the establishment of rural-credit systems in most of the civilized countries of the world. A study of agricultural conditions prior to the establishment of rural-credit banks in Austria-Hungary, Germany, Denmark, Italy and Russia discloses whole populations of peasants in a pitiable condition of servitude to money lenders and usurers. These are clear instances of extortion developed into a system and so widely extended as to threaten the very existence of agriculture. Usury laws in themselves never cure these conditions.

Doctor Thompson, of the Department of Agriculture, after many months of work, finds that the average cost of loans to farmers, on personal security, for a year, is as follows: Oklahoma, 15.6 per cent; New Mexico, 13.8; Arkansas, 12.4; Alabama, 12.4; Texas, 12.2; Montana, 12.1; North Dakota, 11.8; Georgia, 11.8; Colorado, 11.5; Idaho, 11.5; Florida, 11.4; Washington, 11.4; Louisiana, 11.3; South Dakota, 10.6; South Carolina, 10.5; Utah, 10.4; North Carolina, 10.2; Tennessee, 9.9; Oregon, 9.6.

These are average rates and greatly exceed the rate established in most of these states by the usury laws. They are on loans secured in the main by chattel mortgages, and are not land-mortgage loans. The average rate on farm mortgages in localities where these rates are high are as follows: New Mexico, 10.5 per cent; Montana, 10; Wyoming, 10; Arkansas, 9.6; Florida, 9.6; Alabama, 9.4; Arizona, 9.4; Texas, 9; Utah, 9; Colorado, 8.9; Idaho, 8.9; Georgia, 8.7; North Dakota, 8.7; Washington, 8.7; Louisiana, 8.6; Mississippi, 8.5; Oklahoma, 8.4; South Carolina, 8.4; South Dakota, 8; Oregon, 8.

These are the high-cost states. The low-cost states on chattel or personal loans are: Connecticut, 6.2 per cent; Delaware, 6.2; New Hampshire, 6.4; Vermont, 6.4; Massachusetts, 6.5; New Jersey, 6.6; West Virginia, 6.9. The states having the lowest farm-loan rates are: New Hampshire, 5.3 per cent; Massachusetts, 5.6; Vermont, 5.6; Delaware, 5.6; New York, 5.6; Pennsylvania, 5.8; New Jersey, 5.8; Wisconsin, 5.8; Iowa, 5.9. These rates in all cases include the entire cost, which covers commissions as well as the interest expressed in the notes.

The Comptroller of the Currency has recently required reports from national banks as to the highest rate of interest in each case charged since the previous report. On small loans many national banks have charged and are probably now charging rates ranging all the way up to two thousand per cent interest a year. These are not all small loans either. There is one of $2000, on which 64 per cent was paid; and $500 at 85.

One woman farmer made about thirty loans at a national bank during one year. Among these loans are the following: $162.50 for thirty days at 36 per cent a year; $97.50 for sixty days at 50; $377 for thirty-four days at 44; $620.25 for twenty-three days at 77; $6 for five days at 1450; $6 for twenty-seven days at 267; and $7 for three days at 2000. This bank is in Texas and has a capital and surplus of about a quarter of a million dollars.

When Senator Smith, of Georgia, asked Comptroller Williams whether any such conditions exist in Georgia, Mr. Williams took from his portfolio a statement of a bank that showed loans as follows: $800 at 12 per cent a year; $35.60 at 50; $14 at 42; $15 at 42; $4357 at 8; $75 at 30; $108 at 22; $200 at 24; and $100 at 25. Such instances might be cited from the records *ad infinitum*.

I have a letter from a Montana banker who says:

> There is a true reason for farmers' interest rates being relatively higher than rates for other industries. The fact is, the farmer generally does not pay his notes when they are due. His product, though almost universally sold for cash, comes into market when it is ready, and the time of marketing cannot be foreseen with any degree of accuracy. His business is subject to constant uncertainties. The hazard attendant thereon is more than in any other large industry—except, perhaps, mining. The degree of intelligence exerted in the business is, as a rule, not high.
>
> Good reasons can be given why the banker charges the farmer more interest than he does the manufacturer; why in many cases he insists that the farmer sell his grain, his livestock or cotton when the price is low; why it would be a vital business mistake for the banker to use his borrowing power at the Federal Reserve Bank at a low interest rate in order to advance that borrowed money to the farmer, with the attendant necessity on the part of the banker of taking up the farmer's guaranteed note at the Federal Reserve Bank the day it became due, and taking a chance that the farmer would be from three weeks to twelve months late in permanently retiring the paper.

This statement, in the main, seems to substantiate the statement of Comptroller Williams: "In every part of the country to-day business men can get money at very low rates, except when it comes to the farmer." As a matter of course, it is not the well-to-do farmer who pays these rates, which are ruinous to any business whether they are, strictly speaking, extortionate or not. Mr. Williams says: "Nearly all of these extortionate rates are charged to the farmer who is poor."

Loan Sharks in the Guise of Bankers

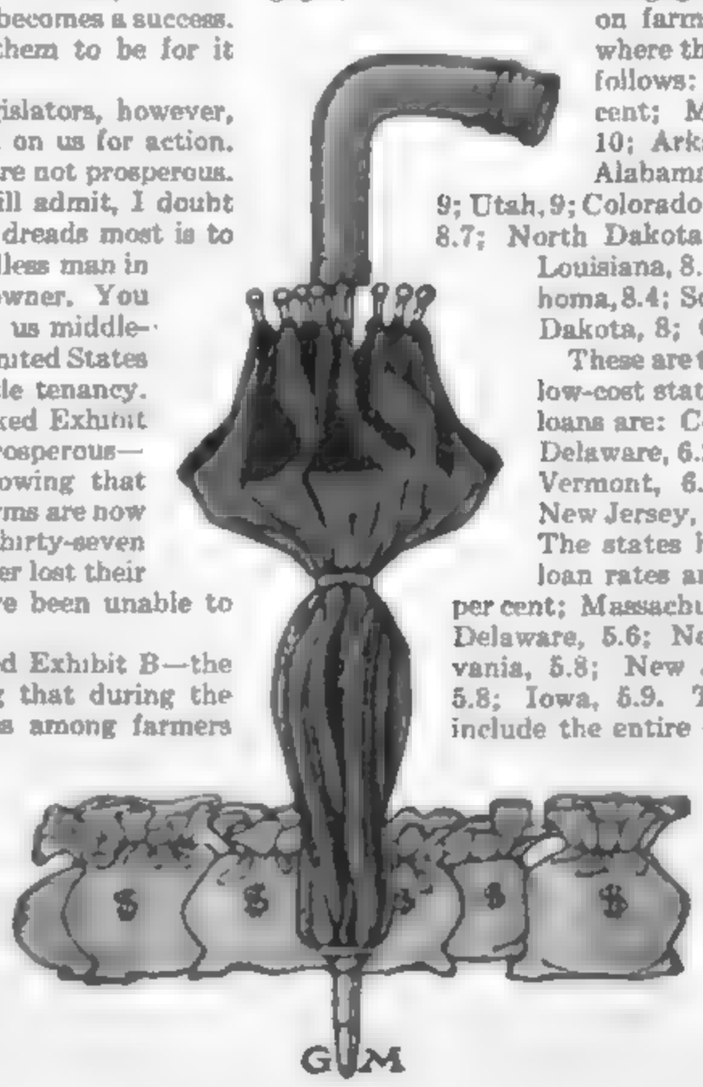
COL. W. P. G. HARDING, a member of the Federal Reserve Board, testifies to the fact that the risk of which my Montana correspondent speaks is, after all, very slight. The farmer, as a rule, pays his debts, though he is not always able to pay them when due. The hazard of which the Montana banker speaks does not lie in the danger of failure or refusal to pay, but in the necessity for extensions and renewals so bothersome to commercial banks.

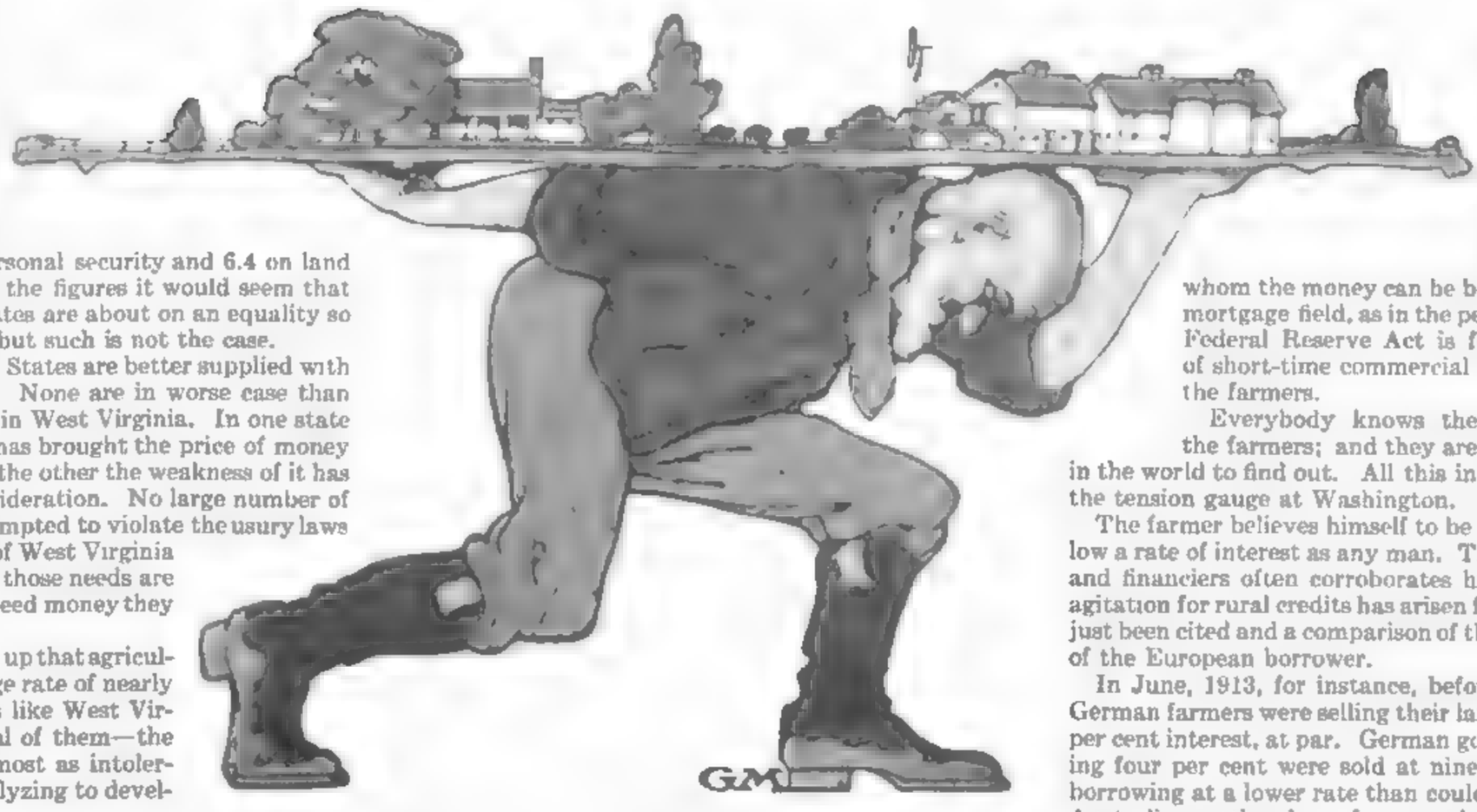
"During my connection with the banking business," testifies Colonel Harding, "covering a period of eighteen years, the bank made about twenty million dollars of loans, secured by farmers' paper and liens; and the losses were negligible—I think, about eight hundred dollars for the entire time." My own experience in several Northern States leads me to venture the assertion that a similar condition of affairs exists in every state in the Union. Farm loans are not hazardous, as a rule; but they are not certain as to being paid when due, and a farmer requires longer-time loans than other business men.

Let no banker be offended by these statements as to questionable banking practices. They are true and they should be made public. The bankers of America owe it to themselves to purge the banking business of loan sharks, unless they wish to be classed with them. There is now nothing in most of our states to prevent a loan shark from incorporating his business and calling it a bank. Many of them have done so. Under either name he is the same merciless creature. Anyhow, it is of small consequence to the moneyless farmer whether the man who skins him is called a banker or not. If the banks in the bank-shark towns did not skin him, someone else would; in fact, the worst of this gruesome work is not done by the banks, but by sharks as bad as any against whom we agitate and legislate in cities.

In the absence of some special system to provide for the peculiar financial needs of the farmer, he is sure to be in distress much of the time. In this respect he is nowise different from the merchant or manufacturer, who has always had in our commercial banks a system specially devised for his peculiar needs. There is no sense in calling for the punishment of the usurers. They exist because no better agency has been set up for financing the farmer.

In fact, it is perhaps well for the farmers that the usury laws are sometimes violated. Usury may be hard to bear,





but no loans at all are worse than moderate usury. Contrast the two states of Iowa and West Virginia, for instance. Iowa farmers pay for personal loans, on the average, 7.9 per cent, and on mortgage loans 5.9. Their West Virginia brethren pay 6.9 per cent on personal security and 6.4 on land mortgage. On the face of the figures it would seem that the farmers of these two states are about on an equality so far as credit is concerned; but such is not the case.

No farmers in the United States are better supplied with credit than those of Iowa. None are in worse case than a large proportion of those in West Virginia. In one state the strength of agriculture has brought the price of money down by competition. In the other the weakness of it has left the farmers out of consideration. No large number of money lenders have been tempted to violate the usury laws in order to serve the needs of West Virginia farmers. The result is that those needs are not served. Though they need money they cannot borrow it.

In Oklahoma the cry goes up that agriculture cannot stand an average rate of nearly sixteen per cent. In states like West Virginia—and there are several of them—the evil of no loans at all is almost as intolerable, and is even more paralyzing to development.

There was very little enthusiasm among the farmers for the Federal Reserve Act when it was under consideration and at the time of its passage. Leaders in agricultural thought insisted that the new system can do very little to meet farmers' needs. Experience has already shown that in this forecast the farmers were right. Mr. Harding, of the Federal Reserve Board, says:

"The organization committee, when it made its report early in 1914, defined the Federal Reserve banks as being essentially bankers' banks; and I have found it rather difficult to get away from the conviction that the Federal Reserve banks are primarily commercial banks, because all through the Act a feature is made of short-time paper eligible for discount as commercial paper. The chief concession made to the farmers is this six months' paper, which is limited to a percentage of the capital stock of the Reserve bank, to be fixed by the Federal Reserve Board. I think we cannot get away from the conviction that these Federal Reserve banks are, under the law, first of all, bankers' banks and commercial banks."

Mr. Harding refers here to a provision in the Federal Reserve Act under which farmers' paper running six months is given the discount privilege; but only a certain proportion of the capital of the Federal Reserve banks can be used for discounting such paper, and under the law the utmost that can be used for this purpose is fifty-four million dollars. The banks of the United States alone have loaned to the farmers one billion six hundred million dollars on personal and collateral security.

Nobody knows how much the farmers have borrowed from other sources, but they certainly owe to banks and private individuals somewhere between two billion and three billion dollars.

In view of the fact that the profits in farming vary directly with the amount of capital employed, they probably need at least a billion dollars more than they are now able to borrow. The fifty-four million dollars that the Federal Reserve Law will allow them on six months' paper is practically nothing as compared with their needs. Furthermore, six months' paper runs too long to be acceptable to the good commercial banker. On the other hand, to require the farmer to repay his loan in six months is often equivalent to denying him the loan altogether.

Federal Banks and Farm Loans

TAKE a single actual instance: The wife of a young Iowa farmer inherited enough money to enable the family to buy a half section of land. The purchase and equipment absorbed all their capital. Through a dealer in one of the great stockyards the young man bought fifty heifers on six months' time, with the understanding that his note, secured by mortgage on the cows, was to be renewed. The dealer turned the note over to his bank as security for his own transactions. This note was entitled to the discount privilege at the Federal Reserve bank. Any renewal of it, so long as the security remained unimpaired, was also entitled to the same privilege. The bank, however, became tired of this six months' paper. It had uses for its money elsewhere and notified the dealer that the note would have to be paid when due.

The farmer was not a regular customer of either the bank or the dealer. He was a dairyman. The heifers had been bred and constituted the basis of his lifework as a dairyman. At the end of the six months, however, he was called on to pay his note, but could not do so. Everybody connected with the transaction from the beginning had understood that, in the nature of farming, he would not be able to do so. Nevertheless, the loan was called, the heifers were shipped in and sold out of season for just about enough to pay the note; and the young farmer lost his six months' work, and his plans for becoming a prosperous dairyman went glimmering.

The bank was quite within its rights. It is a commercial bank. This six months' paper is too slow for commercial banking. The member banks of the Federal Reserve system will probably never make use of their right to discount any large proportion of the fifty-four million dollars of this paper that the law permits. If they used the privilege up to the full amount it would be bad banking, and it would not meet more than two per cent of the needs of the farmers and would only half meet that two per cent.

Mr. Harding is right. The Federal Reserve system cannot meet the needs of the farmers in the matter of personal credit.

The Federal Reserve Board has made an effort to reduce interest rates for farmers. Last year it offered the regional banks a three per cent discount rate on paper secured by warehouse receipts on readily marketable, nonperishable, staple farm products, properly margined and insured, provided the transaction showed that the borrower had not paid more than six per cent. Several of the regional banks took advantage of this ruling. A great deal of money at six per cent went to the cotton farmers of the South through regional banks at Richmond, Atlanta and Dallas.

This helped greatly in stabilizing the cotton market and, so far as I am aware, marks the first effort ever made by any agency of the National Government to give lower interest rates to the farmers. The regional banks in the West and Northwest, however, and, with the exception of the Philadelphia bank, those in the East and North, declined to accept Federal Reserve money at three per cent for the purpose of reloaning it to the farmers at six, the member banks having, according to their statement, an ample supply of funds of their own on hand.

In the main, therefore, the movement of the Federal Reserve Board to reduce interest rates on personal loans to farmers was not successful. Anyhow, no such ruling would help in a case like that of our Iowa dairyman. The Federal Reserve ruling applies only to the case of the farmer who has completed the operation of production and become a merchant. As a merchant he was given a preferential rate over other merchants—a discrimination in his favor to which most of the banks of the country refused to become party. Capital for production requiring accommodations for periods longer than six months is the thing that agriculture most needs, and which the Federal Reserve Board cannot give it.

So far as giving them loans on farm mortgages is concerned, the Federal Reserve Act is still less useful to the farmers. The last census figures show an estimated total farm-mortgage debt in the United States of more than three and a half billion dollars. Under the Federal Reserve Act member banks are authorized to loan on farm mortgages; but, of course, they are not obliged to do so, and, of course, would be very foolish if they did very much of it. It is not good banking.

Colonel Harding says that, in his opinion, this authorization "will not, for some years to come, be availed of very extensively by the banks." It is only in the choicest, most highly developed farming regions that a bank feels safe in taking a farm mortgage, because in such cases the mortgage can be sold at any time and can, therefore, be considered a liquid asset.

These are the very regions in which the farmers do not need to worry about mortgage loans. Whenever a bank can safely loan on farm mortgage there are plenty of people besides the banks from whom the money can be borrowed. In the farm-mortgage field, as in the personal-credit field, the Federal Reserve Act is for the business world of short-time commercial borrowers and not for the farmers.

Everybody knows these things now—even the farmers; and they are about the last people in the world to find out. All this increases the pressure in the tension gauge at Washington.

The farmer believes himself to be entitled to credit at as low a rate of interest as any man. The experience of banks and financiers often corroborates him in this view. The agitation for rural credits has arisen from such facts as have just been cited and a comparison of them with the condition of the European borrower.

In June, 1913, for instance, before the war broke out, German farmers were selling their land bonds, bearing four per cent interest, at par. German government bonds bearing four per cent were sold at ninety-six. Farmers were borrowing at a lower rate than could the German Empire. Australian settlers have for years been buying homes and giving therefor three per cent mortgages, with an amortization charge of 1.5 per cent added. French farmers have been getting for years short-time loans at 4.3 per cent and selling land bonds on a three per cent basis. Irish farmers have had land bought for them by the government and resold on sixty years' time at 3.5 per cent.

Printing-Press Cash at Two Per Cent

THE announcement has recently been made that this system of government purchase and reselling, with a corresponding system of rural credits, is to be set up on the island of Great Britain after the war. All over the world—in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australasia, South America and Canada—things like these have been done; and the American farmers have found it out. That is why, after all the promises, pledges and declarations which have been made by Democrats, Republicans, Progressives, Taft and Wilson, the Administration now stands with its back to the adobe wall, facing the firing squad of farmers.

When the first Congress of this rural-credits-pledged Administration met, it was quite the fashion for both congressmen and senators to greet each other with a cheery "Good morning. Have you seen my Rural-Credits Bill?" Not to have introduced one came to be something of a badge of distinction. And in the very wealth of schemes was to be found the embarrassment of the Administration. It was an embarrassment of riches. Some seemed to wish to set up an American Crédit Foncier—without the French institution's public control. By this it was hoped that a great central institution might be created through which three or four billion dollars of farm mortgages might be sluiced through the pipe lines of middlemen. This sort of scheme, however, was soon driven from the field by the cry that they would turn the farmer over, gagged and bound, to the clammy claw of Big Business. I have never been able to see any signs, however, that Big Business took much notice of the matter.

Other schemes there were which provided for straight Government loans to farmers. Congressman Bathrick and Senator Norris introduced bills along this line, and Dr. Elwood Mead, of the chair of Rural Economics in the University of California, after several years of close observation of the Australian government-loan system through state savings banks, returned to America and injected into the discussion this statement: "It is the verdict of all who have investigated the rural-credit systems of Europe and Australia that the Australian system is the best-organized and the most successful in its operation of any."

Daniel Shays, of Shays' Rebellion, and his demand for "a large issue of paper money" are not without their lineal descendants. There are talkers and writers in plenty who raise the cry that there is no sense in the Government's borrowing money to reloan to farmers when it might just as well print it and furnish it "at cost."

Does the reader remember when H. L. Loucks, of South Dakota, ranked with Simpson, Peffer, Weaver and Allen among Populist war horses? Well, Mr. Loucks is still a leader; and he is for the printing system of rural credits. He thinks money could be furnished at two per cent if we gave to our rural-credit Government organization the power to issue money. And he is not alone. Send out any sort of questionnaire that will elicit the views of farmers on rural credits, and you will find the printing-press panacea urged oftener than any other. Dan Shays' body lies a-moldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on.

(Continued on Page 101)

The Perfect Towel

For you who use—who buy—who sell

This cabinet delivers one towel at a time, folded, ready for use.

For you who use

To you who go into lavatories, public or private, your idea of a Perfect Towel is one conveniently located, one in which you can have the satisfaction of absolute cleanliness, that is, a towel not contaminated by being laundered with other towels. It is a towel which will dry your hands and face, leaving the feeling of complete satisfaction after its use. To make such a towel has been and will continue to be our aim. Consider the softness, whiteness and absorbency of the ScotTissue Towel as it is today. Consider that it is absolutely clean, never having been touched by a human hand, and never has to be laundered. Consider the convenience of a fixture which now hands you a towel folded ready for use. If you do not find these qualities, you have not found the Soft, Absorbent, Original Paper Towel—ScotTissue.

For you who buy To give a Perfect Towel to your patrons or employees with the greatest possible economy and efficiency to you is our aim, it is your aim. These are your requirements for a Perfect Towel. Now consider what your user demands as The Perfect Towel; combine this with the economy and efficiency of the ScotTissue Folded-Towel Fixture (shown in the illustration) and you'll order

ScotTissue Towels

THE SOFT, ABSORBENT, ORIGINAL PAPER TOWEL

For you who sell You as a jobber or dealer desire to sell a towel well known, whose qualities the Buyer or User sanctions—to sell a towel which gives you a permanent asset—satisfied customers. Consider all these qualifications and you will not be led astray by the cheaper and inferior towel, which does not have behind it the ultimate aim of building The Perfect Towel, but you will recommend to your customers the Soft, Absorbent, Original Paper Towel—ScotTissue.

In order to insure cleanliness ScotTissue Towels are always packed in dust-proof carton.

ScotTissue Towels in folded form for cabinet.

Heads of businesses, schools, hotels, institutions, theatres and municipalities should write us before deciding on towel service. Send for sample and the booklet:

"Why You Should Install ScotTissue Towels"

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY, 723 Glenwood Ave., Philadelphia

Manufacturers of ScotTissue Towels and Toilet Paper

113 E. Austin Avenue CHICAGO

30 Church Street NEW YORK

356 Market Street SAN FRANCISCO

Address Nearest Office

ScotTissue Towels are packed in rolls for home use. There are many uses for ScotTissue Towels that every housewife should know about. Ask for the booklet:

"Why You Should Use ScotTissue Towels in Your Home."

Worth Investigating

You'd often like to drop into a store and look over things you've seen advertised.

But you don't like to be urged to buy—and we agree with you absolutely.

You can come to this store any time, try on Clothcraft Clothes and not feel the slightest obligation to purchase.

We are glad to have you visit us first to investigate to see for yourself the result of putting the savings of applied science back into the clothes year after year.

Soon or late we know you'll come back, because when you are ready to buy you'll want the style, comfort and lasting quality that only 70 years of Clothcraft scientific manufacture can give you.

CLOTHCRAFT SPECIAL SERGES
6^{130}_{Gray} $15 5^{130}_{Blue} $15 4^{130}_{Blue} 18^{50}
CLOTHCRAFT CLOTHES
$10 to $25 Ready to Wear
Made by The Joseph & Feiss Co., Cleveland

The Clothcraft Store
(IN YOUR TOWN)

THE DARK HORSE

(Continued from Page 18)

Virgil glanced round; there was nobody in sight except Criddle.

"Wait—I'll fetch de box."

With his own hand Slick deposited his starter for Kitty Mims, each vote having its written side turned away from Virgil, who craned his inquisitive neck in vain.

"Who'd you say you're votin' for?"

"Ain't said. Now lissen to me, Virgil. If dis news gits to Jinny Jane I'll be plum' frustrated an' you'll be out jus' what done it. Jes' open yo' flytrap one time an' I quits!"

Having treacherously voted Bull's money for Kitty Mims instead of Louella Dorkins, Slick limped back to the restaurant, where Bull waited for him.

"Slick, I got to have sumpin' to show Louella, 'cause Virgil mought claim he 'lected her. Git me a receipt fer dat twenty."

"Den Virgil's bound to know who's runnin' Louella," Slick prudently objected.

"No, he needn't. Jes' say: 'Received twenty dollars.'"

At the moment Slick Wilkins failed to see how a nameless receipt could gum his game, while it kept Bull pacified. So he made another trip and fetched the document, toting also the tidings that Wad Grimes had bought five hundred additional votes for Cissy Coleman.

The Beauty Contest gathered speed and rushed on to a grand-stand finish. Through weeks of hot talk and excited balloting Virgil Custard made his killing. Every time Big Bull sent five dollars, to be voted for Louella Dorkins, Virgil tipped a wink to Grimes, who smothered the adverse majority. Bull sullenly stuffed receipts into his pockets, while the perfidious Slick stuffed votes into the box for Kitty Mims and piled up a reckoning of wrath. Bull now held one hundred and eighty-five dollars' worth of receipts, and Slick tried not to think what would happen when he discovered that the corresponding thirty-seven hundred ballots were never polled for Louella.

Day after day the Reverend Baltimore Criddle sat in his big rocker watching the streams of nickels and dimes flow into Virgil's pockets. Day after day he pondered upon a scheme to divert these currents into his own. Time after time he sauntered over to Virgil's desk and glanced appraisingly at the diminishing stacks of ballots in the lower right-hand drawer.

There had been twenty thousand blanks to begin with, and less than eight thousand remained unsold. This meant that Virgil had scooped over six hundred dollars all velvet, and it made the Reverend sick. From underneath his half-closed lids he eyed Virgil.

"I'm raicherly 'bleeged to c'lect back dat ninety-two dollars I spent on Starsby."

He pondered in silence, except during those bad half hours when Jinny Jane Wilkins gave him fractional sections of her mind. Criddle had a hide like a rhinoceros, but she was rubbing him raw—and refusing his hundred-dollar compromise.

The polls were to close at ten o'clock on Saturday night, the same being Criddle's harvest-time, when members came to pay their dues.

Virgil faced an ugly situation. Whoever won, somebody was going to lose and make trouble! He had started something he couldn't finish—like the man who caught the bear by the tail and yelled for the entire neighborhood to help him turn loose. He sought help from the wise and wily Criddle.

During the calm of midafternoon on Thursday Virgil rose from his desk and strolled negligently toward the Reverend—as Criddle had been confidently expecting. Criddle immediately got up, dragged his rocker from the door, pulled down his expansive white vest, and reached for a gold-headed walking cane.

"Good-by, Virgil; I'm goin' out o' town."

"Say, you is? What fer?"

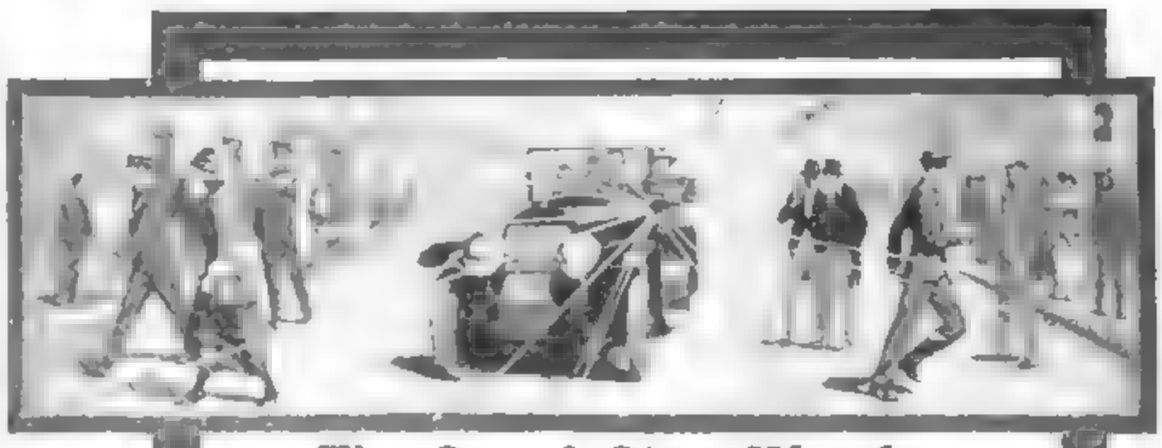
"So de coroner will know I never had nothin' to do wid it."

"Do wid what?"

Criddle glanced uneasily, mournfully and evasively at the sepulchral peace that pervaded the club.

"Saddy is c'lectin' night. Treasurer better set his table nigh de back door, so our members kin pay deir dues an' 'scape out quick."

"'Scape out?"



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LONG HORN
INVENTED BY G. P. LONG
"Always Warns"

LONG HORNS everywhere open up traffic like magic. They guarantee safety. They prevent law-suits.

The warning given by the LONG HORN is a sustained, a rolling sound. It gives a long, low rumble, if you wish, or, when a quick danger signal is needed, a smashing crash. This horn needs no fixing, no "adjusting" after being attached. It *never* will rattle—will *outlast* your car.

Manufacturers: THE G. PIEL CO., Inc.
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The $5 HAND HORN

"Home-Like"

You don't merely "stop" at Hotel LaSalle—you *live* here, however long or short your stay.

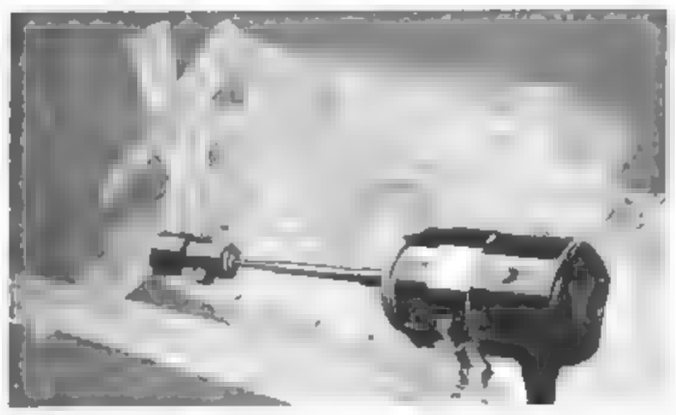
Hotel LaSalle
Chicago's Finest Hotel

RATES Per Day

Room with private bath	$2.00, $2.50, $3.00
	$3.00, $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00
Room with private bath	$3.00, $3.50, $4.00
Single room	$3.00 to $8.00
with double bed	$4.00, $4.50 and $5.00
	$8.00 to $8.00

La Salle at Madison Street, Chicago
The Guest's Wish is Law

The only Hotel in Chicago maintaining [illegible] *desks and individual service on every floor*



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"Lets the Body Breathe"

At Work or Play

this fine, light underwear, *so open that you can see right through it,* is cool and comfortable. The Closed Crotch of the Union Suits is elastic, therefore does not cut in the crotch.

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For Men	Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment	For Boys
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Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY
Amsterdam, N. Y.

Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear for Fall and Winter

BY INVITATION MEMBER OF

RICE LEADERS OF THE WORLD ASSOCIATION

"Uh-huh! Dis place is too narrer fer much shootin' an' cuttin'."

"Criddle, what is you talkin' 'bout?"

"Remember you's a officer in de lodge an' we'd have to give you a extry fine buryin'. Good-by, Virgil; take keer o' yo'-self."

Criddle was already waving an affectionate adieu when Virgil seized and clung to his oily fat hand.

"Hold on, Reverend! I wants you to 'nounce de Queen at Pleasant Waters Church."

"No, suh—not me! Durin' my Beauty votin' at Greensboro I had to ketch a train what lef' twenty minutes befo' I did. An' from de way dese niggers is heatin' up dey'll have you ketchin' a train what lef' here day befo' yesterday."

Virgil's pop-eyes rolled at the casket, the spears that would be carried, and the white gloves that would be worn by duly elected pallbearers toting him out, clad in that open-faced burying suit.

"Hold on, Criddle! Hold on! I wants you to 'sist me out."

"You never axed me to 'sist you in."

"Reverend, ain't dare nothin' you kin do?"

"Do? Me? I wouldn't set here an' watch it fer fifty dollars."

Virgil Custard shuddered at the dreadness of disaster if it was something that Criddle wouldn't look at for fifty.

"Heed my las' words, Virgil: I ain't got 'cept a minit, but I'm willin' to p'int out. Ef either one o' dem big niggers wins you's up aginst it! Bofe of 'em is skeered to tackle de udder—an' you's mighty spare-built."

"One of 'em is bound to win; dey's 'way in de lead."

"An' when Big Bull diskivers dat Slick Wilkins is voted his money on Kitty Mims he'll nacherly—— But Slick ain't no member, an' I won't have to pay fer him. How many votes is de leader got?"

Virgil's teeth chattered, but his mind worked.

"Bull is spent a hundred and eighty-five dollars and Grimes a hundred and seventy-five.

"I been leadin' 'em 'long, neck an' neck, so neither one won't git discouraged."

Criddle kept nodding; matters were very, very bad. Then he closed his eyes and calculated:

"Dat'll make thirty-five hundred votes fer Cissy Coleman. How many is voted altogether—ever'body?"

Virgil unlocked the bottom drawer and counted the blanks in packages.

"Here's seven thousand eight hundred, an' I got forty in de top drawer. Dat leaves"—he did a little figuring—"dat ought to leave 12,160 in de box."

Then Criddle did some figuring.

"Look here, Virgil—is you c'lected nigh six hundred and twenty dollars already?"

"Uh-huh!—cash."

"De bigger de votin', de bigger de fightin'. Good-by!"

Criddle grasped his cane and headed for the door.

"Wait, Criddle! Wait! Cain't you say nothin'?"

"'Tain't my 'lection, an' I wouldn't love to take a chance."

"I'll give you fifty dollars ——"

Criddle slowed up momentarily.

"Is you thought o' havin' white folks count dem votes, so niggers cain't 'spute 'em?"

"Den what else—at de 'nouncin'?"

"'Tain't no use tellin', 'cause you couldn't do it."

"Could you?"

"Mought—possible. But it's risky."

"I'll give you a hundred right now."

Thereupon Criddle stopped.

"An' do zackly like I 'vises you?"

"I'll do anything."

"Fust place, you ain't got enough blanks. Dat's how de 'sturbance riz up at Greensboro. Jes' as dey was closin', a nigger wanted five dollars' wuth, an' de manager never had 'em. Manager say: 'Jes' write down a hundred votes on a piece o' paper an' put 'em in de box.' 'Nother nigger contend dat warn't 'cor lin' to law. Manager got shot six times; but de las' three or fo' never hurt him."

"I'll git de extry votes—plenty of 'em."

"Hurry! Fetch twenty thousand an' wait, Virgil; pay my hundred dollars now."

On Friday morning news went broadcast, by authority, that Lawyer Harry Madison and Mate Dunk Bryson would count votes

(Continued on Page 37)

Roll 'Em Up

Take no chances. Put them in your pocket when not in use. Profit by the special Hansen building which has brought every Glove demand to the limit of perfection in looks and practical details. This "*Semi-Soft*" *Auto Gauntlet* sets the standard for style and convenience. "Built Like a Hand."

The cuff has no extra material—just a soft protection with that air of correct elegance which the knowing take for granted in

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Everything you need in *kind*—all you want in *style*, fit and wear. Send for Book. See the "*Hansenbilt Washable*" for semi-dress—a stunning model in Tan Cape and such new shades as Biscuit, Putty, Sand and Butter. Can be *washed* in soap and water.

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Fold them up and put them in your pocket. Never in the way

If your dealer is not supplied, write us. In any event, be sure and write for Book.

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This is Styleplus Week
from Maine to California!

Merchants who are keen to sense the demands of men and how to serve them are this week making a special Spring and Summer Display, in store and window, of Styleplus Clothes $17.

Changing conditions in the markets of the world cannot alter the Styleplus Ideal—always to clothe men exceptionally well—always to offer them exceptional value at the easy-to-pay price of $17.

Styleplus Clothes represent a new phase in American clothing manufacturing. The efficiency and economy in the big scale and specialized plan of their manufacture put dollars into the pockets of American men and put better clothes on their backs!

Styleplus Clothes $17

"The same price the nation over"

The man who buys Styleplus knows the price before he goes into the store. And he knows that his next suit of Styleplus will cost just the same, no more, no less!

Style plus through-and-through quality—all-wool fabrics
Style plus perfect fit—for every man of every age and physique
Style plus economy—the easy price for everybody
Style plus guaranteed wear—a written guarantee with every Styleplus

One of the leading stores in virtually every town and city sells Styleplus. Look for the Styleplus window display. Look for the Styleplus label in the coat. If there should not be a Styleplus store in your town, write us and we will refer you to one nearby.

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A Characteristic Stretch of Concrete Road, Erie County, New York

John Purroy Mitchel, Mayor of New York City, Said

in a public letter to the members of the New York State Legislature:

"THE 12,000 miles of State and County Highways apportioned to the counties outside of New York City must be maintained when completed at a cost which will approximate *$1,000 a mile per year*, or $12,000,000 per year in all."

This startling prediction by one of the most businesslike of American Mayors is backed by road experience all over the Empire State and it echoes the warning statements of the State authorities themselves. Read what Ex-Gov. Glynn said in his annual message to the New York State Legislature two years ago:—

"A macadam road in New York costs approximately $12,000 per mile to build and lasts less than ten years. It costs $1,000 a year per mile to maintain. At the end of ten years it will cost $6,000 a mile to rebuild.

"Macadam roads are utterly unsuited to the wear and tear of automobile traffic. Motor traffic is on the increase and it is pounding the roads of New York State to destruction faster than they can be built.

"Instead of building highways that cost $1,000 a year per mile to maintain, New York must construct roads that can be maintained at a moderate cost. Two types of highway answer modern requirements. One is the concrete road; the other the brick road with the concrete foundation.

"A concrete road costs from $12,000 to $16,000 a mile and a brick road costs from $20,000 to $25,000."

Report of State Roads Commission—Maryland—1912-1913

"The cost of maintaining macadam roads under the ever increasing strain of heavy and fast automobile motor truck and steel tire traffic early prompted Chairman Weller and Chief Engineer Shirley to make a careful study and investigation of concrete roads, this including a personal examination of those in Wayne County, Michigan, in which the city of Detroit is situated. This led to the laying of several sections of concrete in the summer of 1912 . . . .

"These roads have now been under heavy traffic for more than a year and are practically as good as when laid, with no maintenance on them, except for shoulder work. Encouraged by this, the Commission in 1913 added 55 miles of concrete to its construction."

Since 1912 the small State of Maryland has constructed over 180 miles of concrete roads, roads that are satisfactorily withstanding the hardest motor traffic.

What more eloquent plea could be made for the economy of concrete roads, than the comparison of these two authoritative statements! The situations are parallel. On both the highways of New York and Maryland motor travel is unusually heavy, and drastic test has made the verdict conclusive.

If a good macadam road costs $12,000 a mile to build and $1,000 a year to maintain, its capital cost to the community is $12,000 plus $20,000 (a sum which at 5% would earn $1,000 interest), or $32,000 per mile. Contrast this figure with the capital cost of a concrete road costing $15,000 to build and say $50 to maintain—$15,000 plus $1,000—or $16,000 per mile.

If motor car traffic makes such a difference in the life of highways today and is growing in volume—what will happen next year and the year after? There are over 2,000,000 motor cars registered now; by the end of 1916 it is expected by manufacturers that there will be over 3,000,000 in actual service. When our highways are subjected to the wear and tear of these 12,000,000 rubber-tired wheels for a single season the need of a concrete surface will become imperative. An illustrated booklet, **"Concrete Facts About Concrete Roads,"** will be sent free to anyone requesting it.

CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION
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Dallas, Texas

116 New Montgomery St.
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Commerce Building
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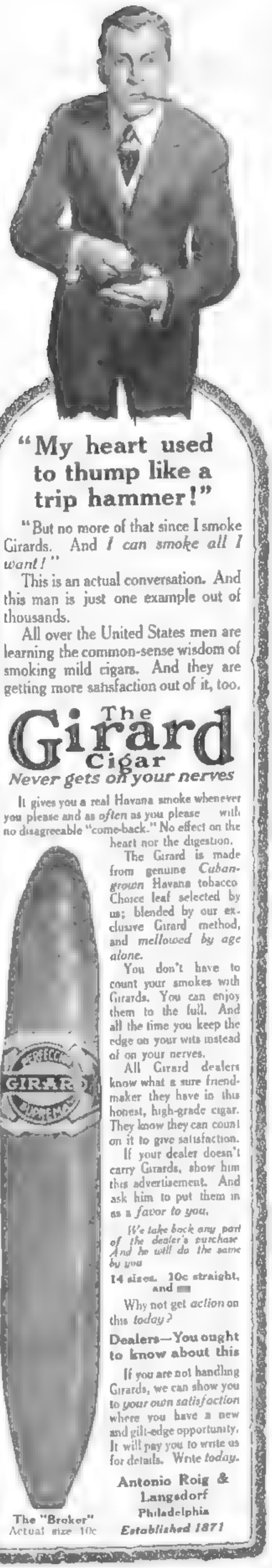


"My heart used to thump like a trip hammer!"

"But no more of that since I smoke Girards. And *I can smoke all I want!*"

This is an actual conversation. And this man is just one example out of thousands.

All over the United States men are learning the common-sense wisdom of smoking mild cigars. And they are getting more satisfaction out of it, too.

The Girard Cigar

Never gets on your nerves

It gives you a real Havana smoke whenever you please and as *often* as you please with no disagreeable "come-back." No effect on the heart nor the digestion.

The Girard is made from genuine *Cuban-grown* Havana tobacco. Choice leaf selected by us; blended by our exclusive Girard method, and *mellowed by age alone.*

You don't have to count your smokes with Girards. You can enjoy them to the full. And all the time you keep the edge on your wits instead of on your nerves.

All Girard dealers know what a sure friend-maker they have in this honest, high-grade cigar. They know they can count on it to give satisfaction.

If your dealer doesn't carry Girards, show him this advertisement. And ask him to put them in as a *favor to you.*

We take back any part of the dealer's purchase And he will do the same by you

14 sizes. 10c straight, and

Why not get *action* on this *today?*

Dealers—You ought to know about this

If you are not handling Girards, we can show you to *your own satisfaction* where you have a new and gilt-edge opportunity. It will pay you to write us for details. Write *today.*

Antonio Roig & Langedorf
Philadelphia
Established 1871

The "Broker"
Actual size 10c

(Continued from Page 34)

and certify results—a combination of dignity and strength that no negro would dare challenge. Reverend Baltimore Criddle agreed to announce the Queen from Pleasant Waters' pulpit on Sunday night at eight, sharp. Plotters of turbulence were given to understand that constables would be stationed at the door to relieve them of their weapons. Having thus secured fairness of count and safety of announcement, Criddle began to figure on a most delicate detail: Who was to be elected?

Whichever road Criddle traveled in his figuring, he reached the same result

"Dark hoss is bound to win dis race!"

From long experience with and most uncanny knowledge of his people, Criddle knew how winds must be tempered to the shorn lamb. Backers of the favorites couldn't stand the gaff of losing and being gloated over by a successful adversary; but if all were disappointed in a bunch, with a surprise finish by a dark horse, then each would be soothed by the others' wrath and there'd be no explosion. Correct for Criddle! Now he must pick a winner and get something out of it for himself.

On Friday afternoon business got active. Club members began dropping in to pay their dues and Beauty politicians crowded round the polls. There was plenty of gabbling curiosity, armed neutrality and preparedness, until Jinny Jane, with fire in her eyes, plumped herself down on the doorstep.

"You's a big fool!" she said to Elder Weems, who held a dollar in his hand to pay Coffin Club dues.

"Dis club's broke," she went on. "You's spendin' good money fer nothin'. I cain't git a cent out o' Criddle."

Criddle sat and listened just as long as he could stand it. When two financial members sunk their cash at Virgil's skin game instead of paying honest dues, he tapped Jinny Jane on the shoulder.

"Come wid me, Sis' Wilkins; I wishes to hold a little p'tickler conversation."

"An' I wants my money!"

None the less, Jinny Jane trailed behind him to the rear room.

"Sis' Wilkins," Criddle mournfully observed, "I hates to see you spilin' yo' clothes."

"Huh! What you mean?"

"Yo' friends is runnin' you fer Queen. Ef you makes 'em mad Kitty Mims or Cissy Coleman will git 'lected."

"I'd bust up dat peerade ef I seed one o' dem hussies ridin' in de lead float!"

Having deftly struck the keynote Criddle's artistic tongue closed the harmonious melody.

"I got it right in my hands. You jes' compromise wid me fer a hundred cash, den you'll git fifty mo' from de 'lection an' beat bofe o' dem wimmens. But you mustn't say nothin'—specially to Slick."

Jinny Jane emerged from the conference room with a hundred dollars in her stocking and a mouth that shut like a beartrap.

Lawyer Harry Madison and the brawny steamboat mate worked all Saturday night tallying ballots; then gave Criddle their certificate in a sealed envelope.

During Sunday, to all anxious inquiries Virgil returned the same truthful answer: "I don't know nothin' 'bout it until Criddle opens dat envelope to-night at eight o'clock."

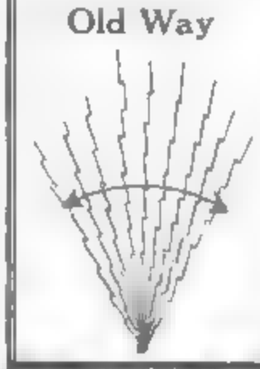
Big Bull was one of the first to arrive at Pleasant Waters Church, with Louella on his arm. Slick watched from across the street until they were safely settled in the front row. Then he came and stood in the door, prudently resolved against getting hemmed in so that he couldn't run. Negroes swarmed and eddied and crowded, shoving Slick farther and farther up the aisle, nearer and nearer to the big black peril.

He fought his way to a window and sat where he could tumble out.

Long before eight o'clock the church was packed with perspiration and anxiety. Hundreds of negroes thronged the street. Slick clung to his window—not for air, but for exit. Jinny Jane had laid aside her veil, and cabbage-size roses bobbled from a brand-new hat.

Virgil Custard appeared on the platform and was greeted with acclamations. He fidgeted uneasily, despite a rear door left ajar and a board that he had pried off the back fence. He dared not look at Big Bull, in the front row, waiting for the announcement of Louella's victory.

Old Way



Before we invented the Aitchandee the elements of car vibration and side-sway were similar to this picture. Aitchandee Shock Absorbers, by their peculiar adaptation of the cantilever principle, minimize side-sway and pitching.

Now Aitchandee Shock Absorbers [illegible] like this picture [illegible] One rides along over country roads or city pavements with less concern than ever before. This is the new luxury that costs so little

New Way

A Mighty Achievement for Ford Owners

WE predict a landslide for these unusual shock absorbers, as men come to know the merits of them better. In a very few months 50,000 Ford owners have equipped their cars with Aitchandee Shock Absorbers, and, once another Ford owner hears of this new way, he is dissatisfied until he, too, enjoys Aitchandees.

Top place for Aitchandee Shock Absorbers is bound to come solely because of their surpassing features—their many refinements.

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Per Set of Four

1. Aitchandee is the *original* shock absorber with the true cantilever [illegible] made of specially annealed malleable [illegible]

2. Aitchandee is the only one that has the long sought different tension between the upward and downward thrusts.

[illegible] prevents breakage [illegible] special added resistance.

4. [illegible] only one [illegible] tically invisible. It does not mar the appearance of the car.

5. Aitchandee is easy to attach. No [illegible] bore. Everything is furnished to complete the job.

Our cantilever principle *removes* those "side slaps" and thrusts which make steering hard over rough roads or at high speed.

The price of Aitchandee Shock Absorbers is now $10.00 all over America. Last year it was $15.00. But our enormously increased volume lets us cut the price this year. Even with numerous improvements. **"For the life of your car"** is the strong guarantee we put behind Aitchandee Shock Absorbers.

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Though crude as was the first machine made to emancipate women from the wash tub, it was the beginning of an idea that constant invention and experimentation have brought to perfection in the

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The application of electricity marked a tremendous step forward in the evolution of the washer—but its advantages were only for those women who had electricity in their homes. Now this condition is changed because The MAYTAG MULTI-MOTOR WASHER gives every woman the advantages of a power washer independent of electricity.

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There will be no lucky accidents. You won't find any more quality in your suit or overcoat than the Sincerity of the Maker has put there.

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have been standard in quality and leaders in style for a quarter of a century.

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TO be one of the crowd—off for a trip up-river or across lake, Evinruding—it's great sport. But the joy of owning an Evinrude—of "running 'er" yourself—of feeling this wonderful little motor respond instantly to your lightest touch on the steering handle—*that* doubles the pleasure of Evinruding. Today, tomorrow, this pleasure can be yours—you can take your

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OVER SIXTY THOUSAND SOLD

He only wondered whether he could squeeze through the fence before Big Bull could climb over a pile of boys and storm the platform.

Promptly at eight the colossal Criddle entered, mopping his face with a speckled red handkerchief and bearing aloft the fateful envelope. Under circumstances of security Criddle would have made preliminary remarks, reading first the names of those who had fought and lost, working up skillfully to a crashing and dramatic announcement of the winner. To-night Criddle was not seeking for crash and drama. He was after peace—with honor if convenient, but peace at any price. So with utter calmness he announced:

"Sister Jinny Jane Wilkins is 'lected Queen, wid 7246 votes!"

Virgil twitched his head like a paralyzed jay bird. Big Bull sat up, stupid and blank. Grimes stared and gasped. Kitty Mims gave a nervous little flirt to her bonnet. Slick gulped in the window and Cissy Coleman turned ashy. Everybody seemed bewildered except Jinny Jane, who gazed round, beamed and grinned and nodded.

Having stunned his audience into coma Criddle read on:

"Sis' Kitty Mims, 5493; Sis' Cissy Coleman, 5264"—and on down through the long, long list of those who also ran.

Big Bull listened to the end, then stood up.

"Hold on, Parson! You ain't read de name o' Miss Louella Dorkins."

"She never got no votes, 'cordin' to de white folks' certificate."

Hysterically Louella jerked Bull's coat sleeve:

"Slick Wilkins voted yo' money fer his own wife—to git dat fifty dollars!"

Big Bull swung round.

"Whar's Slick Wilkins?"

There he was and there he wasn't! Slick abandoned his crutch, turned backward out of the window and was gone.

"See here, Criddle; honest"—they were alone in the solemn silence of the Coffin Club—"how come it turned out dat way?"

"Virgil, us required a goat, an' Slick was de nighest. 'Sides dat, it 'peared like he mought 'a' been votin' fer his wife—which nacherly sicked Bull onto him an' kep' him off o' us. I jes' made out enough votes to 'lect Jinny Jane an' stuffed 'em in de box a-durin' o' Friday night."

"Dat box was locked!"

"Huh! My key come in handy."

"Sho did!" Virgil was delighted to agree.

"An' furthermo', Virgil, I jes' needed dat hundred from you, an' de fifty in gole, to compromise wid Jinny Jane, so she won't pester me no mo'."

No Gloaming Slumber

NOT long ago the Birth of a Nation was showing in a certain city in the Far South. As the film play deals largely with the Reconstruction Period, and as this particular town in this particular state had an especially severe taste of carpetbaggery in the years immediately succeeding the Civil War, the editor of the leading local paper decided to get the views of a number of prominent citizens, of an age sufficient to have remembered the actual event, on the question as to whether the film version correctly portrayed history.

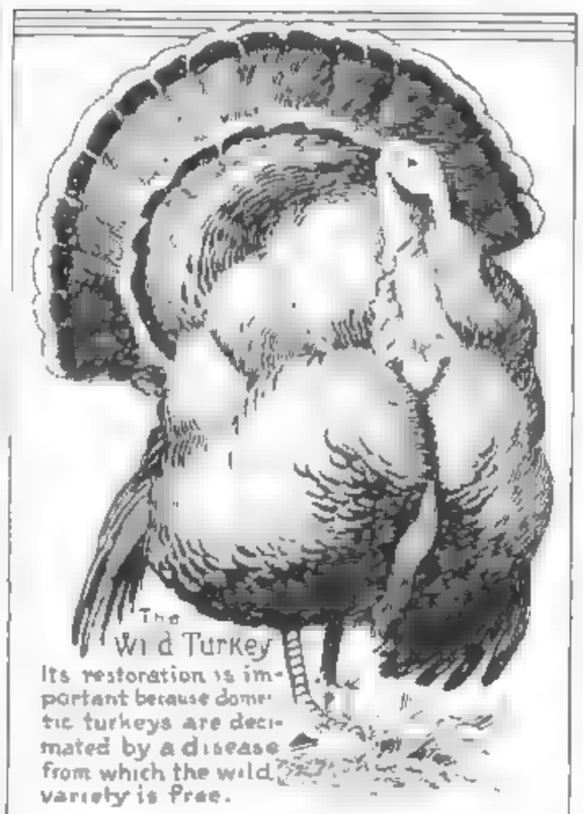
Some he saw personally; some he reached by telephone. In the latter group was included a charming elderly lady of outspoken tendencies, whose husband had been a distinguished officer of the late Confederacy.

"Mrs. Blank," asked the editor over the wire, "have you been to the theater yet to see the moving-picture play called the Birth of a Nation?"

"I have not," said she.

"Then probably you wouldn't care to give an opinion of its merit and its educational value for publication?" continued the newspaper man.

"I'll say just this much," stated the lady: "I passed through the Birth of a Nation myself. And—believe me, young man—it was no twilight sleep!"



The Wild Turkey
Its restoration is important because domestic turkeys are decimated by a disease from which the wild variety is free.

When Our Land is Filled With Game

A FEW years ago America was the greatest game country in the world. Our woods, our fields, our waterways, were teeming with game birds. Wild turkeys, quail, grouse, ducks, were familiar sights—to the sportsman; on the table; and in city markets.

These conditions should again prevail. They may successfully be brought about through game farming.

Game farming does not necessarily require a large amount of land and involves little expense in time and money. The work in itself is intensely interesting and affords both profit and pleasure to those who indulge in it.

In the first place game birds of many kinds command high prices in city markets. Their eggs are eagerly sought by breeders. Secondly, if you are fond of hunting, the birds you raise will provide excellent sport and food. Or if you prefer, and if you own large acreage, you may lease the privilege of hunting over your land. This does not mean that the sport of hunting, so far as the general public is concerned, will be restricted. On the contrary it will be increased; for game raised for sporting purposes cannot be closely confined in any given area

If you are interested in game farming from any standpoint, you should write for a booklet which takes up the subject in a broad way and gives much interesting and valuable information regarding it.

The book is called "Game Farming for Profit and Pleasure." It is well worth reading. Write for a copy. Use the coupon below.

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Gentlemen:—Please send me a copy of "Game Farming for Profit and Pleasure." I am interested in game breeding from the standpoint of

Name

Address

Too Late!

THE world runs on inexorable time schedule. Yet who can say what Time really is? We get it from the stars, but where do the stars get it?

When you come to think of it, there's something awe-inspiring in having in your vest pocket a mechanism so delicate, so fine, so perfect, that it actually knows and measures Time—the power above the stars!

Do you own such a watch?

There are certain types of men who haven't much respect for time. Time is nothing in the life of a tramp. Men of little character, wasters and dreamers, rather pride themselves on their contempt for Time. Sooner or later, that ghostly, implacable hand reaches out and turns them back. You can form a fairly accurate estimate of a man's character by the quality of the watch he carries and by his pride in its accuracy.

Any watch will do for the man who is content to drift in a few minutes late, but what a gap there is between him and the man who has disciplined himself to keep track of the seconds!

A boy is satisfied with a pocket clock. As he develops in character, he demands a watch. When he finally grows to man's understanding of things he wants a *super watch*

Which leads naturally and easily to a discussion of Hamilton Watches.

The Hamilton Watch is known as the Railroad Timekeeper of America. That title was honestly earned. Time is everything to a railroad man. To him, the words, "Too Late!" are ominous. They mean to him failure, danger, death.

A railroad man is required to own an accurate watch. If his watch varies a certain number of seconds a month, it means buy a new watch or get a new job. A large proportion of railroad men own Hamilton Watches. That is because railroad men have learned, by comparing notes for twenty years or more, that the Hamilton of all watches comes closest to absolute accuracy—to *Star Time.* A carpenter is the best judge of a saw. The judgment of railroad men as a class is final when it comes to watches.

Does this reference to railroad watches make you think of Hamilton Watches as being thick, clumsy, serviceable affairs? Learn, then, that Hamilton accuracy is not attained through bulk. Hamilton Watches are as thin and beautiful as you could possibly desire.

But after all, a watch is not a trinket to be selected for its looks. A fine watch is a wonderful instrument and must be judged solely by its performance in the accurate measuring of Time.

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Send for the Hamilton Watch Book—"The Timekeeper"

It tells a lot of interesting facts about watches and illustrates the different Hamilton models for men and women. Hamilton Watches sell for $25.00, $28.00, $40.00, $50.00, $60.00, $80.00 and so on up to $150.00 for the Hamilton Masterpiece in 18k gold case. Or you can buy a Hamilton movement to fit your present watch case for $12.25 ($13.00 in Canada) and upward. Read "The Timekeeper"; then give your jeweler an opportunity to tell you why a really good watch is the only kind to buy. The more your jeweler knows about watches the more enthusiastic he will be on the Hamilton

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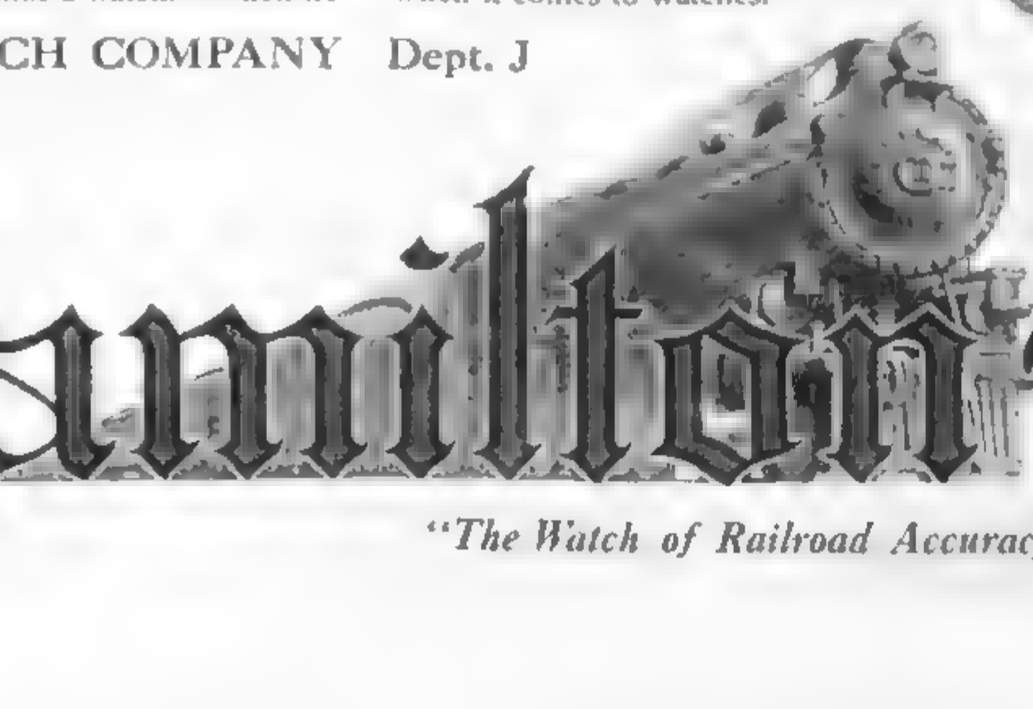

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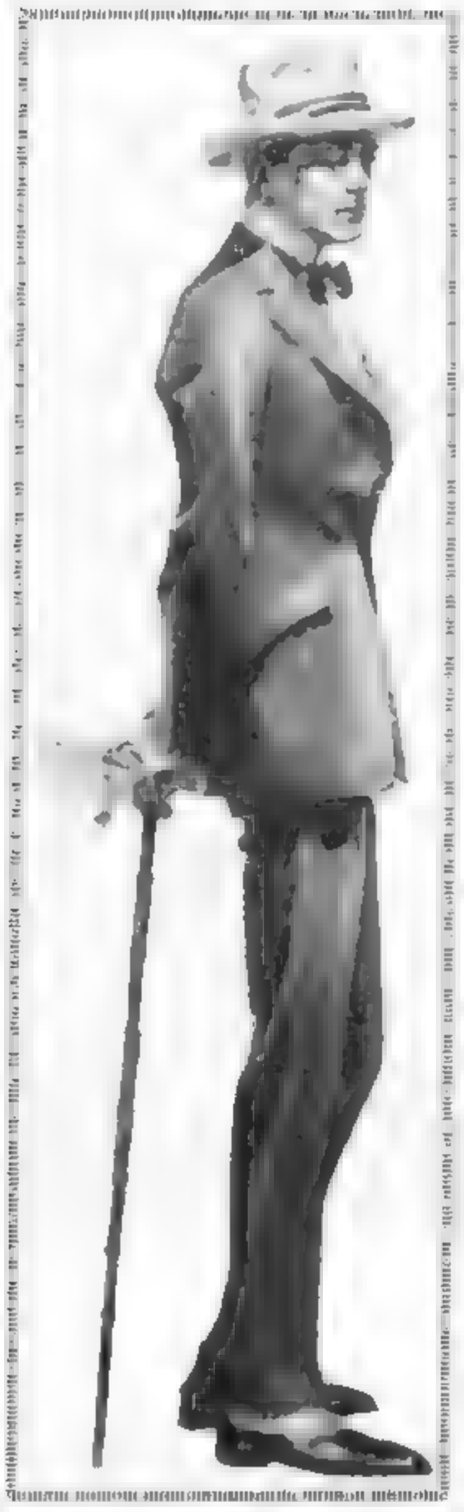

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The Clear-O-Scope Wind-Shield Cleaner insures clear sight of the road. Is adjusted instantly over the top of any wind-shield; is held securely by spring tension; no rattle; no bolts, nuts or screws. Just draw the cleaner across entire shield and the whole surface is bright, clean and dry with one simple operation.

Simple—Practical—Durable

$1

Get a Clear-O-Scope now before the ruck of another bad day. See how easily it works. Complete satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back.

Up-to-date dealers have them. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and $1 and get a Clear-O-Scope postpaid.

Important to Jobbers and Retailers: The Clear-O-Scope is the *universal* wind-shield cleaner; fits any car; the only one you need in stock. Write for profit-making proposition.

Clear-O-Scope Co., *Mfrs.*, Chicago, U.S.A.

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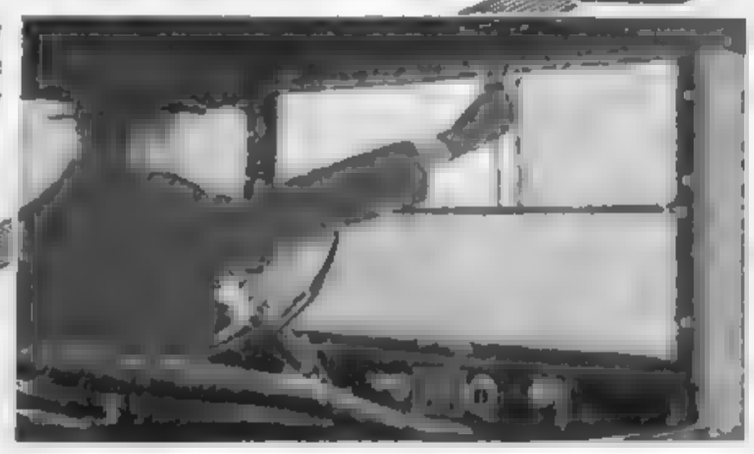


THE REYNOLDS GROUP

(Continued from Page 13)

not devote much time to anything until the light revealed the Reynolds Portrait. Here, following the example of Eden Kneagie, he mounted a chair and exposed the canvas to a searching examination. He paid particular attention to the left side of the picture. This done, a sigh of satisfaction escaped his lips. He then replaced the chair and slipped silently across the hall to inspect the front door. This was secured by a lock and not bolted in any other way. Accordingly he returned to the room where his entrance had been made, lowered the window and replaced the catch. He then rummaged about on the writing table until he found a specimen of Lord Louis' signature. This he carefully stowed away in his breast pocket, after which he crossed the hall for the second time, opened the front door and closed it silently behind his retreating form. Neither then nor afterward was anybody aware that this visit had been made.

At breakfast the following morning Lord Louis made certain arrangements with Mr. Yorke for the latter to carry out should the necessity arise. At nine o'clock the car conveyed them to the station. The barrier was closed, but being well known to the railway officials Lord Louis had no difficulty in persuading the collector to allow them to pass through to the waiting train.

"You understand what to do should Kineagie appear?" Lord Louis questioned.

"Quite," returned the other.

"There is no other train until eleven-twenty. We must prevent him from traveling by this one at all costs."

"Rely on me," replied Mr. Yorke, and turned into the platform waiting room where he could watch without being seen. Lord Louis went forward and entered the first compartment after the engine. A short while later the barrier was opened and people began to take their seats; but it was not until about two minutes before the scheduled time for starting that Mr. Yorke's vigil was rewarded and he espied the bunched-up figure of Eden Kineagie hurrying down the platform. Mr. Yorke carefully noted the carriage he entered and then transferred his attentions to the guard. He waited until the doors had been closed and the guard was raising his green flag before leaping from concealment. Straight as a die he ran to Mr. Kineagie's carriage, and flinging open the door cried breathlessly:

"Mr. Kineagie!"

"Well?" retorted that individual as the train began to move from the platform.

"Do you want the picture of the child?" he gasped.

"Yes. Get in," cried Kineagie.

"No. You get out," he insisted. "If you don't you'll lose it."

Mr Kineagie hesitated and a porter shouted. "Stand away, there."

"Too late," cried Mr. Yorke, and began to close the door.

"Too late be damned!" yelled Kineagie, and sprang out upon the platform. "Now, then, what's it all about?"

But Mr. Yorke was so put to it for breath as to be unable to make any reply until the train was well out of reach. Then his answer was something in the nature of a surprise.

"I fear," he said, "I am the cause of your losing the train."

"That don't matter," returned the other, "if you have got the picture."

"But I haven't," Mr. Yorke blandly replied. "I merely asked if you wanted it. Ah, see, there is our friend Lord Louis waving from his carriage window."

There followed a period in which Mr. Eden Kineagie spoke his mind with alarming frankness, and was warned by a station official that unless he modified his language unpleasant consequences would inevitably ensue.

Lord Louis alighted at Wells and, taking a cab, drove to Gideon Street. He did not instruct the man to stop when they came to La Peruse, but merely noted the agent's address on the board before the house. Having acquired this information he told the driver to proceed to Messrs. Margetson & Knight, the land and estate agents in the High Street. The distance was not great, and in less than a quarter of an hour the cab had returned and deposited him at the door of his late cousin's abode, armed with an order to view, bearing his incognito of Mr. Clifton.

Griffe, who admitted His Lordship, appeared to be in a more even frame of mind than on the day before. He expressed his readiness to show Mr. Clifton over the house and hoped it might suit his requirements. Leading the way from room to room he extolled the virtues of each during the inspection. Lord Louis made a careful survey of the walls, but beyond a few oleographs and valueless engravings his search was unrewarded

They had now arrived at the top floor and still nothing had been revealed.

"There are just a couple of maids' rooms here," said Griffe, "and this is a cupboard."

"Ah," said Lord Louis, brightening up. "Cupboards interest me very much. But the door, I perceive, is locked."

"Yes," replied Griffe with a trace of hesitation. "And somehow I have mislaid the key."

"Dear me, what a pity," said Lord Louis. "Couldn't you find it?"

"No, but it's just an ordinary affair," retorted Griffe. "Now if you will step down to the basement you'll have seen everything."

Very reluctantly Lord Louis allowed himself to be drawn away from the closed cupboard and led below.

"There's as good a kitchen as you'd find anywhere," said Griffe. "And a morning room which I use for myself."

Lord Louis inspected the kitchen and made a few stereotyped inquiries about the stove. He was then admitted to the morning room which evidenced signs of its owner's habits. It was extremely untidy and a number of empty bottles were assembled beneath the barred window. Upon the table were the remnants of a breakfast—a loaf of bread, some grubby-looking butter, the spinal vertebræ of a bloater upon a plate, and a glass still crusted with the foam from Griffe's morning draft. A sickening reek of tobacco, fish and stale beer pervaded the atmosphere, and Lord Louis was consumed with a desire to rid his nostrils of the taint of it.

Before going, however, he turned his attention to the walls. It was evident the room had not been papered for many years, as all trace of the pattern had long since vanished in a uniform yellowy brown. Suddenly he experienced a shock. Immediately over the mantelpiece was an oblong patch in which the original design of the wall paper was clearly visible. There could be no doubt that a picture had been recently removed which must have been suspended there for a very long time. Although Lord Louis could only guess at the size of this space, he realized that it could not differ greatly from the dimensions of the Reynolds canvas depicting Lady Anne's workbasket.

Griffe, who had been making some pretense of putting the room in order, turned at this moment and followed the direction of Lord Louis' gaze. Being possessed of a slow intelligence, he did not grasp the significance of his visitor's preoccupation.

"What are you staring at?" he inquired.

Lord Louis came to his senses with a start and, wheeling round, pointed an accusing finger at Griffe.

"Griffe," he said, taking a leap in the dark, "you are a scoundrel!"

"What do you mean?" cried Griffe.

"You are a scoundrel," repeated Lord Louis. "I give you two minutes to bring me the picture which hung there, or face the consequences."

Griffe fell back a pace.

"Don't know what you're talking about," he stammered.

"You will gain nothing by prevarication," continued Lord Louis inexorably. "The picture is in the cupboard upstairs. Fetch it at once."

"How ever did you know?" exclaimed Griffe, hopelessly committing himself.

"I am Lord Louis Lewis," came the reply in accents which would have graced a melodrama, "and I know everything."

"I didn't know that it was worth anything," whined Griffe. "I wouldn't believe my old master when he said it was a good 'un."

Lord Louis relaxed a trifle.

"Produce it now," he said, "and I will not be hard on you. But fail to do so ——"

Griffe did not wait for the end of the sentence but, muttering "I'll get it," slunk from the room.

As the door closed Lord Louis' face broke into a smile.

"One down to me, Mr. Kineagie," he murmured to himself.

Two minutes later Lady Anne's work-basket and tambour frame, as rendered by the hand of Sir Joshua Reynolds, left the precincts of La Peruse under the sheltering arm of Lord Louis Lewis.

Mr. Griffe had another caller during the day in the person of Mr. Eden Kineagie, who, following his usual custom, lost no time in beating about the bush.

"If you've got a picture here of a work-basket and a bit of embroidery I'll give you a couple of hundred for it," he said.

Whereupon Mr. Griffe reviled Mr. Kineagie for not coming the day before and, calling heaven to witness that his luck was out, slammed the door in that gentleman's face.

Mr. Kineagie mastered his disappointment to the best of his ability and caught the first train to London, where he began to prosecute a vigorous search for the missing child.

Lord Louis took advantage of his presence in Wells to call upon an acquaintance and did not return to his native town until after dark. On arriving at Bristol he took a cab, which conveyed him and his precious burden up the long ascent from the station. About a hundred and fifty yards from his destination the horse stumbled and fell, and as it showed no inclination to rise Lord Louis paid the fare and completed his journey on foot.

There were two gates to Bruton House, and a short drive with a circular clump of bushes in the center. Lord Louis entered by the first gate and had taken a few paces down the drive when, in the light of the arc lamp, he became aware of a covered motor van drawn up at his front door.

The side of the van was decorated with the words J. DORNEY—Pictures Restored and Cleaned, rendered in very new white paint. The fact that there was no indication of where Mr. Dorney hailed from struck Lord Louis as unusual. Some inner sense warned him that all was not as it should be, so instead of proceeding he halted under the shadow of the bushes and awaited events.

In the doorway appeared Badger, his butler, and a man, and between them they bore the portrait of Lady Anne Sefton. Together they raised it into the van, the man covering it over with a piece of sacking. Then Badger spoke.

"I suppose it is all right," he said.

"Of course," replied the man. "You saw His Lordship's signature on the order to take it away."

"Yes, I did," assented Badger.

"And you say yourself," pursued the man, "that you heard him tell his friend it would have to be cleaned."

"That's true," Badger admitted. "But I'm sorry His Lordship isn't here, all the same."

"So am I," said the man, giving the engine a turn over and mounting the driver's seat.

Lord Louis was dumfounded, and his first thought was to spring forward and rescue his property. Then a subtler possibility stole into his brain and, without pausing to consider the wisdom of the action, he thrust the canvas he was carrying into the bushes and skirted round to the other side of the clump.

"Goo' night," cried the man.

"Good night to you," said Badger, and closed the door.

The man engaged the low gear and the motor moved forward. Lord Louis waited until it had passed him, then without attracting attention sprang lightly upon the tailboard. To his great relief he found that the inside of the vehicle was completely screened from the driver by the hood. He drew up his legs and settled down for the journey. They passed through the gates, turned sharply to the left, and bowled away briskly into the night.

Lord Louis fully expected that the van would draw up in some remote part of the town, but herein he was mistaken. The driver made for the London Road and then increased his speed. In twenty minutes' time the city of Bristol had become a mere twinkle of light in the distance and they were rattling along at a round pace in the open country.

"Well," said Lord Louis to himself, "it looks as if I am in for a tour. I may as well make myself as comfortable as possible." In the farther end of the van he found two petrol tins and a quantity of sacking, and as the night was fresh he wrapped himself up and lay down. Mile after mile passed. He took out his luminous-dialed watch and examined the time. It was nearly ten o'clock. They had left the London Road now, and were traveling, so far as he could judge, in a southeasterly direction. He tried hard to imagine what destination they were bound for, but without arriving at a conclusion.

Lord Louis felt a curious sense of inertia stealing over him, a desire to close his eyes and rest. Something in the even hum of the engine was slowly acting as a soporific. Obviously it was imperative that he should not fall asleep, so to keep himself awake he attempted to translate what he could remember of his conversation with Griffe into the Greek tongue. As his knowledge of this language was very slender the effort was unsuccessful and greatly increased his fatigue. A few minutes later he had slipped quietly into unconsciousness. He woke suddenly with a start as the vehicle drew up. Cursing himself for his stupidity he drew back to the extreme end of the van and covered himself over with the sacking. He heard the driver descend and rap twice at a door, which was immediately opened, and a voice, evidently that of an old man, saying:

"Have you got it?"

"Sure," came the reply. "Give us a hand and we'll take it in."

"No, no," said the other, "let it bide there. I've a fancy that we'll move the best stuff to-night to the other end. People are a bit too neighborly hereabouts for my liking."

"Right you are," said Lord Louis' driver. "But give us a bit of supper first."

"It's all set out in the front room," the older man returned. "Come in and don't be long about it."

As the two passed through the door Lord Louis heard the younger man remark:

"Ran out of petrol at the corner of the street here. Couldn't have gone another yard without filling up."

And as there were two unopened tins in the back of the van Lord Louis breathed a prayer of gratitude that the house had not been half a mile farther off. When the door had closed behind them Lord Louis crept out from his hiding place. Having come so far, he was determined to go through with the adventure to the end. Moreover, he had a curious conviction that the house contained some mystery in which he was concerned. Remembering the words that the supper was laid in the front room, he wisely considered that the back of the house would be the safest point to investigate.

The street in which he found himself was composed of small red-brick dwellings, with a narrow passage between every two of them. Up this passage Lord Louis made his way and debouched into a small garden at the rear. There was a room which overlooked this, wherein a light was visible shining through the lowered blind. He cautiously approached and peeped through a crevice between the sash and the blind. The room itself was practically denuded of furniture, but leaning against the walls were a number of canvases covered over with white cloths. One of these was larger than the rest, and Lord Louis' heart almost stopped beating when he saw the shape of it. It was very narrow for its length.

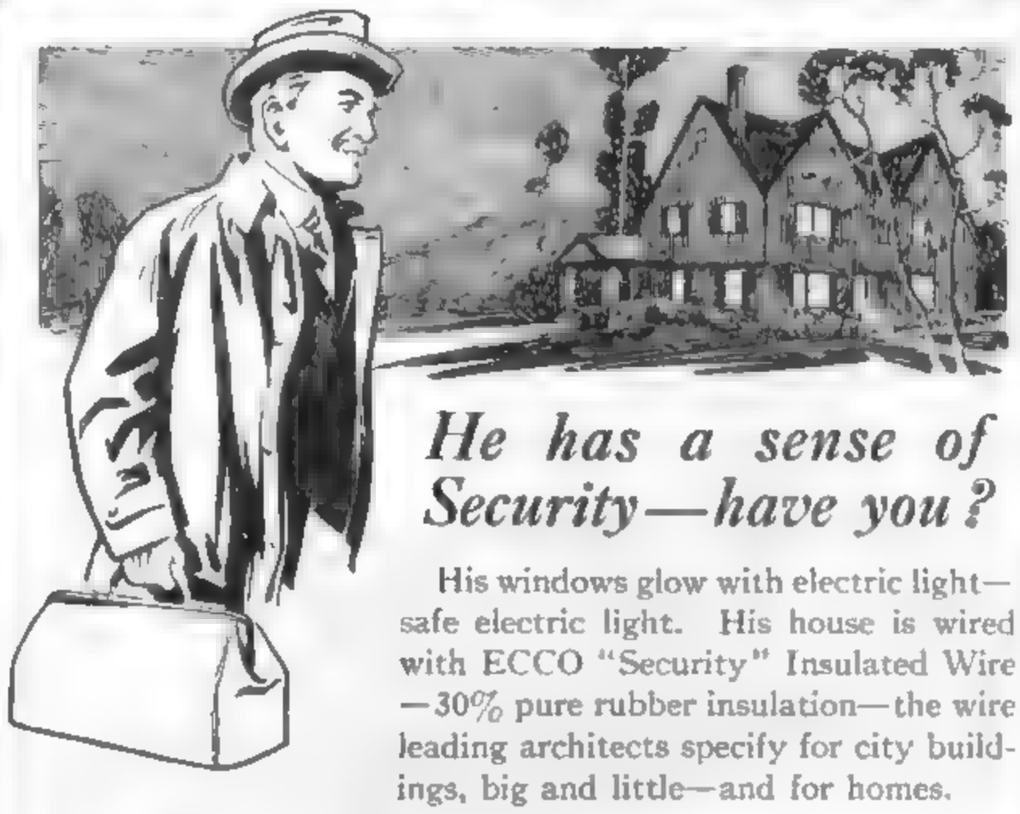
"I'm going to look at that picture if I die in the attempt," he said. Thereupon he set about to find some means of entering. On his right was a small washhouse, built out from what was presumably the kitchen. This washhouse boasted a window about fourteen inches square. By the greatest good fortune the catch was unfastened. Lord Louis mentally weighed the chances of squeezing through this aperture, then taking his courage in both hands he started to do the deed head first.

The task was not an easy one, and when eventually he landed face downward on the floor it was not without having caused considerable damage to both his clothes and feelings. However, these considerations did not oppress him, and he hastened on tiptoe to investigate the mystery of the back room. The door there was ajar, relieving him of the danger of making a row in opening it. Going straight to the tall canvas he removed its wrappings, and there before him was the figure of little Philip Sefton, leaning vainly forward as though seeking the mother from whose side he had been cleft.

The sound of voices in the adjoining room aroused him to the necessity for formulating some plan of action. He stepped out into the hall to listen to what was passing there.

"If we could get the rest of the picture then we could talk," came the voice of the older man. "It's twenty-five years ago since I lifted that child's portrait, and much

ECCO



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"No Siree!"

"No long-eared hare
Gets any share
Of my delicious
Campbell fare!"

And do you blame her?

Any youngster who has once tasted this tempting soup has that same "piggity" feeling about it. And the grown-ups are not far behind.

You couldn't find more wholesome and inviting materials than we use in

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

White potatoes, sweet potatoes, yellow turnips, carrots, tender corn, baby lima beans and juicy green okra are among the thirteen different vegetables we use.

We add a sprinkling of "alphabet" macaroni, and we combine these choice ingredients in a substantial meaty stock made from selected beef. Then we flavor all this delicately with celery and parsley, and just a whisper, as you might say, of leek and sweet red peppers, to give an appetizing snap.

Why not order half a dozen of this delightful soup from your grocer and keep it on hand? You save time and fuel. And you have a nourishing dish always ready at three minutes' notice with no worry nor labor over it.

How about phoning the grocer right *now*?

21 kinds 10c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

good it's been to me. You are sure the woman's been cut down too?"

"You can see for yourself if you slip out and look," replied the driver of the motor.

"Bad luck," said the other. "We're not much better off with the two than we were with the one."

"You're never satisfied. You'd grumble if the gates of heaven were dropped into your lap."

At this point Lord Louis returned to the other room. It was clear that he had only two persons to deal with, and he rubbed his chin as he considered what would be the best method of attack.

Then it was that Fate played a most unexpected move. In crossing the room Lord Louis brought his head into violent collision with the gas chandelier suspended from the ceiling. The result was that two of the globes fell to the floor with the sound of an exploding bomb.

"That's done it," said Lord Louis to himself.

From the other room came a cry of "What's that? Police?"

Instantly an idea flashed into the Peer's brain, and raising his voice he shouted in a constabulary manner:

"Edwards, you clumsy fool! Get round to the front door, Parsons. Quick and lively!"

There was the sound of the window being hurriedly lifted in the front room. "This way," cried the voice of the younger man. "Start up the car," yelled the other. "No petrol. We must run for it." Then the sound of feet running hard on the pavement outside. Lord Louis arrived at the front door in time to see two shadowy forms disappear round the corner.

"Well," he said, "that was an easy victory," and returned to the house. He then sat down to a critical survey of the position of affairs. "Our friends are clearly men of dishonest habit," he argued. "I doubt if they have any proprietary right to the works of art which adorn the house. Shall I warn the police or shall I not?"

The upshot of his reasoning was that he would leave the police to make the discovery for themselves. He then returned to the back room and, picking up the picture of little Philip, brought it out and placed it beside his mother in the van. The next move was to replenish the tank. This he did with the two tins of petrol at the back. He then returned to the house and extinguished all the lights, closed the windows and front door, and climbing into the driver's seat drove carefully away. He hailed a late voyager at the corner of the street and inquired the name of the town. Receiving an answer that the man was "a stranger there" himself, he took the first wide road leading to the West Countrie, and was lost to view.

Lord Louis and the borrowed van arrived at Bruton House in the gray of dawn. Badger, who had sat up the whole night anxiously awaiting his master's return, greeted him with a combination of delight and astonishment. Lord Louis was too tired to give any explanation of his doings, but together they carried the precious canvases into the study. He also rescued the painting of the workbasket from the bushes in the drive. He then wrote a wire to Mr. Kineagie, asking him to call at his earliest convenience to inspect the picture of the child, and, after instructing Badger to have it dispatched as soon as the office was opened, retired to bed.

He came down to breakfast at twelve o'clock to find that Mr. Russell Yorke was awaiting him in high excitement at the news which Badger had imparted.

In the late afternoon Mr. Eden Kineagie put in an appearance. Between them Mr. Yorke and Lord Louis had taken the canvases from their stretchers and laid them in correct relation to each other on the library floor. Thither they conducted Mr. Kineagie. Mr. Yorke fully expected some display of violence, but in this he was at fault. For a long time Kineagie said nothing at all, and then, in a voice which might well have come from a lover, he remarked:

"Oh, you beautiful, beautiful thing!" Then turning to Lord Louis: "Tell your man to bring in the case from my cab," and a few moments later the portrait of Lord Sefton was standing next to that of his wife with a greater tranquillity than he had ever displayed during his mortal career.

Lord Louis was much affected by Mr. Kineagie's sporting acceptance of Fate's handiwork and remarked upon it in most cordial terms.

"Pooh," replied that gentleman. "A bargain's a bargain. Yours was amateur's luck. Will you let me have the picture put together for you? I know the only man who could do it. P'raps you don't trust me though?"

"I trust you implicitly," responded Lord Louis, and walked over to his writing table. When he returned he handed the little man a check for four thousand pounds. To his great surprise Mr. Kineagie tore it up.

"I collect pictures," he said, "not checks." He rummaged in his pockets and flung Lady Anne's diary on the table, and with a muttered "Good-by" banged out of the house.

As a salve to his conscience Lord Louis put an advertisement in the papers to the effect that he would be pleased to reward the owner of the picture of a child without any hands; but oddly enough he received no reply. He was not a little embarrassed by the continued presence of the motor van bearing the name of J. DORNEY—Pictures Restored and Cleaned, but as no one came forward to claim the vehicle he used it for the conveyance of luggage to and from the station, and sent its equivalent value to the society for carrying the Gospel into the heart of the Congo.

People who have been privileged to see the Reynolds Group declare it to be the finest example of that master's work in the kingdom, and even experts have found it hard to believe that for over a hundred years it existed as four isolated sections of the now perfect whole.

A Suitable Climax

ONCE on a time, on a Fourth of July, Paul West, the poet and fiction writer, gave an Independence Day picnic at his summer place in Connecticut. Most of the guests were also writers.

After the dinner proper, when the liquid refreshments were still flowing from the spigots of several large cold kegs, informal speech-making began. All of those who were called on to speak shaped their remarks to match the spirit of the occasion and the patriotic memories it invoked.

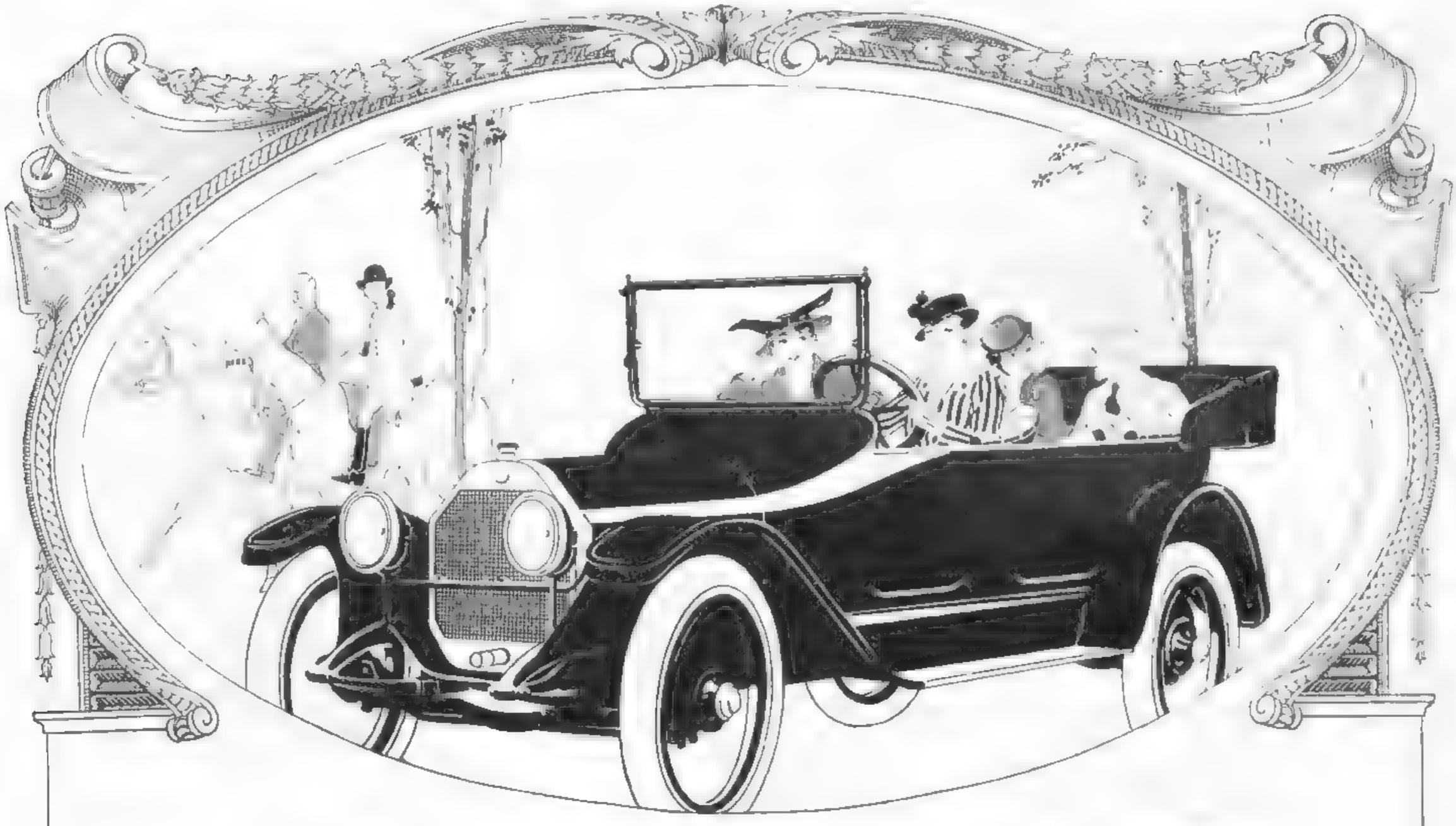
Without much urging, a very prominent writer of popular novels got on his feet—that is to say, he got on his feet with no great amount of urging, but he experienced some difficulty in keeping on his feet after he got there. He opened his mouth, but the words refused to come. Then somebody else who had oratory crying for utterance in his system broke in and fired off a few appropriate verbal fireworks.

This happened several times. Each time the novelist would rise, wavering on his legs, and with eyes dreamily half closed and lips moving would stand there, making no sound whatever until an interruption came, whereupon, with a graceful gesture, he would sink back into his seat. Finally the volunteer chairman got the floor.

"I insist," he said, hiccuping slightly, "that we give our friend Harry," naming the novelist, "a chance to make his speech. Now then, Harry—we're all listening."

Harry was assisted to an upright position and supported in his efforts to maintain it. He raised one arm above his head, and in the tone of one who is offering the climax of a moving reminiscence he said:

"And that man's name was Abraham Lincoln!" And sat down.



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With the Howe Searchlight on the windshield or stationary bracket, it is tilted down to light the road ahead and the angle is such that the driver of an approaching car can pass without the slightest dazzle or glare reaching his eyes. The small amount of current consumed enables the Howe Searchlight to be used with a small storage battery or dry cells.

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Howe "Universal Joint" Bracket

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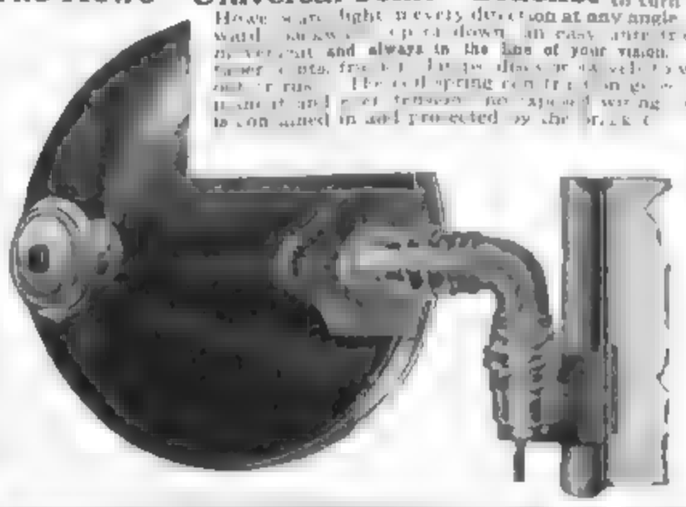
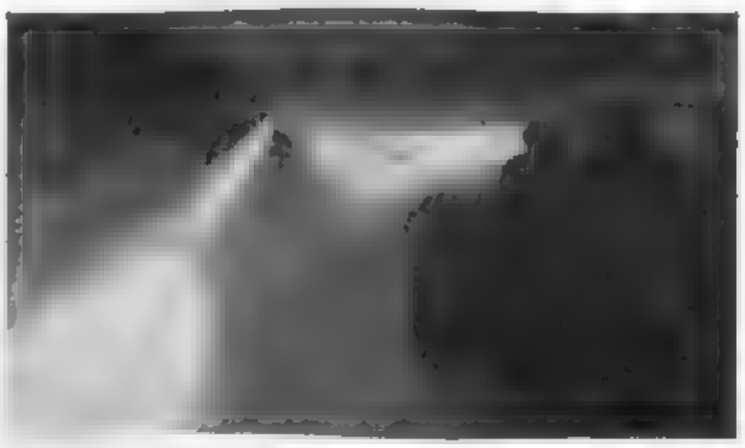
ASK YOUR DEALER for the Howe Searchlight

If he hasn't it, don't take a lamp with a taper joint, friction disc or plain swivel bracket (they'll wear and rust in no time) but cut out the owner's coupon and mail to us and we will supply you direct.

The Howe "Universal Joint" Bracket enables you to turn the Howe searchlight in every direction at any angle forward or backward, up or down, in easy unrestricted movement and always in the line of your vision. No matter quite fresh [illegible] the coil springs control the movement of and exert pressure on the joints of the bracket [illegible] to remain in any fixed position. The wires are entirely concealed and protected by the bracket [illegible]





Safe Driving The Howe Searchlight should be placed on the windshield or on a bracket directly in front of the driver. By its tilting the searchlight the rays are cut down and directly in front of the car. It throws all glare or dazzle, prevents accidents and enables one to proceed at night and in fog with perfect safety and ease. For motoring in Howe Searchlight shows the side of the road. It picks up ditches, sees through fog and helps you on the curves and sharp turns.

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Get a Howe Searchlight on your new car. The dealer can get you one if it is not already Standard Equipment.

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Send me one only, Howe Searchlight. I enclose $7.50 with the understanding that you return the money if I am not delighted with it.

Name

Address

A CORN-BELT PIONEER—1916 MODEL

(Continued from Page 15)

"I don't suppose," said I, "that he ever did a day's work on a farm in his life."

"He has done three," said Abel, "for me—this week already."

He had been plowing for corn, Abel told me, and could drive three horses and handle a sulky plow as well as anyone. What he lacked in experience, Abel said, he made up in gumption. It would be fine to have the old church in the hands of so good a man and so good a worker as Brother Wiggins.

"Brother Wiggins and I," said Abel, just as I started my engine to move on, "are goin' to dreen that marsh you necklectet so long."

I was dumfounded at the progress this young preacher had made with Abel in a week, and I had nothing to say for a moment.

"You see," said Abel, "I hain't got no water on that end of the farm and I'm turning it into pasture for a while; and I need water for the stock. Brother Wiggins says he will dig the sump and lay the tile in the marsh if I'll buy a windmill and pump to lift the water up across the road to my land. I'll put in a concrete tank to catch it and have just what I want. It'll be a fine water supply; and Brother Wiggins will always care for the windmill, so it will be no trouble to me. And if the windmill will take care of the water from fifteen acres he will have the nicest little truck farm in the country. He has brains! I can work with that kind of man!"

I admit I was vexed as I left my tactful old neighbor, with his slam at my lack of brains; but by the time I got home the joke of it had dawned and my wife asked me what I was grinning about. She was as much pleased as I was. Why not?

Slipping Up on the Blind Side

If anyone had managing ability, that young preacher had. He had neatly extracted from me the old church—that was worth less than nothing—and fifteen acres of marsh to go with it forever, as long as he or the church society he might form should use the church as a place of worship.

And now he had got the consent to discharge the water across the road, which I had been trying to get out of old Abel for ten years; and he had made Abel like it and pay most of the expense; and he seemed to stand a chance of making the fifteen acres worth forty-five hundred dollars by a few tiles, some ditch digging, a little excavating and old Abel's money. At that rate he would do—he certainly would do!

"Why," said Daisy, "it was so simple when Frank and Mr. Bohn got talking about it. He wanted the water and Frank wanted to get rid of it!"

On Saturday afternoon Frank pitched in the first baseball game of the season and was elected captain of the Fairview team. We had never had a regularly organized team before. Frank told them he believed we had some good timber if it could be developed; but they had better not elect him captain, because they might want to play Sunday games, and he'd be busy on Sundays. Never said a word against Sunday baseball—but he'd be busy.

"Well," said Bill Ames, the shortstop, "whaddye say we all go to church Sundays as long as the pitcher preaches, and play ball week days as long as the preacher pitches?"

"Put that in the form of a motion," suggested Clyde Bohn.

"Don't do that, fellows," urged Wiggins. "I don't want one of you to come to church unless you find it interesting. But I'll tell you—if you all come and help me out on some stunts I hope to put on, we may make it as interesting as baseball—though that will be going some."

Notice this: He didn't ask any pledges of anyone at that time, and he asked them not to make any. This and his failure to take up the collection, and his deal with Abel Bohn, and his flimflamming me out of the church and fifteen acres of land, advertised his proposition like the mischief! The church was crowded the next Sunday. The baseball crowd were out in force—boys who had utterly lost their churchgoing habit.

Again the collection was omitted; but the Sunday dinner at our house was not repeated. Out of several invitations Daisy and Frank accepted that of Mrs. Larsen, wife of the tenant of the Ackerman farm. Some of us who gathered in twos and threes along the road began discussing the matter of supporting the minister. I guess this was just what he expected we'd do. He was a deeper piece of machinery than we thought.

Well, this was the way he began. We never should have given encouragement to any preacher to start in our settlement if we had been consulted; but Frank and Daisy Wiggins just came and began working with us and on us, and the first thing we knew there they were, neighbors and friends with a lot of things going in which we were interested and which couldn't go on without them. He slipped up on our blind side, you see.

We belonged to all sorts of religious denominations, by tradition or in fact, and had no church sympathies at all, but a great many church antipathies. Abel Bohn believed in the old Winebrennerian practice of foot-washing, and all the rest of it. I had always carried my religion in my wife's name, and I suppose that rated me as a Congregationalist. Abel and I were as far apart on church traditions as we had been on that pesky drainage problem; but Frank Wiggins worked us into his plans on both.

In less than a month Abel and I called a meeting of the people who were attending the meetings in the schoolhouse to consider what we ought to do about having the collection taken up and ridding ourselves of the disgrace of having such nice folks as the Wigginses living in a tent while we all had good homes. I suspect now that he figured we would do about this.

We sent for him and told him our troubles. Didn't he think we had better pass the contribution box at the meetings so long as we were getting the benefit of the services? He got up; and, of course, I expected him to address us as "Brethren and Sisters"; but he said "Neighbors"—and went on to tell us his notions. He didn't believe it would be a good plan to establish the organization on the contribution-box basis. You never could tell how you were coming out on that. It always began like a bumblebee—the biggest when it was born. He thought that, as a business community, we ought to consider, first, whether this thing of having a place of worship is worth anything; and, second, whether we could pay for it. If we decided to keep the thing up we ought to organize.

Egg Circles and Beef Rings

When he said "organize" I noticed that the Methodists, Congregationalists, Lutherans, Catholics, Presbyterians, and Abel Bohn, all began to draw apart. The people of the younger set, lost as most of them were to all church loyalty and other means of grace, were eager to get things going, because they wanted Daisy to stay to help in the work of the Woman's Club she had started, to carry on the antifly campaign, to teach them some new dance steps, and teach a domestic-economy class they had organized. The boys wanted Frank to pitch against the Elm Grove Baseball Team at the County Fair. Both boys and girls wanted the banjo and fiddle in the new string band. The mothers of Frank's Boy Scout organization wanted him to stay because he was making the kids better boys.

There was an Egg Circle, which the Wigginses had organized for the purpose of getting better prices out of eggs—Frank and Daisy had a small flock of hens by this time, and a cow staked out in the marsh—and these women, girls and boys hated to have the Egg Circle broken up. Frank had the preliminary work under way, too, for a Beef Ring, to systematize the killing of beef, so we could all have fresh meat about all the time; and a meeting had been held, of which he was elected secretary, to correlate the ownership of pure-bred bulls with other neighborhoods, so we could trade off in a systematic way and never be at a loss for just the animal we wanted. Under this scheme the whole thing was worked out years ahead, and a lot of men were going

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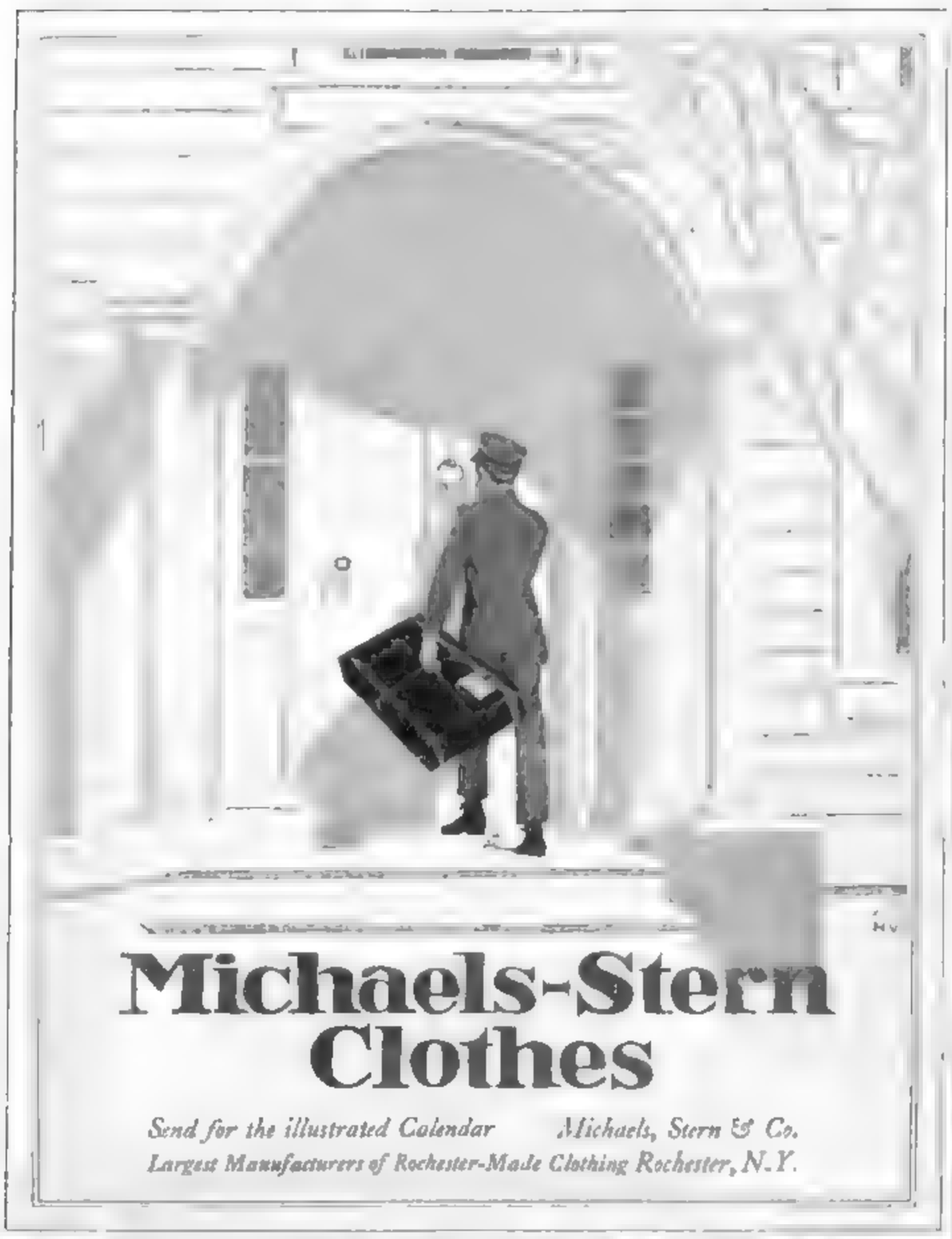

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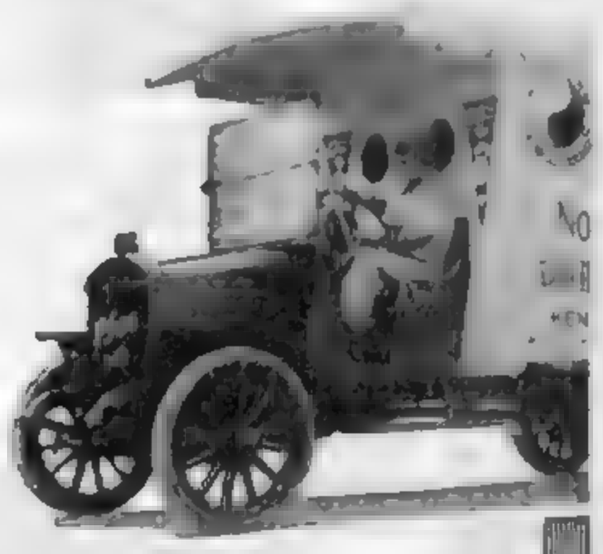

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from scrubs to pure-breds on the crest of the cooperative wave.

Maybe he hadn't got all these things started at that time, but they were in the air and have been put on the map since. The point I wish to make is that the Wigginses had filled the whole neighborhood with a sort of get-together spirit. We were better neighbors already for their influence. We were juster and more charitable to one another's faults. There was a warmth in the air more penetrating than that of spring—a warmth a little like that, I suppose, which in the time of the Apostles made people come together, when they "had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need"—but, of course, we did nothing so absurd as that!

Neither did our new feelings toward one another prevent us from looking suspiciously at one another when the Reverend Frank Wiggins mentioned the necessity of an organization. Did not that mean a church? And whose church would get the new organization? All the old selfishness and inbred prejudices and historical traditions and mutually damning creeds began snarling at one another in half the hearts present.

Don't think for a minute that the Reverend Frank didn't know this; he had foreseen this very moment and recognized it as his moment of shipwreck or success. His voice grew a little deeper.

"The trouble with this community," said he, "lies in the fact that about half of us are prejudiced against all the churches represented here, and the other half are divided in preferences among so many churches that no group of us can keep a church alive. Now what shall we do? Ask everyone to change to a new faith and a new ritual? Select the faith and ritual of a few and ask the rest to conform to them? Perhaps that might be best if it could be done. Why not do in an organized way what we have been so happy in doing in an unorganized way? We have been meeting and working in the field of our agreements and ignoring our differences. We agree in feeling a desire for a meeting place in which we shall seek righteousness and worship God.

"I do not remember a single service held here in which anything has taken place in which any member of any Christian church could not take part. Nay, I do not remember anything that could have shocked an intelligent and reverent Jew or Hindu. God is greater than any Christian denomination or all Christian denominations, and righteousness not only is found in every land and in every faith, but it antedates the Ten Commandments. Why not each keep to the church faith in which he believes, and at the same time associate ourselves to do such things as are seemly and profitable in all faiths?"

The Church That Was Not a Church

"I would suggest that a committee on organization be appointed, to report in half an hour with a plan for keeping up our neighborhood meetings and the social activities to which they have given rise. They are surely important enough to justify that. Surely they are better than nothing! If we can't do what each would like to do let's see if we can't do such part of that as all want to have done."

Abel Bohn moved the appointment of the committee and I seconded it. Both of us were on the committee, with the preacher, Hans Larsen and Wilson Beebe's wife. In half an hour Frank Wiggins was reading the report of the committee recommending that we organize the Fairview Meeting-house Association, "for the purpose of maintaining a house for the worship of God and the doing of such other work as shall be for the common good." And that's all there was of it. Nobody was to change his religious belief. We were simply to associate to save from neglect those things in which we all believed, notwithstanding there were things on which we differed.

We didn't call it a church—and I don't suppose it is a church. It's merely a building kept up by those who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, and want to be filled collectively, because it is a sort of demand that can't be met fully in an individual way. Everybody calls it Frank Wiggins' Church; and whether it is a church or not is never discussed among us. We have so many other things to consider whenever we meet.

Well, we organized. And we financed the church just as we would have financed a livestock association. Each of us went on paper for what he was willing to pay weekly, monthly or yearly. We rather pride ourselves on not passing the hat, and have now got ourselves educated up to the point of not feeling a sense of wrongness when we miss the collection.

Our minister said nothing about Sunday baseball, but we have never had any of it since he became strong in baseball; in fact, his influence on the conduct of our young people seems, now that I come to put the thing on paper, to be solely exerted by reason of the part he and his wife take in everything. It's a good deal like the influence the holder of a big block of stock has on the conduct of a corporation. Frank and Daisy possess about fifty-one per cent of the stock in everything going.

Take dancing, for instance. We used to have some mighty substandard social affairs called dances. You know the sort I mean—Ed Bascom and his brothers, with their "orchestra," would hire a hall somewhere and sell tickets to the boys, "ladies free," and keep it just decent enough so the constable would wink at it, and just good enough so that when the daughter of Hans Larsen or of Aleck Wolfe sneaked off to it with one of the boys, and was found out by her mother, she could say it was a perfectly decent dance and prove it by telling of the list of guests—if she could be allowed to pick out the names from the list.

The Wigginses put those dances out of business by taking charge of the dancing business. I suppose it has been three years since we have had such a dance, and there has been more dancing hereabout in that time than ever before. The difference is that the young folks dance on all sorts of occasions, half a dozen couples on the front veranda, or twenty couples when the barn is cleared of hay.

Teaching by Object Lesson

When we have a general sort of hop it is sure to be after a lecture by a professor of the Agricultural College, or a strawberry festival, or a township fair; and all the old folks are there and can take their girls and boys home with them. Some of us aren't any more enthusiastic about dancing than we were of yore; but we see that, the way it's done here, it bears about the same relation to the vicious dances we used to deplore as a game of cribbage by the fireside does to a poker game in the back room of a pool hall. If it isn't exactly a means of grace it certainly isn't the road to disgrace. It seems to carry off the leg electricity in a harmless way, like a lightning rod.

The Reverend Frank Wiggins has had and is having a profound effect on our life, just because he is part of it. The ordinary run-of-mine sort of preachers aren't. He has become about the best farmer in the neighborhood. After he got the swamp drained a lot of us discovered that, with land as valuable as it is now, it pays to pump water from lowlands for drainage purposes. Several tenant farmers have learned from Frank that they can make good money on small farms, and Frank has induced the owners of big farms to sell them smaller tracts. I learned from him that these drained marshes need potash fertilizers; and so have others.

He now hires a man all the year round on those fifteen acres of glebe land, and makes a little money from it. I don't believe it is possible for the country churches to be revived except by ministers who take stock personally in rural life. The right sort of men and women can do in thousands of places just what Frank and Daisy Wiggins have done here.

They are prominent people in the economic and educational life of the community. It was Frank who led the way for the consolidated school here. It was Frank who welded into union so many of the people of the Fairview, Pleasant Valley, Hickory Grove, Grant Center, Wheeler's Crossroads and Indian Ridge school districts that we were able to merge the six schools into one, with several teachers and a public auditorium.

"Uncle Abner," said he, "our boys and girls have to leave home as soon as they have got fairly started in their educations; and where they go they are educated away from the farm. Why not give them all the education right here that most of them will ever get—and education of the right sort?"

"Aren't you afraid," I asked, "that a big consolidated school, with an auditorium and all that, will do a lot of work we are

(Concluded on Page 49)

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KOHLER OF KOHLER
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TEN CENTS

Shoes treated with Dri-Foot look better, wear longer and polish well as ever. One ten-cent treatment waterproofs a pair of shoes for two months. Specially good for golf, hunting and fishing boots. Buy it at any good shoe, drug, grocery, hardware or 5 and 10 cent store, or send us 10 cents for a trial can.

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After the Dance—

JUST read these new suggestions for delicious, easily-prepared refreshments to follow your dance—your bridge—or any other evening "party."

LIGHT SUPPER NO. 1
Bouillon
Deviled Ham in Ramekins
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Ices Cakes Coffee

LIGHT SUPPER NO. 2
Deviled Ham Timbales (cold)
Chicken Sandwiches Olives
Strawberry Ice Cream
Cakes Coffee

LIGHT SUPPER NO. 3
Bouillon
Celery-and-Deviled-Ham Sandwiches
Creamed Oysters
Cheese Crackers Coffee

DEVILED HAM IN RAMEKINS: Into one pint thick cream sauce (hot) stir one small can *Underwood Deviled Ham*. Place in individual ramekins, break an egg into each, and bake until white of egg sets. (Increase quantities in proportion as desired.)

DEVILED HAM TIMBALES: Beat one cup cream stiff; add two large cans *Underwood Deviled Ham*. Mix thoroughly with one tablespoon granulated gelatine dissolved in half cup hot water. Turn into cold timbale cases; chill and serve on crisp lettuce

CELERY-AND-DEVILED-HAM SANDWICHES: Cut celery into tiny cubes, mix with mayonnaise and *Underwood Deviled Ham*.

SEND FOR "GOOD TASTES FOR GOOD TIMES"

Valuable booklet containing the Little Red Devil Recipes for every meal in the year. Underwood Deviled Ham omelets, rarebits, scallops, canapes, fritters, etc. FREE for the asking. 15c will bring you economical can to try. Always mention grocer's name and if possible say whether he sells Underwood—most grocers do. Send now.

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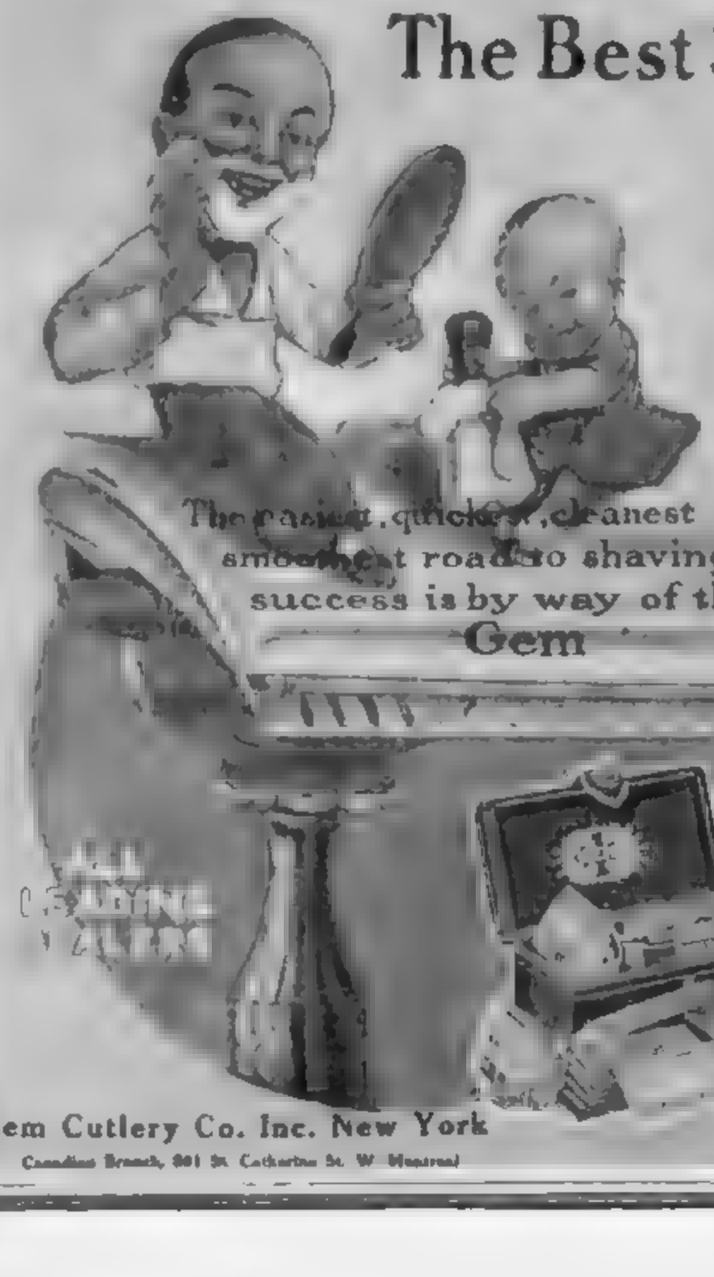

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Coal Bills GUARANTEED Reduced ½ to ⅔ the *Williamson UNDERFEED WAY*

THEY have cold winters in Wisconsin. Zero and the mercury are on friendly terms all winter long. So that when you read of an eight room house being heated for $35, and the coal bill reduced 45% the UNDERFEED Way, you owe it to yourself and your pocketbook to consider carefully what is said. Let the letter speak for itself:

"The UNDERFEED was installed in my house about two years ago, and will say that I am perfectly satisfied. House has 8 rooms and bath, and not small rooms at that. The first year I used about $37 worth of coal, and this last year about $35 worth. The entire house was kept warm. In the last two years I saved not less than forty-five per cent of my fuel bill with every room warm."

(Signed) SAMUEL ISELY, Monroe, Wis.

We can show you thousands of such letters that indicate how you can save ½ to ⅔ of *your* coal cost the New-Feed UNDERFEED Way, GUARANTEED, mind you, and have your home heated comfortably from top to bottom all winter long as well.

The New-Feed UNDERFEED burns coal on the [illegible] principle. The fuel supply is always *below* the fire. No heat is wasted because the fire does not have to fight its way up.

Save Before You Spend

Because of its scientific feeding principle, the New-Feed UNDERFEED burns the cheaper grades of coal as effectively as others burn the expensive grades. Thus you are sure of a great saving of real money *before* you order your coal. In the UNDERFEED, coal is fed from below, so that the clean live fire is always on top, where it will do the most good. Fire is never smothered by fresh coal being dumped on. It is never chilled by opening of top-feed doors. There is no smoke, soot, or gas, because these valuable heat elements must pass up *through* the fire, and thus be transformed into heat and every particle of coal is burned to a clean white ash. No clinkers. No partly burned coals.

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There is no tiresome stooping with the New-Feed UNDERFEED. A few easy strokes of the handy lever and the firepot is full. The operation throughout is simplicity itself

Mail the attached coupon today and we will send you, free, the interesting book, "From Overfed to Underfeed," which pictures [illegible] You will be glad to own this book. It solves many a heating problem. Some day it will save you real money. No obligation in asking for it. Send the coupon today—NOW

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Tell me how to cut my coal bills from one-half to [illegible] with a Williamson New-Feed
Warm Air Steam or Hot Water [Mark X after system interested in.]

Name Address

My Dealer's Name is

(Concluded from Page 46

doing through the Meetinghouse Association and sort of weaken us?"

"Uncle Abner," said he, "if that turns out to be the case it will prove that we are doing what the community ought to do for itself through taxation. Our church may live forever, or it may die with us who have established it; but the school, based on government and supported by taxation, lasts as long as the government lasts. And I can see things enough to do to keep the congregation busy when the school takes off our hands some of the work we have done because there was no other agency to do it. If I have children to bring up in Fairview I shall want a good school. And I'm for it now."

We got it—and that's the biggest thing Frank Wiggins has done for us. He brought Tom Whelpley, of Tennessee, into our neighborhood. But—to go back to the day we organized—the first question before the new organization was the question of building. There were two big jobs to be done—the rebuilding of the old church and the erection of a parsonage.

"We don't want any parsonage—this winter," said Daisy.

"Why, you don't mean to say," said Mrs. Beebe, "that you expect to live in that tent in the wintertime!"

"I'd rather live in that tent, just as it is, Mrs. Beebe," said Daisy, "than in the house my cousin, Jim Livermore, makes you live in on his farm! And further," she went on, after the laugh had subsided, "Frank worked in a railroad graders' camp one winter and knows how to make a tent as habitable as the dwellings of thousands of working people who haven't houses of their own. And I just know you're going to fix up the old church beautifully, with a study room somewhere; and we shall spend most of our time there, anyhow, and keep open house in the church every day for everybody. We shall use the tent for very little except as a bedroom and dining room."

"We plan already," said Abel Bohn, "to have a dining room in the basement of the church."

"Then don't be silly about the parsonage!" said Daisy—and we weren't.

One day during the next summer, however, I overheard a conversation between my wife and Daisy that brought the parsonage matter to a head mighty suddenly. I was washing some harnesses back of the house, preparatory to oiling them, and Daisy and Mother were in the kitchen. Mother was washing dishes and Daisy was wiping. I was so quiet out there that they forgot all about me, I suppose. I heard my wife's voice raised in a sort of suppressed hysteria and knew something mighty interesting—to women at least—was under discussion.

"Well, now," said my wife presently, "this living in a tent has got to come to an end!"

"Oh, I don't know!" said Daisy. "I'll go to a hospital, of course; and afterward—why, are we any better than the Indians, who rear their dear little brown-eyed papooses in wigwams? Or the Arabs, who ——"

"Daisy Wiggins!" said my wife. "You must be sick—to talk like that!"

"I think it would be kind of nice," said Daisy in a sort of dreamy way. "My grandfather lived under a covered wagon in the pioneering days; right over on the hill I can see from the door of the tent. I'd like to put the seal of real pioneering on our splendid life here in Fairview. I am the daughter of a whole line of American pioneers—and I'm proud of it, Aunt Lucy. And I like to think that my baby will come to a home devoted to a sort of pioneering which the nation needs quite as much as it ever needed that of his ancestors."

I slipped round to the telephone and had them call Abel Bohn in out of the field.

"Abel," said I, "get that finance committee and the executive committee and the building committee together as soon as the Lord will let you."

"What for, Brother Dunham?" he asked.

"We've got to build that parsonage P. D. Q."

"What's the hurry?" asked Abel, who likes his moderation to be known of all men. "Brother Wiggins says that the tent ——"

"Abel," said I, "it isn't so much what Brother Wiggins or Sister Wiggins says about that tent, as what the Chicago papers will say when they print pictures of the warm quarters you have for your winter lambs, and then tell about the place in which the Fairview Church keeps the winter lamb of its minister's family. Get busy with those committees!"

We got busy—and we had the parsonage ready in time. Daisy was cheated out of her ambition to beat her great-grandmother in pioneering on the prairies. She will never see in the papers a picture of that tar-paper-and-canvas tent in which was born her son, Raymond L. Wiggins, President of the United States.

Well, that is the way we solved the rural church problem in Fairview—and the school question as well; but that is another story.

It seemed the way to do it under our conditions; and, considering the fight we are having to keep the Reverend Frank Wiggins from being taken from us by uplift organizations, college extension bureaus, and the like, and in view of the national reputation he has reaped from the work, I guess it is regarded as a success.

In other neighborhoods in the Corn Belt some ministers are doing a good deal the same thing along denominational lines, they tell me, and doing it as well as we have done it; but on that point we of the Fairview neighborhood are distinctly and permanently from Missouri.

A POOL OF CLEAR WATER

(Continued from Page 21)

"No," Louis returned; "here for myself, Mr. Canning. I came to ask you for a job."

"A job, Louis! I thought you had gone into the café. Your father told me that, with all the pleasure possible, only last night."

"It doesn't suit me," Louis returned steadily. "It's not what I'm after; so I came to you."

"It only does for certain people, and that's a fact," Canning replied. "You can have something with me, be sure of that—your father's son. Come to the office tomorrow at eight and we'll take your measure."

Louis Magnan found his father, late in the afternoon, in the luxuriantly furnished reception room of his home; and, standing, he drew the elder's attention from the evening paper.

"I've decided to get something for myself," he said evenly.

Peter Magnan's face darkened.

"You have!" He satirized the other's tone. "Let me tell you that I decide here. I'm still it, where you're concerned."

"Mr. Canning is going to give me a job," Louis continued with a set face.

The other was carried erect by his flaring anger and resentment.

"Cob Canning! . . . Job!" he stuttered. "You went to Cob for a —— That beats any ingratitude I've ever heard of! You went to him just as if your father hadn't anything. Ain't you got a spark of pride? And I blew to him about—about ——"

"The café wouldn't suit me," Louis asserted wearily.

"What do you want—a candy factory?" His father waxed sarcastic. "Why, say, don't you know nothing? Are you a clear dummy? The café's turning over to us forty thousand profit a year. It's one of the nicest properties in town. When you was born, and I was doing only a five-thousand-dollar business, I said to your mother, 'We'll have a good thing for the boy when he comes to it.' I've worked fourteen—yes, twenty—hours a day having it decent and up to the minute. I've stood out against the administration more than once, risked everything I owned, to keep it reasonable clean. I was nearly killed in it when I did my own bouncing.

"Now it's all velvet; the best-decorated place in its line—a sure fortune for you all if it's kept in the family, and kept right. Then you come and say it doesn't suit you; you go and ask Cob Canning for a twenty-dollar job!"

Peter Magnan stopped, breathless with anger and incredulity.

"I can't make you understand," his son returned. "There's something in me that can't be put in words, that's stirred me all up. It's like your father when he émigréd from Dublin—like the old Frenchman, I expect; they had to go out and look for

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Before he wakes a morning paper is put under his door—noiselessly—with the compliments of the house.

If he wants to breakfast in his room no extra charge is made for room-service.

If he wants to write letters in his room he doesn't have to ask for stationery—his desk is plentifully supplied. If he wants ice-water he has but to open a faucet.

He wants to loaf downstairs, in comfortable, luxurious lounges, with chairs and sofas that [illegible] and lazy men await him. There is good music at luncheon time and again at dinner time. We've selected libraries at his disposal—free, of course.

And always there is that courteous, gracious, *interested* personal service that we are proud to call Hotel Statler Service—a complete service, as befits "the complete hotels."

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Pullman Five Passenger $740

A Road Car of Wonderful Flexibility and Consistency of Performance at a Remarkable Price

The Pullman Five Passenger has a wheel base of 114 inches—the largest car on the market at the price. Fifty-inch, full cantilever rear springs make riding easy over the roughest roads. Not a racer—a husky puller and wonderful hill-climber equipped with a dependable 32 h.p. motor.

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SPECIFICATIONS—114-inch wheel base; 32-H. P. four-cylinder motor. Batavia non-skid tires on all four wheels; cantilever rear springs; independent electric starting and lighting systems. Dixie high-tension magneto; honeycomb radiator; full floating rear axle.

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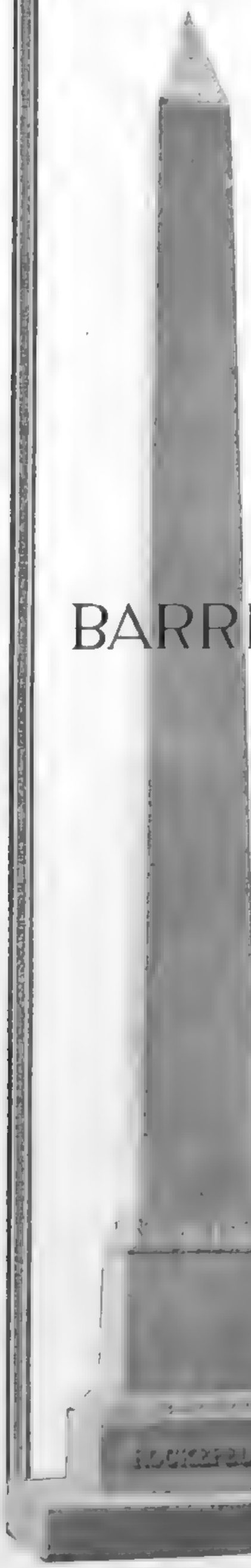

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It stands in Lake View Cemetery, Cleveland, Ohio, on the John D. Rockefeller family lot, and the tapering shaft is a single granite stone 67 feet in length, taken from one of the mountain quarries at Barre, Vermont.

Barre Granite has been used in building the Memorial Masterpieces of this country, and the demand for it throughout the United States increases steadily. It typifies dignity, durability and strength, and is beauty in enduring form. Every piece of

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their lives in new places; the old didn't suit them any more, like it had their fathers. Now the time's come for me to go out . . . find something different."

"And where did Gil Magnan land?" his father stormed. "In a street ditch, digging with crusty dagos. And he never dug his way out neither. I wish you could see the dump we lived in, where I pushed up from; it would turn your pretty insides."

"Perhaps I won't do any better," Louis replied; "but I've got to go. I've got to take my chance."

"You will get it, all right; I'll see to that. I'll talk to Cob Canning about that job of yours. You will be back after your yellow automobile in a month."

"It will be for good," Louis Magnan pronounced suddenly.

"Good—hell! Three weeks! And don't hang round till you come to me right."

"I thought I'd get a room nearer the work," the other answered absently, desperately wondering what he would say to his mother.

VII

HE ARRIVED at the offices of Canning & Company promptly at eight on the following morning, where the clerk he had seen the day before delivered—Louis thought with a slight mocking smile—a brief note. It contained, in fact, but two lines: "See the foreman of the operation on Pollard Street"—and was signed with the initial C.

As he made his way downtown Louis recognized the result of his father's threatened talk with Canning. But it only served to increase his stubborn determination to consummate the aim planted in him by Linda James—to arrive finally, far-away and unrewarded, at a state that she would approve.

He found without difficulty the operation on Pollard Street—a raw, deep cut, supported by boarding, in the murky depths of which obscure men were digging. Louis showed the foreman his note, and the latter surveyed him with a broad grin.

"Get a shovel out of the tool wagon," he directed; "and if you can find overalls and an old pair of boots you'd better put them on or you'll get your creases spoiled."

Louis Magnan returned shortly, covered, for the most part, in moldy canvas, and wearing a pair of wood-soled brogans.

"Down you get!" the foreman exclaimed, indicating an insecure ladder descending into the ditch.

It was gloomy and piercingly cold beneath the surface of the earth. The cut was narrow and on either hand the irregular boarding dripped muddy water. The men digging were mostly Italians, with an occasional negro or wizened specimen of humanity overtaken by mischance.

Beside Louis a young Italian was laboring with the fixed motions of a mechanical toy. He bent forward, sinking his shovel into the clay, straightened slowly, with the muscles swelling in his tapering back, and came to a momentary halt. He turned once and, seeing Louis' gaze fastened on him, smiled with a brilliant flash of white teeth. He had, Louis saw, a carnation drawn above his ear; and the flower, the smile, radiated in the clammy depths a faint but perceptible cheer, hopefulness.

On Louis' other side an attenuated individual was scratching in sullen impotence at the surface of the earth. He had a pinched, blue countenance, and thin lips that were never still.

"See them boards?" he addressed Louis, suddenly, fretfully audible. Louis followed the direction of the tone. Above him the boarding that held back the earth had noticeably moved inward. "Trash!" the other continued. "I'm a carpenter—that's bad stuff; sawed out wrong. It's bound to kick in sooner or later. But, at that, I suppose it's cheaper than a gang of wops and rummies like me and you."

Louis grew weary; then cruelly, impossibly tired. After an hour he was numb, physically and mentally, from unaccustomed brute labor. He recalled what his father had said about the parent who had emigrated from Dublin. The words, "He never dug his way out," revolved endlessly in his brain. The noon whistle saved him from collapse; he was too worn to go in search of lunch, but sat in a stupor until he was forced to descend once more to labor. He was driven by an agonized determination not to fail on the first day of his doubtful freedom. He became coated with mud, indistinguishable from the rest. The afternoon drew out to a seeming eternity of torment. The voices of the Italians, rising dully at long intervals, seemed to gibe and mock at his unaccustomed miseries.

Incredibly the day ended; he stumbled to the ladder and ascended with the muddy line of humanity, emerging on the street. He paused for a moment, resting on his shovel, when he felt a slight tremor of the ground; he heard a short, muffled grinding behind him.

He swung round; where a moment before the cut had cleanly divided the street there was now a ragged, filled depression over which hung a dusty cloud.

Louis heard the foreman urgently calling together the gang that had just left the cut. He moved forward and joined the congregated laborers, silent but for their short answers to the roll of their names. Louis Magnan replied in turn; and the foreman called:

"Capra!"

There was no answer and the other repeated the last name. A sudden murmur rose from the Italians, developed into an excited chorus that Capra had been the last man in the ditch. . . . No one had seen him since.

Grimy fingers indicated Louis; Capra had been working beside him. Louis could tell them nothing, and the knowledge slowly permeated the small throng that the man had been buried under the collapsing tons of earth and stone.

A physical sickness swept over Louis Magnan as he thought of the Italian, with his flashing smile, the flower over his ear, crushed shapeless under the clay. He shut his eyes, giddy at the thought of the death he had so narrowly escaped. The ex-carpenter's words recurred to him:

". . . bad stuff. It's bound to kick in. . . . But cheaper than a gang of wops"

His feeling changed to an angry rebellion against a policy so callous that it condemned men to death for such meager profits. It formed his thoughts into a burning indictment of Canning.

Police, he saw, had already concentrated about the accident; ropes were being stretched, pressing back the gathering, curious throng. The foreman's voice rose in short periods; shovels laid aside were grasped once more; all thought of respite had been abandoned, and the gang, with grim faces, attacked the sunken earth.

Louis, heedless of fatigue, worked in a feverish energy. Other men were being constantly added; those who had started first were dragged, reeling with weariness, from the deepening opening. The day faded and the icy flood of electric flares was switched on the gloomy, desperate laborers.

When Louis Magnan was literally unable to raise another shovelful he stumbled out on the street. A harassed individual in shirt sleeves surveyed him briefly and commanded:

"Get out! Go home; you're done."

Louis moved slowly toward a rope held up for his passage. As he stood erect beyond he was aware of a figure following him from the center of activity; he saw it was Canning, the contractor. The latter recognized him and a momentary relief flushed over the somber countenance.

"Louis," he nodded; "come along; my car's just beyond."

The vision of the young Italian hung before Louis Magnan; he almost caught the scent of the carnation.

"No," he replied curtly; "I won't ride with you. That wop"—he shot out the term bitterly—"was murdered."

The other caught his shoulder and forced him through the crowd. Louis held back, stubbornly repeating his assertion; but the contractor swung him ruthlessly to where a gleaming landaulet waited at the curb.

"The office uptown!" Canning directed; and a moment after Louis found himself driving over the street at the contractor's side.

"You are," the latter said shortly, "at a violent and thoughtless age. And you charge me with being indifferent to this accident—now, with the reformers gunning for every suspicion of stuff they can get on us! Why, you young donkey, this damned slip may cost us the city!" He was silent for a moment, with narrowed eyes and embittered lips. "I can't watch everything," he continued with suppressed violence. "I've got five operations on—hundreds of men employed. I'd pay almost anything for simple honesty; it would be worth it. This alone will cost us thousands, with the press barking; and ——"

He stopped and studied Louis Magnan's worn, set countenance.

"I'll offer you this," he said sharply—"twelve hundred, and run you up a thousand a year, if you catch on—if you stay straight. And remember—it's the last I'm after. The screws'll be put on; the manufacturers will see you. . . . The chance is you'll go like the others."

"No," Louis Magnan positively replied.

"You can start to-morrow. Get hold of the details of the municipal work in the upper city."

The dark abstraction once more enveloped him. Louis wanted inordinately to carry all this to Linda James.

VIII

HE LABORED with a determined industry through the days and nights that followed, accumulating a detailed knowledge of the materials that entered into the contractor's operations; watching principally the laying of electric cables through a district of impressive stone residences.

It was night and unusually warm for late November; the familiar livid pools of light showed nothing of interest, and Louis turned to survey a canvas tunnel and strip of carpet laid from the entrance of a dwelling to the curb. A delivery boy, with a great paper box evidently containing roses, rang the bell, and Louis caught the yellow gleam of a servant's waistcoat. These preparations were for a ball; he knew that it was a ball for, although it was nearly eleven, no one had yet entered.

It was at such affairs that Linda James danced and talked and laughed. It was possible that she would be at this particular one to-night, while, separated only by a wall, he stood out in the street overlooking a gang of Italians digging in the muck! His heaviness of heart increased; an uncomfortable stir, at once desire and regret, deepened to a vain rebellion against the obdurate prejudices of life.

He was both elated by the opportunity to prove his ability to climb out of the world's ditches and depressed by the knowledge that, though Linda James had come radiantly into his life, he had been unable to hold her. His feeling for her was rooted deeper than the mere call of youth and sex; it was a part of his essential being. As he stood in the film of mud about the digging, rapt in his subconscious need, his vivid longing, he saw the first motors unload at the awning silk-hatted men, and women in pale, costly cloaks.

He thrust his clenched hands into the pockets of his jacket, concentrating his attention on the digging under the pans of crackling blue light. His right hand crushed a stiff rectangle of paper; it was his pay envelope, hurriedly pocketed and forgot. There, at any rate, was a tangible mark of accomplishment—of ——

He tore it open and looked at the crisp bills within. They were strangely unfamiliar and Louis hurriedly counted them. In place of the twenty-five dollars he had received weekly were four currency notes for ten dollars each. . . . Forty dollars! He had been advanced already. He was a success!

A feeling of pride, of renewed confidence, swept over him. He stood erect, jaw out, overlooking the small activity before him.

"That will do," he said to a workman smoothing a surface with the back of his shovel.

His voice was crisp and certain. All trace of boyishness had left Louis Magnan.

The labor in the street progressed smoothly, without incident. There was no reason why he should remain; yet he stayed on, inwardly absorbed and subtly held by the proximity of Linda James' world. A shift of workmen arrived; there was a momentary subdued chatter and the night wheeled monotonously toward the gray beginning of dawn.

The conveyances that had left their loads at the awning before midnight returned one by one, carrying away listless men and women. Louis moved to the sidewalk, where he was joined by a policeman; and they stopped to watch the departing guests.

"They have it easy at fourteen-six," the policeman grumbled, nodding toward the canvas, "what with this and that." He moved to a patrol box and gave a vicious, dissatisfied ring. He returned. "Things ain't so smooth for you and me."

Louis nodded absently.

"Who are they?" he asked.

"Banking people named Frazer."

Frazer! Louis had a fleet vision of a girl with a brilliant pointed countenance, in a bathing suit—the girl he had met with Linda James at the pool. He recalled Margaret Frazer's laughing comments, his tentative invitation to—he was certain—this very ball.

He moved forward, forgetting his companion in a sudden overwhelming desire to see Linda James. Perhaps she had already gone! A small line of motors moved up and departed; he was sure she did not leave in any of those. An intermittent movement continued, dwindled; and he thought despairingly that once more she had passed before him and he had missed her.

The policeman made a cynical comment, to which he was oblivious. . . . A slender, young figure in a furred wrap had passed by the opening in the awning. He waited with suspended breath for her appearance at the curb. Louis' breath left him with a violent contraction of his heart.

Linda James stood momentarily visible while a small closed car stopped before her and a servant opened its door. In that short space he saw every detail of her appearance—the cloak had slid back on one side from her round young shoulder; her hair, no longer delightfully free, bound her head in a gleaming complexity.

He started uncontrollably toward her, his lips forming her name; but the servant shut her into the motor with a smooth click of the door and the machine slowly moved forward. His opportunity—perhaps his last—had gone. It was impossible to go out into the street now, stop her. . . . She had appeared older, infinitely more unapproachable, than at the pool.

He watched her motor swing out, evidently guided by the intention to turn at a close-by corner. The machine backed perilously near the ditch, and Louis was about to call out when the rear wheel struck a tripod carrying a red light and crushed it on the ground.

"Them people care for nothing besides their own pleasure," the policeman shot out; "that shoffer ought to go up to the front!"

A thought seared Louis Magnan's brain like a white flash before his eyes—a possibility daring and painfully alight. If it failed he would be finished forever where Linda James was concerned. Yet it held a glimmer of hope.

"I'm in charge here," he said rapidly, "and this is Cob Canning's job—you know him. Pick that man up and I'll go to the station with you. We can't have our stuff broken up like that."

The policeman moved promptly and heavily forward to where the chauffeur was extricating the machine from the débris.

"I'll go right along with you," the former proclaimed, "and show you how to drive—to the Wallace Street Station."

The other commenced a protesting explanation, but the policeman mounted inexorably to the seat by his side.

The door swung open and Linda James leaned out; but she retreated as Louis put his foot on the step. He followed her into the car, with his heart pounding and his face aflame.

"This is unspeakable!" she protested, her anger palely visible in the gloom of the interior.

"I had to speak to you," said Louis Magnan.

A surprised recognition took the place of her resentment.

"Louis!" she exclaimed with a dawning cordiality. "I am, of course, glad to see you; but ——"

"I was working in the ditch," he hurried on, "when a policeman—really!—told me where you were. Then it came over me how tremendously much you mattered and I forgot everything else—how I looked ——"

"You look perfectly splendid!" she interrupted. "Don't you see? Your corduroys and—and mud are real!"

"Everything is more real now," he continued rapidly. "I have a real job; I get forty dollars a week, and it's just commencing. It's with real things—men and responsibility and big operations. And I have a real thing to ask. Linda, will you take a chance while we're young? Will you marry me?"

It seemed to Louis that she swayed close to him for a bewildering moment; but the motor lurched forward with a sudden impetus and she sat erect.

"What is happening?" she demanded.

"I am afraid I had you arrested."

He waited through a tense anxiety of silence, suddenly broken by her clear, happy laughter.

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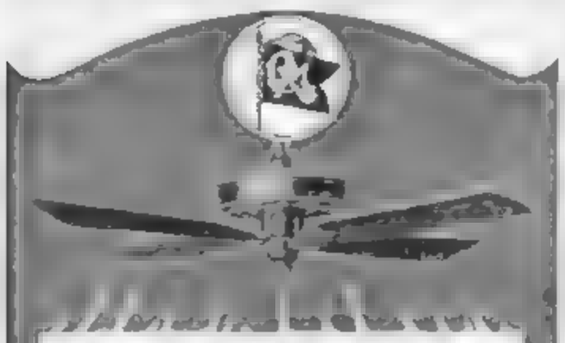

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WHAT IS COMING

(Continued from Page 22)

Hessian troops to prepare the path of glory for Potsdam. But, except for the gash caused by the Teutonic monarchy, there runs round the whole world a north temperate and subarctic zone of peoples, generally similar in complexion, physical circumstances and intellectual and moral quality; having enormous undeveloped natural resources and a common interest in keeping the peace while these natural resources are developed; having, also, a common interest in maintaining the integrity of China and preventing her development into a military power. It is a zone with the clearest prospect of a vast increase in its already enormous population, and it speaks in the main one or other of three languages—either French, Russian or English.

I believe that natural sympathy will march with the obvious possibilities of the situation in bringing the American mind to the realization of this band of common interests, and of its compatibility with the older idea of an American continent protected by a Monroe Doctrine from any possibility of aggression from the monarchies of the Old World. As the old conception of isolation fades and the American mind accustoms itself to the new conception of a need of alliances and understandings to save mankind from the megalomania of races and dynasties, I believe it will turn first to the idea of keeping the seas, with Britain and France, and then to this still wider idea of an understanding with the Pledged Allies that will keep the peace of the world.

Now Germany has taught the world several things, and one of the most important of these lessons is the fact that the destinies of states and peoples are no longer to be determined by the secret arrangements of diplomatists and the agreements or jealousies of kings. For fifty years Germany has been unifying the mind of her people against the world—she has obsessed them with a mistaken ideal; but the point we have to note is that she has succeeded in obsessing them with that ideal. No other modern country has even attempted such a moral and mental solidarity as Germany has achieved. And good ideals need, just as much as bad ones, systematic inculcation, continual open expression and restatement.

Joining Hands With Russia

Mute, mindless or demented nations are dangerous and doomed nations. The great political conceptions that are needed to establish the peace of the world must become the common property of the mass of intelligent adults if they are to hold against the political scoundrel, the royal adventurer, the forensic exploiter, the enemies and scatterers of mankind. The French, Americans and English have to realize this necessity; they have to state a common will; they have to make their possession by that will understood by the Russian people; and they have to share that will with the Russian people. Beyond that there lies the still greater task of making some common system of understandings with the intellectual masses of China and India. At present, with three of these four great Powers enormously preoccupied with actual warfare, there is an opportunity for guiding expression on the part of America such as may never occur again.

So far I have been stating a situation and reviewing certain possibilities. In the past half century the United States has been developing a great system of universities and a continental production of literature and discussion to supplement the limited press and the New England literature of the earlier phase of the American process. It is one of the most interesting speculations in the world to everyone how far this new organization of the American mind is capable of grasping the stupendous opportunities and appeals of the present time.

The war and the great occasions that must follow the war will tax the mind and the intellectual and moral forces of the Pledged Allies enormously. How far is this new but very great and growing system of thought and learning in the United States capable of that propaganda of ideas and language; that progressive expression of a developing ideal of community, which in countries so spontaneous, so chaotic or democratic as the United States and the Pledged Allies must necessarily take the place of the organized authoritative *Kultur* of the Teutonic type of state?

As an undisguisedly patriotic Englishman I should like to see the lead in this intellectual synthesis of the nations, which must be achieved if wars are to cease, undertaken by Great Britain. But I am bound to confess that in Great Britain I see neither the imaginative courage of France nor the brisk enterprise of the Americans. I see this matter as a question of peace and civilization; but there are other baser but quite as effective reasons why America, France and Great Britain should exert themselves to create confidences and understandings between their populations and the Russian population.

There is the immediate business opportunity in Russia. There is the secondary business opportunity in China, which can best be developed as the partners rather than as the rivals of the Russians. Since the Americans are nearest, by way of the Pacific; since they are likely to have more capital and more free energy to play with than the Pledged Allies, I do, on the whole, incline to the belief that it is they who will yet do the pioneer work and the leading work that this opportunity demands.

The Need of a World Tongue

If beneath the alliances of the present war there is to grow up a system of enduring understanding that will lead to the peace of the world, there is needed, as a basis for such understandings, much greater facility of intellectual intercourse than exists at present. First, the world needs a lingua franca; next, the Western peoples need to know more of the Russian language and life than they do; and third, the English language needs to be made more easily accessible than it is at present. The chief obstacle to a Frenchman or Englishman learning Russian is the difficult and confusing alphabet; the chief obstacle to anyone learning English is the irrational spelling. Are people likely to overcome these very serious difficulties in the future? And if so, how will they do it? And what prospects are there of a lingua franca?

Wherever one looks closely into the causes and determining influences of the great convulsions of this time, one is more and more impressed by the apparent smallness of the ultimate directing influence. It seems—to me, at least—that it is a practically proved thing that this vast aggression of Germany is to be traced back to a general tone of court thinking and discussion in the Prussia of the eighteenth century; to the theories of a few professors and the gathering trend of German education in a certain direction. It seems to me that similarly the language teachers of to-day and to-morrow may hold in their hands the seeds of gigantic international developments in the future.

It is not a question of the skill or devotion of individual teachers so much as of the possibility of organizing them upon a grand scale. An individual teacher must necessarily use the ordinary books and ordinary spelling and type of the language in which he is giving instruction. He may get a few elementary instruction books from a private publisher, specially printed for teaching purposes; but very speedily he finds himself obliged to go to the current printed matter. This, as I will immediately show, bars the most rapid and fruitful method of teaching. And in this matter, as in most matters of private enterprise, the individualistic system shows itself a failure.

In England, for example, the choice of Russian lesson books is poor and unsatisfactory, and there is either no serviceable Russian-English and English-Russian dictionary in existence or it is published so badly as to be beyond the range of my inquiries. But a state or a group of universities, or even a rich private association such as farseeing American, French and British business men might be reasonably expected to form, could attack the problem of teaching a language in an altogether different fashion.

The difficulty in teaching English lies in the inconsistency of the spelling and the consequent difficulties of pronunciation. If there were available an ample series of textbooks, reading books and books of general interest, done in a consistent phonetic type and spelling—in which the value of the letters of the phonetic system followed, so far as possible, the prevalent usage in

Europe—the difficulty in teaching English, not merely to foreigners but—as the experiments in teaching reading of the Simplified Spelling Society have proved up to the hilt—to English children can be very greatly reduced.

At first the difficulty of the irrational spelling can be set on one side. The learner attacks and masters the essential language. Then afterward he can, if he likes, go on to the orthodox spelling, which is then no harder for him to read and master than it is for an Englishman of ordinary education to read the facetious orthography of Artemus Ward or of the Westminster Gazette "orfis boy." The learner does one thing at a time instead of attempting, as he would otherwise have to do, two things—and they both difficult and different and conflicting things—simultaneously.

Learning a language is one thing, and memorizing an illogical system of visual images—for that is what reading ordinary English spelling comes to—is quite another. A man can learn to play first chess and then bridge in half the time that these two games would require if he began by attempting simultaneous play; and exactly the same principle applies to the language problem.

Making Foreign Languages Easier

These considerations lead on to the idea of a special development or subspecies of the English language for elementary teaching and foreign consumption. It would be English very slightly simplified and regularized, and phonetically spelled. Let us call it Anglo-American. In it the propagandist power—whatever that power might be, state, university or association—would print not simply instruction books but a literature of cheap editions. Such a specialized, simplified Anglo-American variety of English would enormously stimulate the already wide diffusion of the language, and go far to establish it as that lingua franca of which the world has need.

And in the same way the phonetic alphabet adopted as the English medium could be used as the medium for instruction in French where, as in the British Isles, Canada, North and Central Africa, and large regions of the East, it is desirable to make an English-speaking community bilingual. At present a book in French means nothing to an uninstructed Englishman; an English book conveys no accurate sound images to an uninstructed Frenchman.

On the other hand, a French book printed on a proper phonetic system could be immediately read aloud—though, of course, it could not be understood—by an uninstructed Englishman. From the first he would have no difficulties with the sounds. And vice versa. Such a system of books would mean the destruction of what are for great masses of French and English people insurmountable difficulties on the way to bilingualism. Its production is a task all too colossal for any private publishers or teachers; but it is a task altogether trivial in comparison with the national value of its consequences. Whether it will ever be carried out is just one of those riddles of the jumping cat in the human brain that are most perplexing to the prophet.

The problem becomes at once graver, less hopeful and more urgent when we take up the case of Russian. I have looked closely into this business of Russian teaching, and I am convinced that only a very, very small number of the French and English speaking peoples are going to master Russian under the existing conditions of instruction. If we Westerns want to get at Russia in good earnest we must take up this Russian-language problem with an imaginative courage and upon a scale of which at present I see no signs. If we do not, then the Belgians, French, Americans and English will be doing business in Russia after the war in the German language—or through a friendly German interpreter. That, I am afraid, is the probability of the case; but it need not be the case. Will and intelligence could alter all that.

What has to be done is to have Russian taught at first in a Western phonetic type. Then it becomes a language not very much more difficult to acquire than, say, German by a Frenchman. When the learner can talk with some freedom, has a fairly full vocabulary, a phraseology, knows his verb, and so on, then and then only should he take up the unfamiliar and confusing set of visual images of Russian lettering—I speak from the point of view of those who have read the Latin alphabet. How confusing it may be only those who have tried it can tell. Its familiarity to the eye increases the difficulty; totally unfamiliar forms would be easier to learn. The Frenchman or Englishman is confronted with COP: the sound of that is SAR!

For those who learn languages, as so many people do nowadays, by visual images there will always be an undercurrent toward saying "cop." The mind plunges hopelessly through that tangle to the elements of a speech which is as yet unknown.

Nevertheless, almost all the instruction in Russian of which I can get an account begins with the alphabet; and must, I suppose, begin with the alphabet until teachers have a suitably printed set of instruction books to enable them to take the better line.

One school-teacher I know, in a public school, devoted the entire first term—the third of a year to the alphabet. At the end he was still dissatisfied with the progress of his pupils. He gave them Russian words, of course—words of which they knew nothing—in Russian characters. It was too much for them to take hold of at one and the same time. He did not even think of teaching them to write French and English words in the strange lettering. He did not attempt to write his Russian in Latin letters. He was apparently ignorant of any system of transliteration and he did nothing to mitigate the impossible task before him.

At the end of the term most of his pupils gave up the hopeless effort. It is not too much to say that, for a great number of "visualizing" people, the double effort at the outset of Russian is entirely too much. It stops them altogether. But to almost anyone it is possible to learn Russian if at first it is presented in a lettering that gives no trouble. If I found myself obliged to learn Russian urgently I should get some accepted system of transliteration, carefully transcribe every word of Russian in my textbook into the Latin characters, and learn the elements of the language from my manuscript.

America's Opportunity

A year or so ago I made a brief visit to Russia with a Russian Self-Taught in my pocket. Nothing sticks, nothing ever did stick, of that self-taught Russian except the words I learnt in Latin type. Those I remember—as I remember all words—as groups of Latin letters. I learnt to count, for example, up to a hundred. The other day I failed to recognize the Russian word for eleven in Russian characters until I had spelt it out. Then I said "Oh!" But I knew it when I heard it.

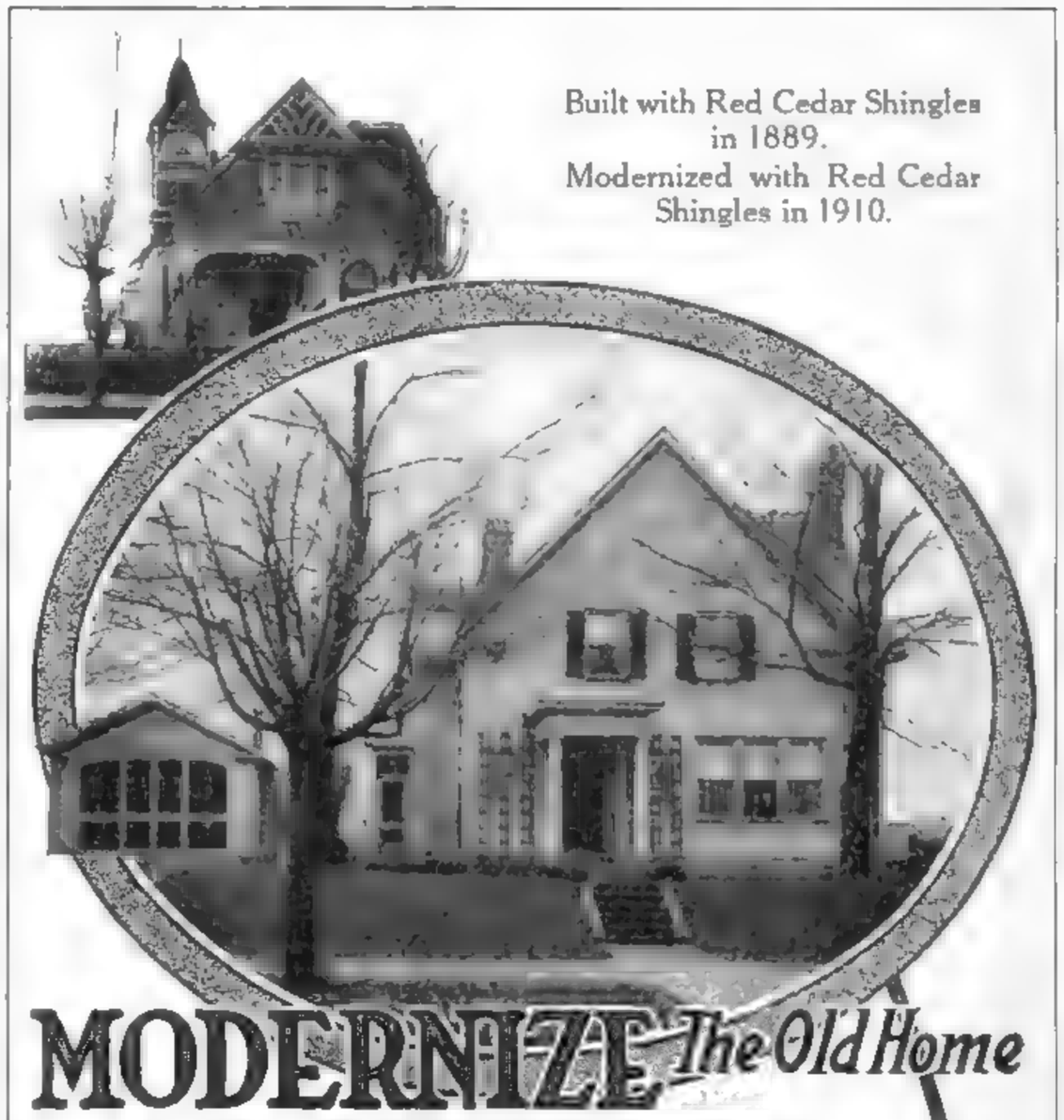
An abundant cheap supply, first, of English and French books, in English and French, but in the Russian characters, by means of which Russians may rapidly learn French and English—for it is quite a fable that these languages are known and used in Russia below the level of the court and aristocracy—and, second, of Russian books in the Latin—or some easy phonetic development of the Latin—type, will do more to facilitate interchange and intercourse between Russia and France, America and Britain, and so consolidate the present alliance, than almost any other single thing. But that supply will not be a paying thing to provide; if it is left to publishers or private language teachers, or any form of private enterprise, it will never be provided. It is necessarily a public undertaking.

But because a thing is necessary it does not follow that it will be achieved. Bread may be necessary to a starving man, but there is always the alternative that he will starve.

France, which is most accessible to creative ideas, is least interested in this particular matter. Great Britain is still heavily conservative. It is idle to ignore the forces still intrenched in the Established Church, in the universities and the great schools, that stand for an irrational resistance to all new things.

American universities are comparatively youthful and sometimes quite surprisingly innovating; and America is the country of the adventurous millionaire. There has been evidence in several American papers that have reached me recently of a disposition to get ahead with Russia and cut out the Germans—and incidentally the British.

Amid the cross-currents and overlappings of this extraordinary time it seems to me highly probable that America will at least lead in this vitally important effort to promote international understanding.



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6500: Thoone, F. H., 1120 Narra Blvd., Providence, R. I., 7[illegible]Md., 36 Harris, Pittsfield, [illegible], 8938: [illegible]n & Danzer, Hagerstow[illegible] Md., 7000: Tay[illegible] H. M., 3923 Main [illegible] Baltimore, Md., [illegible] Thweatt, Carl, [illegible]ncake M[illegible] Co., Baltimore, Md., 820[illegible] [illegible], 3[illegible] Olive St., Kansas City, Mo[illegible] [illegible]rey & Vialle, Concord, Mass., 23000: Tra[illegible] W. F., Woodstord[illegible]e., 12000: Tupper, Ra[illegible] South Portland, Me[illegible]40: Tacoma Tran[illegible] Co., Tacoma, Wash., [illegible] Taxicab S[illegible]e Co., 2 E. 2nd St., Salt Lake City, Utah, [illegible] Thompson, J. H., Stockton, Cal., 13100: Townsend, J. F., 1050 Eddy St., San Francisco, Cal., 15000.

UNION Sugar Co., 310 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal., 11174: Union Repair Shop, Sussex, N. J., 9000: University Garage, St. Paul, Minn., 9200: Universal Vulc Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 10347: Upham, F. S., c/o Iver Johnson Arms & Cycle Works, Fitchburg, Mass., 9000: Universal Sup. Co., Tacoma, Wash., 10500.

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Eliminates awkward handling, pours cleanly to right or left—no overflow or drip.

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NEWSKIN CO., NEW YORK

THE EYES OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 7)

a Norfolk jacket, a flowing tie of the Windsor, England, and East Aurora, New York, variety, and trousers which were much too short for him if they were meant to be long trousers and much too long for him if they were meant to be short trousers. Hand in hand, with gladsome outcry, this pair sped through the open doors and vaulted down the porch steps without, as nimbly as the chamois of the Alpine steeps, toward a large touring car wherein sat a waiting chauffeur, most correctly liveried and goggled.

Close behind them, in ardent pursuit, an elderly, rather obese gentleman in white waistcoat, white side whiskers and white spats—patently a distressed parent—tore into sight, waving his arms and calling upon the fleeing pair to halt. Yet halted they not. They whisked into the rear seat of the automobile just as the elderly gentleman tripped on a crack in the planking of the veranda and was precipitated headlong into the arms of a fat bellboy who at this exact moment emerged from behind a pillar. It was a very fat bellboy—one that could not have weighed an ounce less than two hundred pounds, nor been an hour less than forty years old—and he was grotesquely comical in a suit of brass buttons and green cloth incredibly tight for him. Locked in each other's arms the parent and bellboy rolled down the steps—bumpety-bump!—and as progressing thus in close communion they reached the surface of the driveway, a small-town policeman, wearing long chin whiskers and an enormous tin star, ran forward from nowhere in particular, stumbled over their entangled forms and fell upon them with great violence. Then while the three of them squirmed and wriggled there in a heap, the automobile whirled away with the elopers—it was, of course, by now quite plain that they must be elopers—casting mocking, mirthsome glances backward over their diminishing shoulders.

"Slap stick! Rough-house! Cheap stuff! But it goes—somehow it goes. The public stands for it. It passes one's comprehension." It was Mr. Royal Harcourt who, standing just behind the Firkinses, commented in tones of a severe disparagement. They became cognizant also of a man who had been stationed in the grass plot facing the hotel, grinding away at a crank device attached to a large camera. He had now ceased from grinding. Except for the camera man, the disapproving Mr. Harcourt and themselves, no one else within sight appeared to take more than a perfunctory interest in what had just occurred.

"Come with me," bade Mr. Harcourt when the outraged parent, the fat bellboy and the small-town policeman had picked themselves up, brushed themselves off and taken themselves away. "You have seen one side of this great industry. I propose now to introduce you to another side of it—the artistic side."

He waved his arm in a general direction, and instantly a small jitneybile detached itself from a flock of jitneybiles stationed alongside the nearer curbing and came curving up to receive them. This city, I may add in passing, was the home of the original mother jitney, and there, in her native habitat, she spawned extensively before she moved eastward, breeding busily as she went.

To the enlarged eyes of the Firkinses strange phases of life were recurringly revealed as the vehicle which their guide had chartered progressed along the wide suburban street, beneath the shelter of the pepper trees and the palms. Yet the residential classes living thereabout appeared to view the things which transpired with a languid, not to say a bored, manner; and as for Mr. Harcourt, he, sitting in front alongside the driver, seemed to notice them scarcely at all.

For example: Two automobiles, one loaded with French Zouaves and the other with Prussian infantrymen, all heavily armed and completely accoutered, whizzed by them, going in the opposite direction. A most winsome, heavily bejeweled gypsy lass flirted openly with a comedy butler beneath the windows of a bungalow, while a waspish housemaid, evidently wrought to a high pitch by emotions of jealousy, balefully spied upon them from the shelter of an adjacent shrubbery clump. Out of a small fruit store emerged a benevolent, white-haired Church of England clergyman, of the last century but one, in cassock, flat hat and knee breeches. With him walked a most villainous-appearing pirate, a wretch whose whiskered face was gashed with cutlass scars and whose wicked legs were leathered hip-deep in jack boots. These two were eating tangerines from the same paper bag as they issued forth together.

The car bearing our friends passed a mansion, the handsomest upon the street. Out from its high-columned portals into the hot sunshine staggered a young man whose lips were very red and whose mustache was very black, with great hollows beneath his eyes and white patches at his temples—a young man dressed in correct evening attire, who, pausing for a moment, struck his open hand to his forehead with a gesture indicative of intense despair—you somehow opined he had lost all at the gaming table—then reeled from sight down a winding driveway. One glimpsed that his glistening linen shirt bosom was of a pronounced saffron cast, with collar and tie and cuffs all of the same bilious tone to match.

"Noticed the yellow, didn't you?" asked Mr. Harcourt. "That means he's been doing indoor stuff. Under the lights yellow comes out white."

At the end of a long mile the jitney halted at a gateway set in a high wooden wall beyond which might be seen the peaks of a glass-topped roof. About this gateway clustered a large assemblage of citizens of all ages and conditions, but with the young of both sexes predominating. As the young women uniformly wore middy blouses and the young men sport shirts, opened at the neck, there were bared throats and wide sailor collars wherever one looked.

"Extra people," elucidated their host. "They get three a day—when they work. We'll probably use a lot of them to-day."

Within the inclosure a new world unfolded itself for the travelers from the Atlantic seaboard—in fact, sections of several new worlds. At the heels of Mr. Harcourt they threaded their way along a great wooden stage that was open, front and top, to the blue skies, and as they followed after him they looked sideways into the interior of a wrecked and deserted Belgian farmhouse; and next door to that into a courtroom now empty of everything except its furnishings; and next door to that into a gloomy dungeon with barred windows and painted canvas walls. They took a turn across a dusty stretch of earth beyond the far end of the segmented stage, and, lo, they stood in the gibbering midriff of an Oriental city. Behind all was lath, furring and plaster, chicken wire, two-by-fours and shingle nails; but in front 'twas a cross-section of teeming bazaar life. How far away seemed 373 Japonica Avenue, Brooklyn, then!

An energetic man in laced boots and a flannel shirt—Mr. Harcourt called him the director—peered angrily into the perspective of the scene and, waving a pasteboard megaphone in command, ordained that a distant mountain should come ten feet nearer to him. Alongside of this young man Mohammed was an amateur. For the mountain did obey, advancing ten feet, no more and no less. Half a score of young men in cowboy garb enshrouded themselves in flowing white draperies, took long, tasseled spears in their hands, and swung themselves upon the backs of horses—and, behold, a tribe of Bedouins trotted through the crowded, winding way, scattering mendicants, priests, camel drivers and peddlers from before their path.

Upon the edge of all this Chester K. Firkins hovered as one entranced. He had lost Mrs. Firkins; he was separated from Mr. Harcourt.

He became aware of three damsels of tender years who sat in a row upon a pile of rough lumber near at hand. They wore flowing robes of many colors; they were barefooted, their small toes showing pleasantly pink and white below the hems of their robes, and their arms were drawn primly behind them. He watched them. Although manifestly having no part in the scene then being rehearsed for filming, they continued to hold their arms in this restrained and presumably uncomfortable attitude, as though they might be practicing some new form of a deep-breathing exercise.

As he watched, one of the three, catching his eye, arose and came padding her little bare feet through the dust to where he stood.

"Do me a favor?" she inquired archly.

"Why—why, yes, certainly, if possible," answered Mr. Firkins.

"Sure, it's possible. See this?" She shook her head, and a wayward ringlet which dangled down against her cheek was agitated to and fro across her pert face. "Well, it's tickling my nose something fierce. Tuck it back up out of sight, will you?"

"I'm—I'm afraid I don't understand," stammered Mr. Firkins, jostled internally.

She turned slowly round, and he saw then that her wrists were crossed behind her back and neatly bound together with a length of new hemp rope.

"I'm one of the captive Armenians," she explained, facing him again. "More'n an hour ago Wagstaff—he's the assistant director—tied us up. We gotta stay just so till our scene goes on. He's such a bug on all them little details—Wagstaff is! Go on and get this hair up out of my face, can't you? I'll be sneezing my head off in another minute. But say—mind the make-up."

A brightish pink in color, Mr. Firkins extended a helping hand, tingling inside of himself.

"Chester!"

It was his master's voice, speaking with most decided masterfulness. As though the errant curl had been red-hot Mr. Firkins jerked his outstretched fingers back. The Armenian maiden retired precipitately, her shoulders twitching.

"Chester, come here!"

Chester came, endeavoring, unsuccessfully, to avoid all outward semblance of guilt.

"Chester, might I ask what you were doing with that—that young person?" Mrs. Firkins' manner was ominous.

"I was helping her—a little—with her hair"

"With her—why, what—do you ——"

"She is tied. Her hands, you know She ——"

"Tied, is she?" Mrs. Firkins bestowed a chilled stare upon the retreating figure of the captive. "Well, she deserves to be. They should keep her tied. Chester, I want you to stay close to me and not go wandering off again."

"Yes, my dear, I will—I mean, I won't."

"Besides, you may be needed any minute now. Mr. Harcourt"—she indicated that gentleman, who had approached—"has been kind enough to invite us to take part in this play."

"But, my dear—but ——"

"Chester, I wish for my sake you would refrain from keeping on saying 'but.' And please quit interrupting."

"You see—it's like this," explained Mr. Harcourt: "It's the scene at the dock when the heroine gets home. You two are to be two of the passengers—the director says he'll be very glad to have you take part. I just spoke to him. There will be many others in the scene—extras, you know. Think you'd like it? It will be an experience."

"As you say, Mr. Harcourt, it will be an experience," said Mrs. Firkins. "I accept with pleasure. So does my husband."

Promptly ensued then action, and plenty of it. With many others, recruited from the ranks of the populace, the Chester Firkinses were herded into a corner of the open-faced stage at the back side of the bazaar—a corner which the two presiding genii of that domain, known technically and respectively as the boss carpenter and the head property man, had, by virtue of their magic and in accordance with an order from their overlord, the director, transformed, even as one waited, from something else into the pierhead of a New York dock. With those same others our two friends mounted a steep flight of steps behind the scenes, and then, shoving sheeplike through a painted gangway in a painted bulkhead of a painted ship, they flocked down across a canvas-sided gangplank to the ostensible deck of the presumable pier, defiling off from left to right out of lens range, the while they smiled and waved fond greetings to supposititious friends.

When they had been made to do this twice and thrice, when divers stumbling individuals among them had been corrected of a desire to gaze, with the rapt, fascinated stare of sleepwalkers, straight into the eye of the machine, when the director was satisfied with his rehearsal, he suddenly yelled "Camera!" and started them at it all over again.

In this instant a spell laid hold on Chester Firkins. As one exalted he went through the picture, doing his share and more than his share to make it what a picture should be. For being suddenly possessed with the instinct to act—an instinct which belongs to all of us, but which some of us after we have grown up manage to repress—Chester acted. In his movements there was the unstudied carelessness which is best done when it is studied; in his fashion of carrying his furled umbrella and his strapped steamer rug—the Ziegler Company had furnished the steamer rug but the umbrella was his own—there was natural grace; but in his quick start of recognition on beholding some dear one in the imaginary throng waiting down on the pier out of sight there was that art which is the highest of all arts.

With your permission we shall skip the orange groves, languishing through that day for Mr. and Mrs. Chester K. Firkins to come and see them. We shall skip the San Francisco Exposition. We shall skip the Yosemite Valley, in which to Chester there seemed to be something lacking, and the Big Trees, which after all were much like other trees, excepting they were larger. These things the travelers saw within the scope of three weeks, and the end of those three weeks and the half of a fourth week brings them and us back to 373 Japonica Avenue. There daily Chester watched the amusement columns of the Eagle.

On a Monday evening at seven-fifteen he arrived home from the office, holding in his hand a folded copy of that dependable sheet.

"Chester," austerely said Mrs. Firkins as he let himself in at the door, "you are late, and you have kept everything waiting. Hurry through your dinner. We are going over to the Lewinsohns for four-handed rummy and then a rarebit."

"Not to-night, Gertrude Maud," said Chester.

"And why not to-night?" demanded the lady with a rising inflection. She was unused to opposition from this quarter and was nettled by signs of it.

"Because," said Chester, "to-night we are going to the Bijou Palace Theater. The Prince of the Desert goes on to-night for the first run."

"Oh," said Mrs. Firkins understandingly. "I'll telephone Mrs. Lewinsohn we can't come—make some excuse or other. Yes, we'll go to the Bijou Palace." She said this as though the idea had been hers all along.

Seated in the darkened auditorium they watched the play unfold upon the screen. They watched while the hero, a noble son of the Arabic sands, rescued the heroine, who was daughter to a comedy missionary, from the clutches of the wicked governor-general. They saw the barefoot Armenian maids dragged by mocking nomads across burning wastes to the tented den of a villainous sheik, and in the wrist-bound procession Chester recognized the damsel of the truant curl and the ticklish nose. They saw the intrepid and imperturbable American correspondent as, unafraid, he stood in the midst of carnage and slaughter, making notes in a large leather-backed notebook such as all newspaper correspondents are known to carry. But on these stirring episodes Chester K. Firkins looked with but half an eye and less than half his mind. He was waiting for something else.

Eventually, at the end of Reel Four, his waiting was rewarded, and he achieved the ambition which all men bear within themselves, but which only a few, comparatively speaking, ever gratify—the yearning to see ourselves as others see us. While the blood drummed in his heated temples Chester Firkins saw himself, and he liked himself. I do not overstretch the true facts when I say that he liked himself first-rate. And when, in the very midst of liking himself, he reflected that elsewhere over the land, in scores, perhaps in hundreds of places such as this one, favored thousands were seeing him too—well, the thought was well-nigh overpowering.

I am concerned not with the emotions that may have stirred Mrs. Firkins, and very possibly did stir her, as she beheld her screened presentment advancing majestically down the gangplank and thence across from left to right. We are concerned now with her husband.

For the succeeding three nights Mr. Firkins' fireside knew him not. The figure of speech here employed is purely poetic, because, as a matter of fact, the house was heated by steam. But upon each of these three evenings he sat in the Bijou Palace, waiting for that big moment to come when he before his own eyes should appear. Each

(Concluded on Page 62)

Breaking All Records for Growth

Each year, for forty-eight years, has our establishment added growth, with interest, to all the progress gone before. From a small tailoring shop to a great sunlit factory set in a park, from an unknown name to a nation-wide business, from no dealers to hundreds of dealers, until every man in America has for a nearby neighbor a responsible merchant selling

ADLER-ROCHESTER Clothes

A great designer, famous among custom tailors, joined the Adler-Rochester style organization this season. His coming adds an item to the praise of men who speak with understanding appreciation of the fine style in Adler-Rochester business suits, sport suits and overcoats for this Spring and Summer.

Your interest in good and stylish clothes makes it essential that you seek now your nearest Adler-Rochester dealer. He is closer at hand than ever, for one hundred and seventy-one merchants trading with five hundred thousand men, have this season swelled the long list of Adler-Rochester dealers.

Send for a copy of "Men's Styles for Spring & Summer 1916" illustrating the new Adler-Rochester models. L. Adler, Bros. & Co., Rochester, N. Y

The Vogue of Community Plate

Fifth Avenue Decorator says Community Plate is Supplanting Solid Silver in the Homes of Wealthy New Yorkers

THE following interview with Mr. F—, interior decorator for L— & Co., Fifth Avenue, New York City, gives the facts in regard to some very wealthy New Yorkers. It also indicates, we believe, the modern trend in silverware buying.

THE INTERVIEW*

"I am told, Mr. F—, that you do interior decorating for the 'New York smart set'."

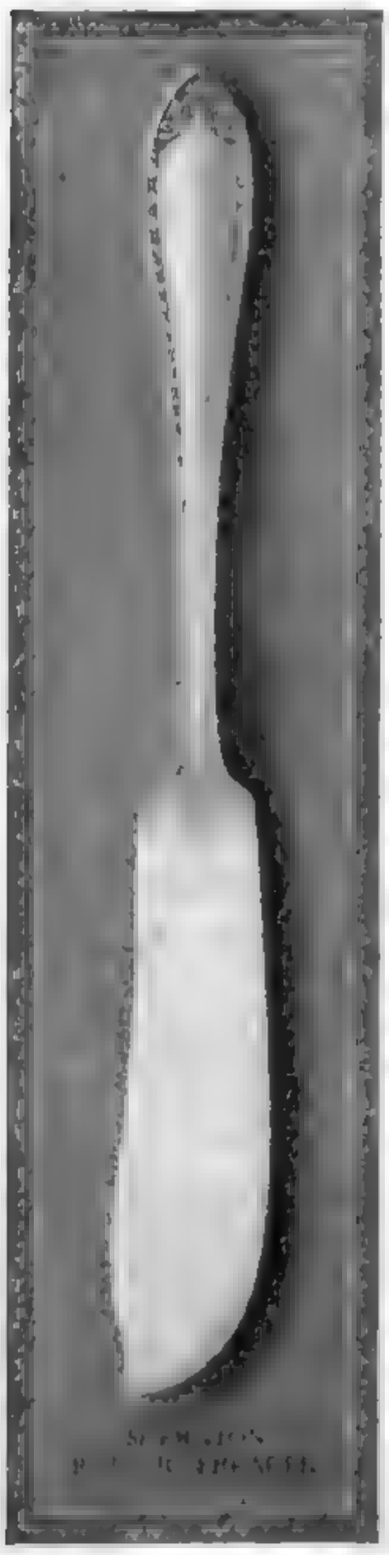
"You might call them that. But 'smart set' is a rather indefinite term, isn't it? My clients are people of wealth and social position, if that is what you mean."

"Suppose we drop 'smart set' then. Could I say that as an interior decorator you have access to many homes of wealth?"

"Yes. That is entirely true."

"The furniture in such homes is remarkable, I suppose?"

"Occasionally it is extraordinary. For instance, the dining room alone in Mrs. H. L. B—'s home in Park Avenue contains a collection of Sheraton and Chippendale furniture valued at $50,000."



* * *

"What is the table service in Mrs. B—'s house like—the knives, forks and spoons, I mean? They are solid silver of course?"

"Solid silver? Not at all. She has the Georgian pattern in Community Plate. This design harmonizes perfectly with her beautiful furniture."

"Have you seen Community in other homes of great wealth?"

"Yes, in Mrs. E. C—'s in Riverside Drive. She has the Patrician design."

* * *

"Do you happen to know why Mrs. C— selected Community Plate?"

"Yes—she told me. She went to Y—'s in Fifth Avenue, intending to buy solid table silver. But she could find nothing in solid silver that suited her. So she bought the Patrician pattern in Community Plate. It had greater distinction, she said."

"Would you mind telling me whether you have found Community Plate in still other homes of the same sort?"

"Yes, often."

* * *

"That is interesting. Have you yourself, Mr. F—, any theory to account for Community Plate being so popular among the very wealthy?"

"Yes, it is the beautiful purity of the Community designs. The era of the ornate is past. People of wealth no longer seek the most expensive materials in furnishing their houses. Look at the present vogue of Sheffield Plate, for instance. What such people want is distinction. Now, the Community Designs—"

"Have this necessary distinction?"

"Precisely! And that is why Community Plate today is found in so many of the most exclusive homes."

DINING ROOM of MRS. HONORÉ PALMER

Mrs. Palmer, leader of Chicago's younger social set, was Miss Grace C Brown, and is the daughter-in-law of Mrs. Potter Palmer. The Sheraton design in Community Plate is used on her dining table

* The names of all persons mentioned or referred to in this interview, have been deposited with the publishers of The Saturday Evening Post.

The Vogue of Community Plate

A FEW DISTINGUISHED PATRONS OF COMMUNITY PLATE

(By Permission)

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, New York,
Patrician design

Hon. Mrs. Beresford, London,
Sheraton design

Baroness de Meyer, New York,
Sheraton design

Countess Festetics, New York,
Sheraton design

Mrs. James B. Haggin, New York,
Patrician design

Baroness Huard, Paris,
Patrician design

Mrs. F. C. Havemeyer, New York,
Patrician design

Mrs. Oliver Harriman, New York,
Sheraton design

Mrs. Robert Jordan, Boston,
Georgian design

Mrs. Frederic Neilson, New York,
Sheraton design

Mrs. Honoré Palmer, Chicago,
Sheraton design

Princess Troubetzkoy, New York,
Patrician design

Mrs. James Viles, Chicago,
Patrician design

Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt, New York,
Patrician design

Photographed by permission

DINING ROOM *of* MRS. FREDERICK C. HAVEMEYER

Mrs. Havemeyer, who was Miss Lillie Harriman, is a sister of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt. She is almost as well known as a connoisseur and a woman of taste as she is as a leader of fashion. Her dining room is furnished with the Patrician design in Community Plate.

When it comes to silverware, even the staunchest American is an aristocrat at heart. Surely no one could resist the charm and distinction of the Patrician design in Community Plate. A chest containing a complete outfit for the table can be bought at prices ranging from $75.00 to $500.00. Or in individual sets; for instance, teaspoons $4.30 the dozen.

At your service for 50 years.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD., ONEIDA, N. Y.

(Concluded from Page 59

night he discovered new and pleasing details about himself the set of his head upon his shoulders, the swing of his arm, the lift of his leg; each night, the performance being ended, he came forth regarding his fellow patrons compassionately, for they were but the poor creatures who had made up the audience, while he veritably had been not only part of the audience but part of the entertainment as well; each night he expected to be recognized in the flesh by some emerging person of a keen discernment of vision, but was disappointed here; and each night he went home at ten-forty five and told his wife that business on the other side of the bridge had detained him. She believed him. She—poor, blinded wretch—did not see in his eyes the flickering reflection of the spark of desire, now fanning into a flame of resolution within the brazier of his ribs.

Thursday night came, and The Prince of the Desert film concluded its engagement at the Bijou Palace. Friday night came, but Chester K. Firkins did not. He did not come home that night nor the next day nor the next night. Without warning to anyone he had vanished utterly, leaving behind no word of whatsoever nature. He was gone, entirely and completely gone, taking with him only the garments in which he stood—a black cutaway, black four-in-hand tie, black derby hat, plain button shoes, plain, white, stiff-bosomed shirt. I am quoting now from the description embodied in a printed general alarm sent out by the police department, which general alarm went so far as to mention considerable bridge-work in the upper jaw and a pair of large, fairly prominent ears.

At last Chester K. Firkins, although not present to read what was printed of him, got into the papers. Being questioned by reporters, his late employers declared that the missing man was of unimpeachable habits and that his accounts were straight, and immediately then, in a panic, set experts at work on his books. Remarkable to state, his accounts were straight. In the bank, in his wife's name, he had left a comfortable balance of savings. His small investments were in order. They likewise were found to be in his wife's name; it seemed he had sent a written order for their transfer on the eve of his flight—if flight it was. The house already was hers by virtue of a deed executed years before. Discussing the nine-day sensation, the ladies of the neighborhood said that even if Chester Firkins had run away with some brazen hussy or other, as to them seemed most probable—because, you know, you never can tell about these little quiet men—at least he had left poor, dear Gertrude well provided for, and that, of course, was something.

Something this may have been; but the deserted wife mourned and was desolate. She wanted Chester back; she was used to having him round. He had been a good husband, as husbands go—not exciting, perhaps, but good. Despite strong evidences to the contrary, she could not bring herself to believe that deliberately he had abandoned her. He was dead, by some tragic and violent means, or else he had been kidnaped. Twice with a sinking heart she accompanied a detective sergeant from borough headquarters to the morgue, there to gaze upon a poor relic of mortality which had been fished out of the river, but which bore no resemblance to her Chester nor, indeed, to anything else that once had been human. After this the police lost even a perfunctory interest in the quest. But the lady was not done. She paid a retainer to a private detective agency having branches over the country, and search was maintained in many places, high and low.

Three months went by; then a fourth. Japonica Avenue may have forgotten Chester Firkins, but Gertrude Maud had not. At the tag end of the fourth month came tidings from the main office of the detective agency which, overnight, started Mrs. Firkins to where—as the passenger agents for the transcontinental lines so aptly phrase it—California's Golden Strand is kissed by the pellucid waves of the Sun-Down Sea. It couldn't be true, this report which had been brought to her by a representative of the great sleuth for whom the agency was named; indeed, it was inconceivable to one who knew her husband that such a report could be true, but she would make certain for herself. She would—so this suffering, conscientious woman told herself—leave no stone unturned. She would neglect to follow up no clew merely because of its manifest improbability.

So back she journeyed to that selfsame town where the Ziegler studios were housed. A local representative of the agency, being advised by telegraph in advance of her coming, met her at the station. Expressing physically the gentle sympathy of an honorary pallbearer, he led her to an automobile, and with her he drove for miles through streets which she remembered having traversed at least once before, until in the far suburban reaches of the city, where the blue foothills of the coast range came down toward the sea, he brought her to a center of the moving-picture industry; not the Ziegler establishment this time, but to the curious place known as Filmville—ninety fenced-in acres of seeming madness. It was getting on toward five o'clock in the afternoon when the automobile halted before its minareted portals. Leaving Mrs. Firkins in the car her companion went to confer briefly with a uniformed individual on duty at the door. Returning to her he spoke as follows:

"The—ahem—the party we've got under suspicion is out on location with a company. But they're due back here before dark. I guess we'd better wait a spell."

He helped her to alight, dismissed the automobile, and accompanied her to an ornamental seat by an exceedingly ornamental fountain which spouted in a grass plot hard by the gates to Filmville. As she sat and waited, strangely clad men and women—purporting to represent in their attire many periods of the world's history and many remote corners of the world's surface—passed by, going in and out. From over the high walls came to her jungle sounds and jungle smells, for this vast concern maintained its own zoo upon its own premises. Persistently a sacred cow of India, tethered in a recess of the fence where herbage sprouted, mooed for an absent mate, and the voice of the creature matched Mrs. Firkins' thoughts. Internally she was mooing for her mate too.

Twilight impended when two automobile loads of principals, attired cowboyishly and cowgirlishly, came thumping out of the north along the dusty road. These persons dismounted and trooped inside. A little behind them, heralded by a jingle of accouterment, came a dozen or so punchers riding ponies. With jest and quip bandied back and forth, and to the tinkling of their spurs, these last dropped off their jaded mounts, leaving the ponies to stand with drooping heads and dragging bridles, and went clumping on their high heels into a small wooden place, advertising liquid refreshment, which stood across the way. The detective softly joggled Mrs. Firkins' elbow.

"Come on, ma'am," he said; "just follow me. And don't say anything until you're sure. And don't scream or faint or anything like that—if you can help it."

"I shan't," said Mrs. Firkins, all a-tremble. She was resolved not to scream and she was not the fainting kind.

Very naturally and very properly, as a gently nurtured woman, Mrs. Firkins had never seen the interior of a barroom. From just inside the swinging doors where her escort halted her she looked about the place with the eye of curiosity, and even though her mind swirled tumultuously she comprehended it—the glassware, the pictures on the walls, the short bar, the affable dispenser who stood behind it, and the row of cowboys who lined the front of it from end to end, with their backs and hunched shoulders all turned to her, stretching away in a diminishing perspective.

"Wait a minute, lady," advised the detective in a whisper. "Take your time and look 'em over careful. And be sure—be sure to be sure."

The lady strove to obey. She looked and she looked. At the back of the room three punchers were clumped together, withdrawn slightly from their fellows—a tall puncher, a medium-sized puncher, and between these two a small puncher.

"Here, ol'-timer," bade the tall puncher, knocking with his knuckles upon the bar "wait on fellers that a-got a real thirst. Three long beers!"

The beers were drawn and placed at properly spaced intervals before the three. Their three right elbows rose at an angle and the flagons of creamy brew vanished.

A fourth cowboy slid down toward them. "Well," he demanded boisterously, 'how's Little Chestnut makin' out? Still saddle sore? Still hatin' to think of the place where you got to meet that there old paint pony of yourn to-mor' mornin'?"

It was the tall cowboy who made answer. "Nix on that 'Chestnut' thing," he said. "That's old stuff. You should a-seen the little man stay by that pinto of hisn when she got uptious a while ago—jist stay by her and pour the leather into her. No, sir, that there 'Chestnut' stuff don't go any more for this bunch. This here"—and his long flannel-clad arm was endearingly enwrapped about the shoulders of his small companion—"this here boy from now on is Old Chesty."

Even though viewed from behind, it might be seen that the person thus rechristened was protruding a proud chest. With a little swagger he breasted the bar.

"I'm buying," he stated loudly. "Everybody's in on this one."

"Whee!" yelled the big cowboy. "Chesty's buyin'—this one's on Old Chesty."

But another voice rose above his voice, overtopping it—the cry of an agonized woman:

"Oh, Chester!"

As though he had been bee-stung the little man pivoted on his heels. His chaps hung floppingly about his short legs; his blue shirt was open halfway down his sunburnt chest; his pistol holster flapped against his flank; his wide white hat was upon the back of his head; his neck was tanned brown; his face was red and sweaty; his two large outstanding ears were burnt a bright, translucent crimson; his hands were dirty—but it was Chester. For one moment, contemplating the accusing, brimming eyes of the lady, he flinched and shrank as one reared amid the refining influences of Japonica Avenue under such circumstances as these might well have flinched, might well have shrunk. Then he stiffened and in all visible regards was again Old Chesty, the roughrider.

"Hello, Gertrude," he said, just like that.

"Oh, Chester!" she wailed the words in louder key even than before.

Like the gentleman that he was, the barkeeper turned squarely round and began polishing the valve of a beer pump with the palm of his moist hand. With a glance which swiftly traveled from one to another the tall cowboy gathered up his fellows and speedily they withdrew through the swinging doors, passing the lady with faces averted, profoundly actuated all by considerations inspired of their delicate outdoor sensibilities. Except for the detective person, husband and wife, to all intents and purposes, stood alone, face to face.

"Oh, Chester," she repeated for the third time, and now forgivingly her arms were outstretched. "Oh, Chester, how could you do it?"

"Do what, Gertrude?"

"Run away and l-l-leave me. What did you do it for?"

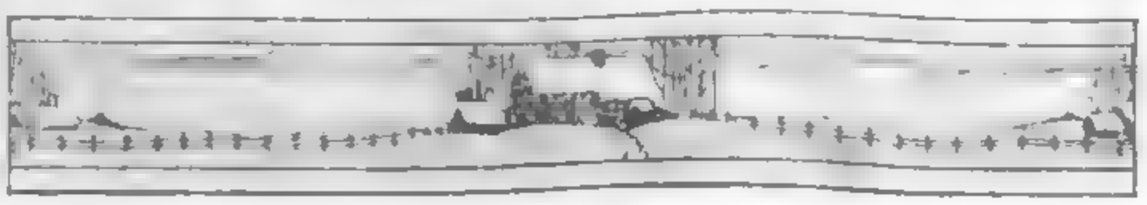
"Three dollars a day," he answered simply. There was no flippancy in the reply, but merely directness.

"Oh, Chester, to give up your home your position—me—for that! Oh, what madness possessed you! Chester, come back home."

"Back home to Brooklyn? Not on your life." His tone was firmness itself. He spoke commandingly, as one who not only is master of himself but of a present situation. "Gertrude, you'd better stay here, too, now that you've come. I guess maybe I could get 'em to work you in on the regular list of extras. You'd probably film well." He eyed her appraisingly.

"But, oh, Chester, to go—as you went—with never a word—never a line to me!"

"Gertrude, you wouldn't have understood. Don't you see, honey, it's like this." He took her in his arms, even as she had meant to take him into hers, and, with small, comforting pats upon her heaving back, sought to soothe her. "It's like this. I'm before the public now. Why, Gertrude, I'm in the eyes of the world."



United States "Balanced" Tires

At Last—— the 'Balanced' Tire

The greatest forward step ever made in pneumatic tires

On January 8th, in The Saturday Evening Post, we announced that at last we had made pneumatic rubber tires more like other dependable articles of merchandise.

Stop and analyze this statement—"more like other dependable articles of merchandise."

Unless backed up by results, it would be almost commercial suicide for a tire manufacturer to make such a statement.

Now we are ready to tell you the reason for this fearless confidence in our tires—the reason for the gigantic sales increases of our tires since September last.

Many months ago we finally worked out and began producing the completely 'balanced' pneumatic tire—the heretofore unattainable goal of every tire manufacturer.

To be 100 per cent. efficient, a tire must be absolutely 'balanced'—that is, the rubber tread and the fabric carcass of the tire must give equal wear.

'Balance' the tire maker's goal

To have perfect 'balance' the rubber tread must have enough resiliency to absorb road shocks that tend to disintegrate the fabric, and still must have the toughness to give long wear.

Too much toughness reduces resiliency; too much resiliency sacrifices toughness.

Problem—find the 'balance.'

Full rubber-tread efficiency demands a 50-50 'balance' of resiliency and toughness.

Full fabric-carcass efficiency demands a 50-50 'balance' of fabric layers and rubber—a union that will make tread separation impossible.

Full, complete tire efficiency demands a 50-50 'balance' of the rubber tread and the fabric carcass—neither may be stronger nor weaker than the other.

This is the goal we have reached

By producing this complete 'balance' between resiliency and toughness in the tread, and between fabric and rubber in the carcass, we have secured 100 per cent. efficiency in United States Individualized Tires, or absolute 'balance' of wearing quality in both rubber tread and fabric [redacted].

By September last, these absolutely 'balanced' United States Tires began to be "felt on the market."

Since September, sales have increased steadily month by month up to the recent highest increase of 354 per cent.—this tells the story.

United States Tire Company

'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco' 'Royal Cord' 'Plain'
"INDIVIDUALIZED TIRES"

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
US
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

MADE FOR THE

B.V.D.

BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

THIS world-known label on Summer Underwear is the Sign-Post on the Road to Comfort that guides you straight to Money's Most.

If it hasn't the Red Woven Label shown above, it isn't B. V. D. *Underwear.*

B. V. D. Closed Crotch Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A.), $1. and upward the suit. B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c. and upward the garment.

The B. V. D. COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

London Selling Agency:
66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

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THE MAN NEXT DOOR

(Continued from Page 25)

was working along kind of close to the fence, not far apart from each other, and all at once he stands up and sees her.

"Good morning!" says he, which Bonnie Bell couldn't help

She looks up and sees him standing there, with his hat in his hand, respectful enough; and, since he was only one of their hired people, her not feeling any way but friendly to anybody on earth that is halfway decent to her, she says:

"Good morning! I see you're fixing your flowers too."

"Yes," says he; "these crocuses will soon be out. What color is yours?"

"All sorts," says she; "and I do hope they'll all do well."

"I'd be glad to be of any help I could," says he.

"Well, that's kind of you," says she; "you, being a gardener, know more about these things than I do." About then this here collie dog comes up to where he is standing.

"Oh, goodness!" says Bonnie Bell. "Don't let that dog come over in our yard, whatever you do."

All at once he broke out a-laughing.

"I'll take care of him," says he. "I wouldn't take a thousand for that dog. They didn't want to keep him, but I said they'd have to. That was a good fight they had in the house," says he, and laughed again.

Bonnie Bell she got red, and says she:

"I'm awfully sorry. That dog of ours is a terror to fight. We can't break him of it any way. I hope you'll apologize to your people," says she—"that is, if they wouldn't take it wrong of us to have it mentioned. I don't know."

"Oh, no; I guess that'll be all right," says he. "I've been with 'em so long, you see, I can kind of make free about it. If you feel bad about it I'll tell 'em; but it wasn't your fault."

"It would be just like that bunch of yours," says she, "not to let on that they had heard from us that I was sorry. I oughtn't to say it maybe, but ——"

"Well now," says the hired man, frank enough, "that's just the way I feel. I often tell the old man, myself, that he ain't so much—he come from Iowa once, and he didn't have a cent to his name, and yet he puts on more side now than anybody else on the street."

"Did you ever dare to say that to him?" says Bonnie Bell.

"I certainly did, and more than once. I ain't afraid to say anything to either one of 'em," says he. "They don't dare talk much to me. I know too much about 'em. But, say now—about that fight," says he, "I want to tell you that new dog we've got is some peach. Give him a year or so and he'll eat up that pup of yours."

"He never seen the day he could and he never will!" says Bonnie Bell. "If you feel that way about it ——"

"Well," says he, "our dog is more of a trench fighter. He got under the tables where them old hens was playing bridge and he held out until your pup flanked in on him."

"Did you see the fight?" says Bonnie Bell.

"Sure I did! I was right there."

"Yes?" says she. "In such clothes?"

"Just like I am. I happened to be going past the room where they was holding their party, and just then the dogs came in. Believe me, it was more fun than there has been in our house for a good many years. Of course it was some informal."

"Well," says Bonnie Bell, "I can see you must of been in the family a long time or you wouldn't feel the way you do."

"Twenty-odd years," says he, drawing hisself up. "I was taken captive in my early youth, and I have been in servitude ever since, with no hope of getting away," says he. "But a fellow has to make a living somehow, and I had only my labor to sell. You see, I know something about flowers, and I can drive a car now some, or run a boat."

"We've bought one of those little boats," says Bonnie Bell. "Sometime I'm going to take her out and learn how to run her myself."

"You ought to be careful about this lake," says he. "It gets awful rough sometimes. Still, it's good fun."

You can see they was visiting right and left—just her and the hired man! But, her being so lonesome that way all the time, it seemed like she'd have to talk to somebody, and this man seemed right friendly, though he was only a workingman. Bonnie Bell never was stuck up at all. Maybe he thought she was one of our maids.

"Gardening is all right," says he finally, coming close to the fence; "but, for me, I'd rather be a cowman than anything I know. I'd rather ride a cowhorse than drive any car on earth. This life here gets on my nerves."

"Don't it?" says she to him. "Sometimes I feel that way myself."

"What anybody finds to like in a city is more than I can see. If I had money I'd buy a ranch," says he, "and then I'd live happy ever after."

Now wasn't that funny, him wanting to do just the very thing we had quit doing and us going to live right alongside of him that way? Still, of course, he was only a hired man—ain't none of 'em contented. I ain't always, myself.

Bonnie Bell thought this was getting too sort of personal and she starts in toward the house—she tells me a good deal of this afterward—but he come up closer to the fence and seemed kind of sorry to have her go; and says he:

"Wait a minute. I was telling you about my ranch. I'm going to have one some day. Do you think I'd live here all my life with the old gentleman and the old lady, and nothing to do but tinkering round flowers and cars? I ain't that trifling."

"I must be going in," says she then.

So she left him. He nearly climbed over the fence to keep her from going, and the last thing she heard him say was: "I hope I can help you about the flowers." She begun to think he was kind of freshlike. She told me what he said.

Her pa seen some of this out of the window and he called her down when she come in.

"I don't think I'd talk much with any of them folks if I was in your place," says he.

"Why, dad," says she, "you don't want me to be stuck up like them, do you?"

Then she told him how the man said Peanut had chased their dog in there and broke up their bridge party. They both had to laugh at that.

"Their gardener, James, told me that Old Man Wisner ain't much, nor the old lady neither," says Bonnie Bell after a while. "It's just what I thought."

"I don't know as he ought to talk that way about the people he works for," says her pa. "I'd be kind of careful about any man that was knocking his boss—wouldn't you, Curly?"

"Well, it was all my fault, dad," says she. "He said good morning; then I ast him about the flowers and he offered to help me with the crocuses."

"Don't take no help from none of that Wisner outfit," says her pa. "You hear me?" He hated 'em.

As spring come along and the weather got pleasanter, Bonnie Bell was happier, because she could get out of doors more. Now she took to running that new power boat we had. It was a whizzer. It didn't take her long to learn how to run it. About every body in Millionaire Row had boathouses on the lake, and most of them had these gasoline boats—you could hear them sput-sputting round out there evenings almost any bright day.

Her pa didn't like her to go out on the lake very much; being from Wyoming he was scared of water—especial so much of it. He tells Bonnie Bell to be careful and, if she must go out on the lake, to only go when it was smooth.

In one way there wasn't no need to be scared about the girl, for she could swim like a duck—Old Man Smith taught all of 'em that. Nearly every morning she would go out in her bathing suit down our walk and through our garridge, and across the dock, and dive into that water where it was more than forty feet deep and as cold as ice. She wasn't afraid. She would come back wet and laughing, and say she liked it. I wouldn't have done that for a farm. I don't believe in going into water unless you have to ford.

I hate anything that runs by gasoline, because it's a shore bet that sooner or later it'll ball up on you somewheres. A good cowhorse is the only safe thing to go anywhere with, and anybody knows that. Bonnie Bell coaxed me out in her boat

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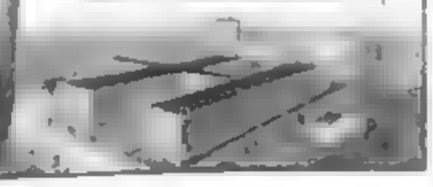

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once—but not more than once. The lake wasn't so rough neither; but the boat riz up and down until I didn't feel right, and I wouldn't go no more. But Bonnie Bell got so some afternoons she'd be out hours at a time, ripping and charging up and down, water flying out from the front of the boat. Mostly she'd ride in her bathing clothes, and her hair done up under her cap. There was kind of a wild streak in her anyway and she was always taking chances.

One evening round four or five o'clock, after a warm day in the summertime, she was out there about a quarter of a mile from the shore and all by herself. There was quite a wind up, and the waves was rolling pretty high, breaking white on top, too, and making such a noise I was plumb uneasy. Her pa was away from home; so I went down on the dock and stood out there trying to holler at her so she would hear me, but I couldn't make her hear. I waved things, too, but she didn't seem to see them.

She was a sort of dare-devil at riding or driving anything, and I reckon maybe she was enjoying that sloshing through the water, though I expected every minute to see the boat go upside down. I could hear the engine of the boat going fast—sput-sput-sput-t-t! I could only hope it would keep all right.

She had been the only one out on the lake right then, it being so rough; but along about now, down toward town, a half mile or so off, I seen another boat coming, lifting up high on top of the waves, then going out of sight in the hollow for quite a while. It was heading straight in for our place. The fellow in it was running kind of sideways to the waves and I would a heap rather it would of been him in the boat than me.

Bonnie Bell was a little farther out, heading in to the waves and enjoying the rocking, it seemed like. By and by I seen her looking off to the south; and then her engine begin to sput-sput a heap faster, and I seen her boat swing out and head that way.

I looked out at the other boat then. I didn't see it for a while, but at last it swung up on top of a big wave. It wasn't the way it had been, but blacker. I seen the water shine on the boards. Then I knowed what had happened—the boat had turned over.

It was just like Bonnie Bell to head in to see if she could help. I hollered at her, but she couldn't hear and I don't reckon she'd have stopped anyways.

Them little boats goes awful fast and it seemed like the Bonnie Bell—for that was the name of her boat, her pa had gave it that name—didn't seem to hit the waves none, only in the high places. In just a little while she was where the accident had happened. I seen her slow down and swing in, and then stand up and whirl a rope. Then she reached over and then hauled back.

"Well, anyhow," says I to myself, "she's saved the corpse," says I.

I learned afterward that he wasn't dead and that when Bonnie Bell reaches in and grabs him by the collar she tells him to keep still or she'll soak him over the head with the boat hook.

"We'll be in in a minute," says she to him. Of course I didn't know that then.

It seems like she didn't try to haul him plumb in, the waves running so high; and she run the engine with one hand and held on to him with the other, him dragging along at one side of the boat and getting a mouthful of water every once in a while. It wasn't very far off from our dock and pretty soon they come alongside.

"Grab him, Curly!" says she; so I grabbed him when she swung in and hauled him up.

He was wet all over and at first he seemed half mad. I seen who he was then—he was the Wisners' hired man.

"Why didn't you let me alone?" says he. "I'd 'a' got her all right pretty soon. You might of gone over too."

"What?" says she, scornful. "You're all right anyways, and you got no kick coming."

She stood up in her bathing clothes, wet as she could be, and part of her hair hanging down underneath her cap, and he looked at her kind of humble. And says he:

"I thank you very much. Pardon me for what I said." Then he looks down at his clothes and seen they was wet, and he broke out laughing. "All to the candy!" says he. "My life saved for my country!" says he.

"There wasn't no sense in your going over," says Bonnie Bell, scolding him. "You was getting your mixture too rich

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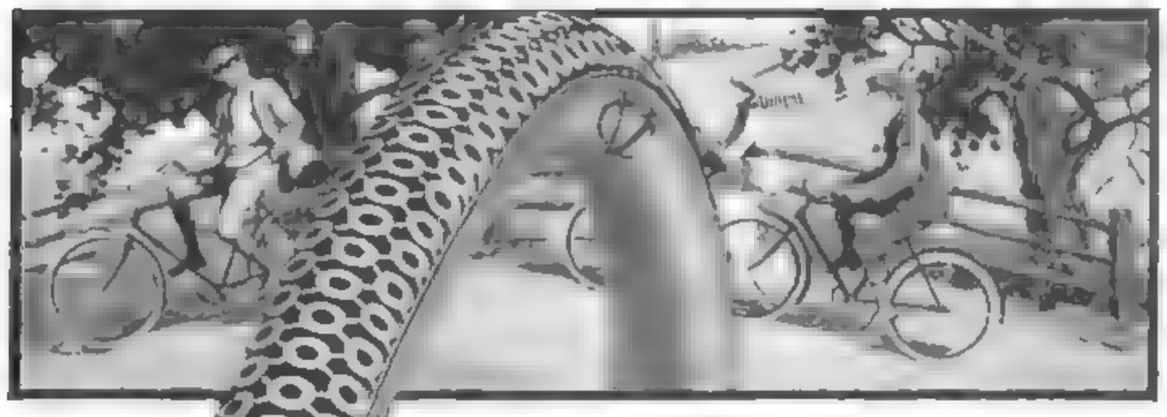

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and you clogged up your engine. You can't overfeed them two-cycles that way and get away with it."

"That wasn't the trouble at all," says he. "I caught my foot in the ignition wire and broke it off. Of course she couldn't run then; but I could of swum in from where I was and the boat would of drifted in."

"You would of got good and wet swimming in," says she, still scornful, "and you would of got pounded to pieces against the sea wall; that's what would of happened to you. Some folks," says she, "ain't fit to go out alone anyways."

And, so saying, she leaves us both, wet as she was in her bathing clothes, and runs on up the steps and into the boathouse. He stood looking after her, sober.

"Don't I know that!" says he, turning to me. "If it hadn't been for her it would of been all day with me. But I certainly thought she'd be over."

"It's a good thing Bonnie Bell could run that boat," says I.

"Bonnie Bell?" says he. "Is that her name? By Jove? Well now, by Jove! And what's your name?" says he.

"Wilson," says I. "They call me Curly for short."

"Curly?" says he. "That sounds sort of like a cowboy's name, don't it?"

"I never seen a cow camp yet where there wasn't some cowpuncher, name Curly," says I.

"Cowpuncher! You wasn't ever one yourself, was you?" says he.

"I never was nothing else," says I.

Then he held out his hand.

"Shake!" says he. "Some folks gets what other folks wishes. Ain't it the truth?"

"What do you mean?" I ast him.

"Well," says he, "I always wanted to be a cowboy, yet I never did have no chance to go on a ranch."

"You're the gardener, ain't you?" says I, and he nods.

"That's all I get to do. Still, I may have a chance to do better sometime."

He was a right nice-looking fellow, clean shaved and his hair cut good, and his mustache cut right short.

"You know how she got me?" he ast me now. "She threw the loop of a rope over me, and if I hadn't got it in my hand I reckon she'd of choked me to death."

"She's a good roper," says I, "and she can ride as well as she can rope."

"Could you ever show me how to rope?" says he. "Would you?"

"Shore I'll show you sometime if we ever get a chance," says I. "I'll look round in our ranch room and see if I can find a rope."

"Have you got a room in there like a ranch?" says he.

"Exactly like our old ranch," says I. "It's the main room out of the old Circle Arrow Ranch."

"Could she, now—would she help teach a fellow how to rope a drowning person?" says he. "That's what she done. She's a corker, ain't she?"

"She shore is," says I. "Her own folks mostly reserves the right to say that, though."

"I beg pardon," says he, and he got red again. "I know where I belong."

"Just kind of keep on knowing where you belong and where she belongs, son," says I—"it's two different propositions. I trust, my good man," says I to him, "that you understand I'm the foreman of our ranch. You ain't *segundo* on yours, only just a common hand."

"I say now, Curly, you thank her for me, won't you? As you say, I'm only a hired hand."

I felt rather savage toward anybody coming from the Wisner side of the fence, but someway this fellow was so decent, and he evident meant to be so square, that I couldn't hardly feel no way but friendly to him.

"You've been with your folks quite a while, ain't you?" says I after a while.

"Oh, yes," he says.

"In Millionaire Row, the way I figure it," says I to him, "the Wisners is the king bees?"

"I'm afraid that's about the truth. At least that's the way they think it is—the old man and the old lady. Folks that don't swing in line with their ways they get froze out."

"Is that so?" says I, getting hot under the collar right away. "Well, let me tell you something: When it comes to playing any kind of freeze-out, where Old Man Wright is concerned, believe me, there's two sides to that game. Do you see?"

I looked straight at him, and I went on:

"Nobody never seen Old Man Wright weaken in nothing he once begun."

"I believe you," says he. "Was you saying that your folks used to own the Circle Arrow Ranch out in Wyoming?"

"Uh-huh; and I wish't we did right now."

"That's funny," says he. "And you sold it to a syndicate?"

"Uh-huh—damn 'em!"

"And the old man was one of the silent partners and one of the biggest owners in that syndicate—colonization and irrigation! There ain't anything that he won't go against that there's money in, and he mostly wins," says he.

"Well, what do you know about that!" says I. "Us moving in here and living right next door to him—that's the funniest thing I ever did hear. They shore was on opposite sides of that game, wasn't they, them two folks? Well, Old Man Wisner got the worst of it—that's all. You can't raise nothing on that land except cows, and he'll find it out. We got some of our deferred payments coming in, like enough; but it wouldn't surprise me if we got all that land back sometime, and I shore hope we do."

He kind of puckers up his mouth and puts his finger on it. "By Jove!" says he. "By Jove! Would you give me a job cowpunching, Curly?" says he.

"Not unless you could rope better then than you can now," says I. "And if you can't ride a horse any better than you can a boat I don't think you could earn your board."

He took it all right, and only laughed.

I went up through the boathouse and the garridge and up the back steps into the little portico—sort of storm door that's over the back door of our house where it looks out over the lake. If you'll believe me, there was Bonnie Bell standing there, all in her bathing clothes! She hadn't gone in yet.

"Has he gone, Curly?" says she.

"He has just went," says I. "What are you doing here, all wet? Why didn't you go in right away?"

"Is he all right, Curly?" says she.

"Yes," says I; "he ain't hurt none."

"What were you talking about so long?" says she.

"A good many things—you, for instance," I says to her.

"What did he say?" she ast of me.

"Why, nothing much; only how sorry he was you saved his life."

"Sorry—why?"

"Well, it makes a man feel mighty mean to have a woman save his life."

"Did he say that?" she says to me. Now when Bonnie Bell smiles she sort of has a dimple here and there. She sort of smiled now. "What kept you out there so long? You two people was talking like two old women."

"Well," I says, "I was just promising to show him how to rope; he says he wants to learn."

"When are you going to show him, Curly?"

"Oh, sometime some morning, like enough, down there on the dock. He says he'll sneak over from his place, so no one will see him. I don't reckon your pa will mind my showing a young fellow how to rope—I'd like to feel a rope in my hand again anyhow."

"Curly," says she.

"What?"

"Did you find my rope in along with those in the big room? I forget whether I brought it along."

"Kid," says I, "if there's going to be any instruction to hired men on the rope or mouth organ or jew's-harp, or anything of that sort, it's me that gives it. I'm *segundo* on this ranch. Now you go on upstairs."

She had her hair all pushed back now under her cap, wet as it was, standing there fixing it. She was in her bathing clothes still and awful wet, but she didn't seem cold. She looked kind of pink and sort of happy; I don't know why. Lord, she was a fine-looking girl! There never was one handsomer than Bonnie Bell Wright.

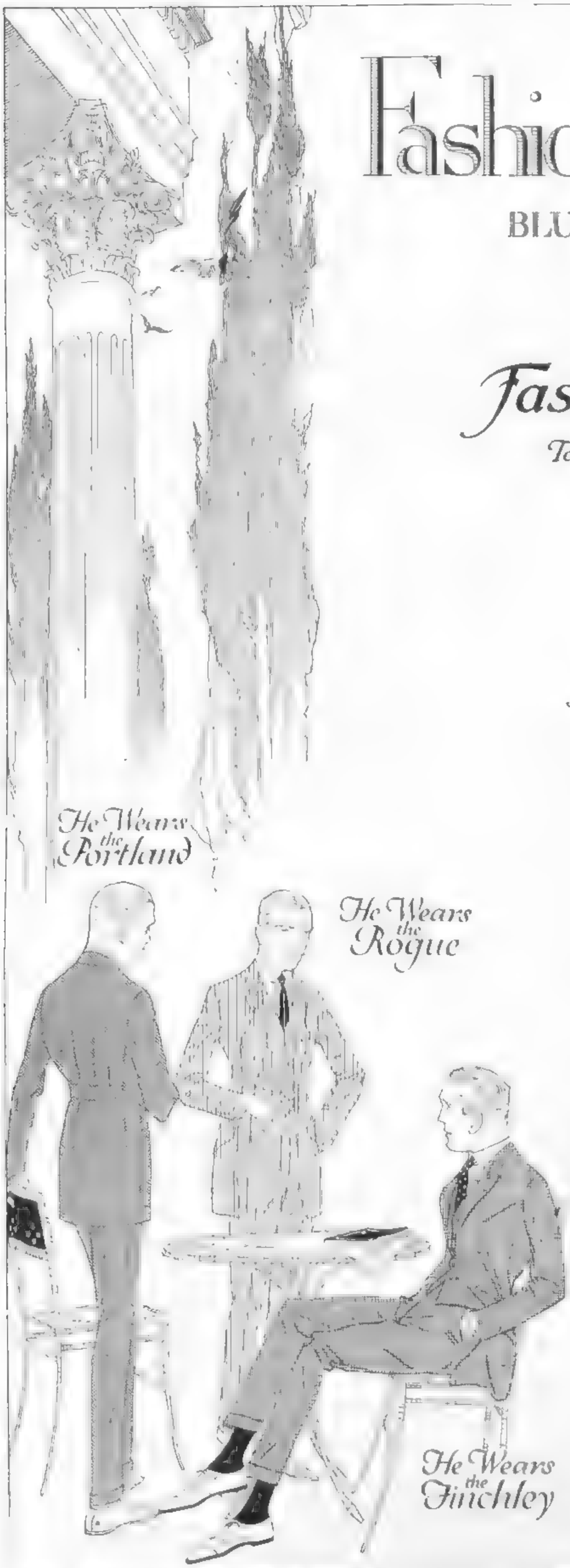
"Kid, you heard me!" says I. "Go on upstairs now and get your clothes on. And you don't go out in that boat no more!"

"Huh!" says she. "Is that so? You'd better tell that gardener not to go out no more. He's such a dub, I ought to of let him drownd."

"You go on in the house," says I severe. I didn't like the looks of them dimples—I'd saw them before, and mostly they meant trouble. "That gardener cuts no ice, if he does or don't get drownded. You heard me!" says I.

She laughed, and run on in.

TO BE CONTINUED



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THE MOVIE QUEEN

(Continued from Page 27)

sprayers, chauffeurs, and numberless other craftsmen and functionaries who make up the life of our city. The developers, curiously enough, are nearly all Russians. The girls who do the splicing and trimming of the films work eight hours, as factory laws in California limit their day to that time, and it is rather interesting to note that very few of them care anything about the acting part of the business.

I know I have spoiled a very vivacious conception of our lives by indicating a certain amount of tiresome loafing and routine work, yet every week we have visitors who enliven our interests. The thousands of travelers coming West want to visit the studios; but if we permitted all of them to come in we would never be able to get any work done. However, important people are usually shown about, an event which adds as much to our entertainment as to theirs. One day it will be Edison, another Bryan, Dooley or Debs.

At the risk of spoiling the visit of several of our most distinguished guests, I must tell a studio joke. Sometimes when we get word that a Big Fellow is coming it so happens that most of the companies are out on location and there is nothing doing on the big stage. It would be ungracious and bad business to disappoint Importance, so the scene fellows are ordered to throw up any old set and then, by grabbing off a few idle actors round the lot, a director puts them through a scene with all the care and unction he would practice on a feature story. Everything is so arranged that when the great man arrives, and they crank away for fifteen minutes, he doesn't know that it is only an empty camera grinding a lot of old dead film. It all looks real enough, and the visitor goes away quite excited because he has seen a film made.

Perhaps it has been noticed that I am pretty strong for my sex, but to one emphatic point of Spencer Grandon's I'll have to agree—that girls are more dippy than boys over their favorites. Even the women get far more letters from girls than from film-mad boys. Agnes receives quantities of the same kind of gush that we ourselves wrote only five years ago. I get my share, but mostly from girls who imitate a certain gown and coif I have committed, and have won prizes for their sins. These letters often contain clippings telling how Willie Whistlewood won the boys' first prize for his imitation of Charlie Chaplin; and Kitty Gargoyles won the girls' prize for her inimitable imitation of May Chapin. And will I please send her a signed photograph?

The Photograph Pests

These letters form only a small part of our daily mail. Out of the pathos, ignorance, vanity or sheer banality of our epistolary bombardment we occasionally get a whiff of fresh air. I have corresponded now for a year with a chap who wrote me first from England. It was a fine, straightforward letter of appreciation, nothing fresh or sentimental, and no requests. Since he first wrote he has gone to the trenches, and the letters I have had from him beat all the press stories I have read. After the war, he says, he is coming over. I don't know whether I am glad or not.

Even for letters we feel we must answer the postage is rather staggering, yet it is nothing compared with the cost of sending photographs to our admirers. When I say that Agnes Underhill's bill at the photographer's for one month was close to a hundred and fifty dollars, it will be seen that we have to pay a pretty stiff price for this kind of flattery. Last summer some of the girls I knew at school told me it had become a regular practice for schoolgirls to write to film favorites of both sexes, asking for photographs. I learned that they had not the slightest interest in many of us, but liked to see who could get the most pictures. They plaster their walls with them, just as my kid brother does with pennants; and for covering their silly boudoirs we are expected to furnish the paper—at the rate of fifty or more dollars a month. Since then I have thought of a beautiful-looking boomerang by which, in time, I hope to recoup my dissipated fortunes. When I receive such a request now, I mail the devotee a printed post card reading thus:

"*Dear Miss:* I wish to thank you for your very cordial words. I shall be glad to send you a beautiful signed photograph if you will send me 50 cents in stamps and an addressed and stamped mailing tube 12 inches long. I am forced to ask this as I receive hundreds of similar requests from thoughtless admirers. Sincerely yours,

"MAY CHAPIN."

It is positively insulting, the number who do not reply, yet there are enough of them who do to bring me in about ten dollars a month. I get the photographs for twenty-five cents apiece. Now that I am actually selling my pictures, if I can only sell this story of my life I'll be in the same class as the Fat Lady and the Sword Swallower. In order to disarm a blow I see coming, I wish to add that I put all my photographic profits into a fund to pay constant studio assessments. So if ever you feel stung at handing over fifty cents in payment for my vivacious frontispiece, remember that you are probably assisting at the measles of some poor camera man's kids.

Good People Who Work Hard

The real truth of the matter is that, although we receive an occasional thrill, most of these alleged admirers are downright pests. In any event they compel us to have our telephones recorded in fictitious names, and we give our numbers only to the studio and to our friends. At the studio we are absolutely protected. We are "not there."

You see, most of these admirers do not love us nearly so ardently as they love our jobs. Nine out of ten want to break into the pictures, and they will do the most amazing things to call attention to themselves. At first thought ambition and vanity were the impelling forces behind this army of girls who wanted to act; and I fear I was not as charitable in my views as I am now Mrs. Grandon set me right. She says that many girls who work live very gray lives. The pay is usually low, and there is not much joyousness in their daily grind. The salaries of even our lesser lights seem dreamlike to them, and the life appears so full of sparkle and joy that it is not unnatural that they should seek it out. They see one of us at an automobile show, and learn that we were given a white-and-gold fairy chariot for simply sitting in it for several nights; and thereafter they think of us as always in deep cushions. Our lives are not as soft as they imagine; but no doubt, even at their worst, they are heavenly compared to theirs.

Thus we find a perfect army of young girls and some not so young—knocking at the gate. Is it any wonder, then, that some youngster hooks up with a camera kid or scene painter—for has not this exalted person the key to fairyland? Perhaps he can get her in. The uplifters are front-pagely concerned with the "price she paid" to get a job; but Mrs. Grandon, who has no elaborate respect for our profession, though Spencer is one of the leaders, says that as men and women go we are neither better nor worse than the rest of them. She suggests that it would be more to the point to find out why so many girls are unhappy in their jobs. One would think, to read the papers, that we were the most shameless creatures in the world; but my dad, who motor-copped for years on the beach boulevards, says that the movie people are pretty decent compared to a lot of "respectable business men" who go to the beaches and come home lit up like battleships.

I started this story by saying that I was the daughter of a motor cop. I am now the daughter of an avocado rancher, which is some social and horticultural distinction, for, as Dad says, only Swedes and Irishmen can make avocados grow. Motor-copping was exciting, but it would hardly do after little May landed on the dotted line for a hundred a week. I loaned Dad enough to become one of these "little landers"; and what he has done in five years to those four acres near Hollywood should make every other motor cop ashamed to meet his Judge. I forgot to state that avocados are alligator pears, and even out here sell for twenty-five cents apiece.

Agnes has just come from the post office—we have our own substation on the lot—and among my letters there is one from my soldier correspondent. I'll quote part of it:

"*My Dear May:* . . . I am convalescing in a beautiful little hospital in the south of France. We hear little of the war, as they believe all excitement should be kept

Maxwell

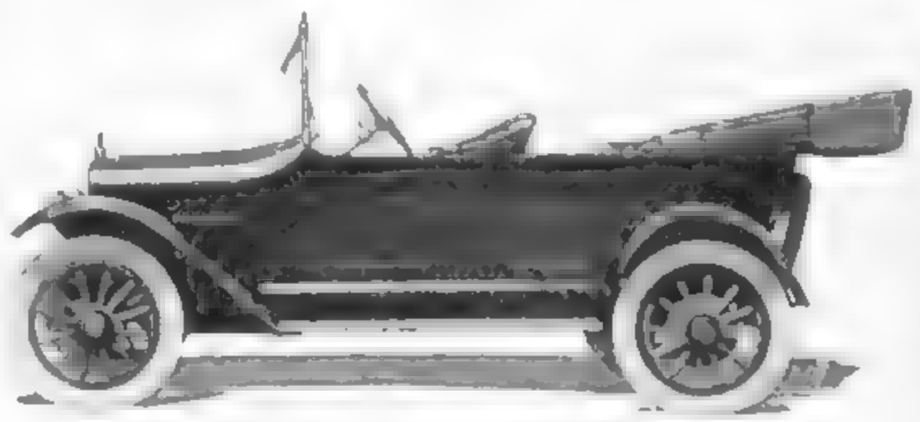
Character

A MAN'S capacities are determined by several factors, chief among which is the fiber of the stuff he is made of. Like all of Nature's most potent forces this is invisible, and being so, it secures its expression in effects and results. Competency, energy and honesty—these qualities constitute greater worth. And their development creates character.

Motor cars, too, have character. It is injected and molded by the hand of man; its presence is conspicuous when put to the test.

Maxwell Motor Cars, for example, gain character and individuality by reason of experience, care and skill with which they are made. Every operation must strengthen the final result and thus the ability to give abundant and satisfying service is correspondingly increased.

As we specialize in the manufacture of light weight, standardized automobiles, we can and do concentrate our entire attention on those details that make for better motor car character.



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f. o. b. Detroit

Full equipment, including Electric Starter and Lights.
In Canada $830, $850, $975, $1150, $1250, f. o. b. Windsor

Maxwell

MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

"How Did You Manage to Get This Vacation?

We rushed off so that I haven't had a chance to ask you. It is the first one we have had in ten years—and it certainly does feel good.

"No wonder you're surprised! Every year until now, I have worked nights and Sundays without a vacation, and thought myself a mighty capable and busy chap. This year a great light broke on me. I found out that instead of doing more by working all of the time, I was doing less. Now I have got this big vacation, and after we come back I won't have to work a night or a Sunday, and I am making more money than I was before!

"But, how are you doing it, my dear? It sounds too wonderful to be true.

"About a month ago I took up a new thing. I didn't realize what an influence it was going to have on my life. But I can tell you now, my dear, that the biggest thing I ever did for both of us, financially, for our health and for our pleasure, was when I started to take the

Emerson Course in Personal Efficiency"

He is just one of 12,000 who have already enrolled.

[illegible] books and [illegible] for the Course in Efficiency.

Harrington Emerson acquired in practical work with many corporations the knowledge and experience that enabled him to write the course. He is the President of an Efficiency [illegible] highly paid positions. He has thought efficiency for forty years, he has taught it for thirty years, during twenty years he slowly collected the data for this course.

Most Men 35% Efficient

The average man in the United States is just about 35% efficient. That means that if you can make yourself 100% efficient you will have three times as much of all that makes life worth while: three times as much [illegible]—better clothes, better food, better [illegible] all, a feeling of safety, that relief from worry, about the future that makes men old before their time.

You Begin to Grow with the First Lesson

[illegible] your boss will take notice, your clerks will note it, your customers will be interested, and in a very short time your income will show it too.

The Modern Worker of Miracles

[illegible] tives and owners, one-sixth are professional men, the others, accountants, salesmen, engineers and men in every walk of life. Many are women, housekeepers.

The sending of this coupon costs you nothing. It will be a big step ahead and put you on the road to leisure and success. It will give you a wider view of your business. The course is not an expense. It isn't even an investment for future returns. It pays for itself with the first page of the first lesson.

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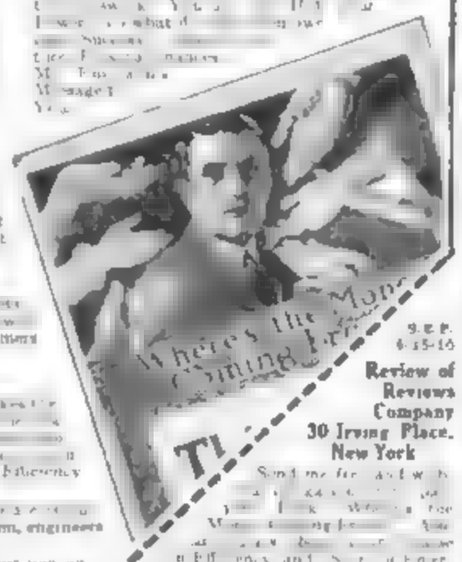
REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO., 30 Irving Place, NEW YORK

This Book—14 Chapters—In Colors—Illustrated FREE

SEND for this book. It contains the [illegible] present question "Where is he now coming from?" Sent on the [illegible] Name [illegible] Address [illegible] Occupation [illegible]



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STYLE is long lived in Ralstons. Instead of being hurried in manufacture, plenty of time is taken to permanently shape them to a last model which correctly conforms to your feet.

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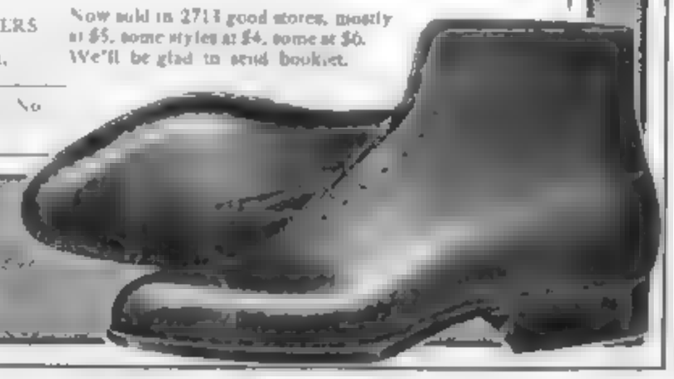
Now sold in 2713 good stores, mostly at $5, some styles at $4, some at $6. We'll be glad to send booklet.

To Dealers: This shoe is IN STOCK No. 6551 gun metal calf. Piccadilly Last



Your kind of a Shoe

from us. Everything is done for our comfort and entertainment. We have had a cinema installed, and last night my heart nearly stopped when the title of the first picture proclaimed a three-reel comedy, with you as the feature. . . .

"I used to have a rather contemptuous opinion of comedians and clowns, but having witnessed the tragedy of the ages, I feel now that anybody who contributes in any way to the sum total of human happiness is fulfilling a holy mission. . . .

"I shall never be able to return to the front, so have made up my mind that as soon as I am able to I shall go to the States. I have an uncle living in Santa Monica."

I wish I could fill in the omissions; maybe I'll read some of them to Agnes, but they are too personal for public contemplation. In a postscript he compares his present life of calm and comfort to the dangers of mine—which suggests that I must get on with my tale.

Our lives have their dangers, it is true, but it is not always the most advertised Hazardous Hanna who takes the greatest risks. Some of the professional thrillers have very ingenious ways of side-stepping real danger. One of them, whose reputation rests upon her thrilling railroad stunts, suffered a vicarious accident a short time ago that let an amused public in on her technique. The early editions of the papers told how Hanna Hearthstone, of the Headlight Film Company, had been painfully injured in attempting to jump from a railroad bridge to the top of a moving train. A later edition disclosed the fact that the accident had not befallen Hanna but a female impersonator, who doubled with her in all her dangerous scenes. Even at that this girl does enough rough stuff to demand a fat salary.

My comedy rôles do not often call for real danger, but nevertheless I have had a few adventures that had much verve. In my sprightly young life I have been in a storm at sea, have ridden a "ship of the desert," have gone forty miles an hour on a flat tire, and have dreamed that I was falling off the Woolworth Building. But I ask you, Madge, did you ever ride an ostrich? The aforesaid sensations are absolutely flat and static in comparison.

Doing an Ostrich Stunt

We had a director who very foolishly ordered a lot of South African scenarios, because he thought ostriches would make such "bully local color" for the scenes. But he had not spoken to the ostriches about it. Had he done so, he would have learned that the biggest bird in the world has a set of ingrowing brains. It is hard to believe that any creature could be so stupid, and live. About the only real intelligence it manifests is that the male sits on the eggs—in that ostriches are superhuman.

I shall not attempt more than to indicate my thrills, but if any of my readers saw the exhibition of the Italian Futurists at the San Francisco Fair they will understand. Those pictures exactly record my feelings, but are much more definite and objective than anything the camera man got. The laboratory reported three feet of blurred film! A half a mile in three feet!

The day on which I made my snappy little ride was replete with excitement. We had gone 'way out to San Jacinto, where there is a great farm of six hundred acres and more than a thousand birds. We arrived early in the morning to see the dancing, and, if possible, to get a picture. Ostriches always begin their day with the most amazing waltzing by the males, and while the dancing is in progress it is not safe to go in the corral, the males being very savage. In fact, at all times it is necessary to carry a long stick with a pronged fork on the end, so that if a bird makes an attack you simply hold his neck in the fork, at arm's length, and the poor simp is absolutely helpless. Another safeguard against his attacks is to fall prone on the ground, and then the bird kicks right over his prey and misses it by a foot.

After the dance, armed with forks and instructions, we all ventured in. The scene was easy enough: The birds, to be observed in the background of the picture, were simply driven by in great battalions. Ned Quigley, a big fat comedian, became so nervous that it was only by the utmost pleading and joshing that we could keep him in the corral long enough to make the picture.

"I can't handle this 'ere tool, and if I should lie down the darned thing would get me from any quarter," he cried. And that, no doubt, was true. For from pole to pole and round Ned's equator it was about fifty-fifty.

Far be it from me to detract one little bit from the glory of animal actors. I know that some of their acts are dangerous; but that does not mean all of them are. I myself have appeared with a lion—a real, great, big, hairy brute too—and he was just about as ferocious as a Canton-flannel dog.

We once employed three brothers who have brought up a lion from cubhood on boiled milk and blancmange, and the only danger from the great beast was that he might knock you down if he heard the milkman. We used him in an alleged comedy, wherein his part was to jump from a balcony into the lobby of a hotel and scatter the inmates in all directions.

It was the hardest and longest scene I have ever made, for poor old Leo was so friendly that he absolutely refused to program. One of the brothers, disguised as a hotel clerk, was supposed to be treed in a telephone booth, with the lion waiting just outside to eat him up. While he held the receiver he shook like an aspen leaf, but instead of calling the police he was shouting:

"Come here, Leo, old chap! Come here! Come on, old top! For the love of Mike, somebody slip me a lump of sugar! Come here, you darned old cat, or I'll beat your bloomin' head off!"

Thrillers of Snow and Sea

At last the king of the jungle recognized his friend and keeper and came over and sniffed at the door; and while the clerk was acting his fearful agony, he was kicking sugar under the door to the happy and smiling lion. The only casualty suffered was that I had some of the grease paint licked off my chin by what felt like a file. You see, the animal stuff isn't so rough if the animal has been brought up nicely.

One must admit that wild beasts make the most thrilling pictures; but, after all, the actors are hedged about by every known protection, and in time some of them become as carefree as the trainers themselves. There are other adventures, however, which, though they may not seem to the casual observer as dangerous as the cats, require even a firmer courage. The same Gene Wilkinson, of whom Spencer Grandon spoke, played with the cats successfully for five years, and then nearly lost her life last summer in a shipwreck story at San Pedro.

She was tied to a spar and was being washed ashore, carrying a little tot of five in her arms. Suddenly the spar turned completely over, submerging both woman and child. The ropes, which had been arranged to untie easily, became swollen with the water, and Gene was held fast. She had sense enough to let the child go, and it was picked up when it rose to the top; but the men had great difficulty in getting Gene loose. The chap who accomplished it, an extra man, stayed under water for a full minute before he got her unfastened. A pulmotor was used on both of them.

A near-tragic comedy happened up in the Sierras last year when Bostock and Bessie Creighton were making an Alaskan story. Bessie had to shoot a very dangerous rapids in one of those heavy Northern canoes. Bostock, who was playing lead, was also directing—shouting directions from the bank. As the canoe rounded a very dangerous curve it overturned, throwing Bessie into the freezing water. First she was up and then under, but struggling heroically to reach a place of safety. It so happened that there was a bunch of Yosemite tourists watching the scene from the opposite bank, and when Bostock shouted to them to save the canoe they all wanted to "Lynch the brute!"

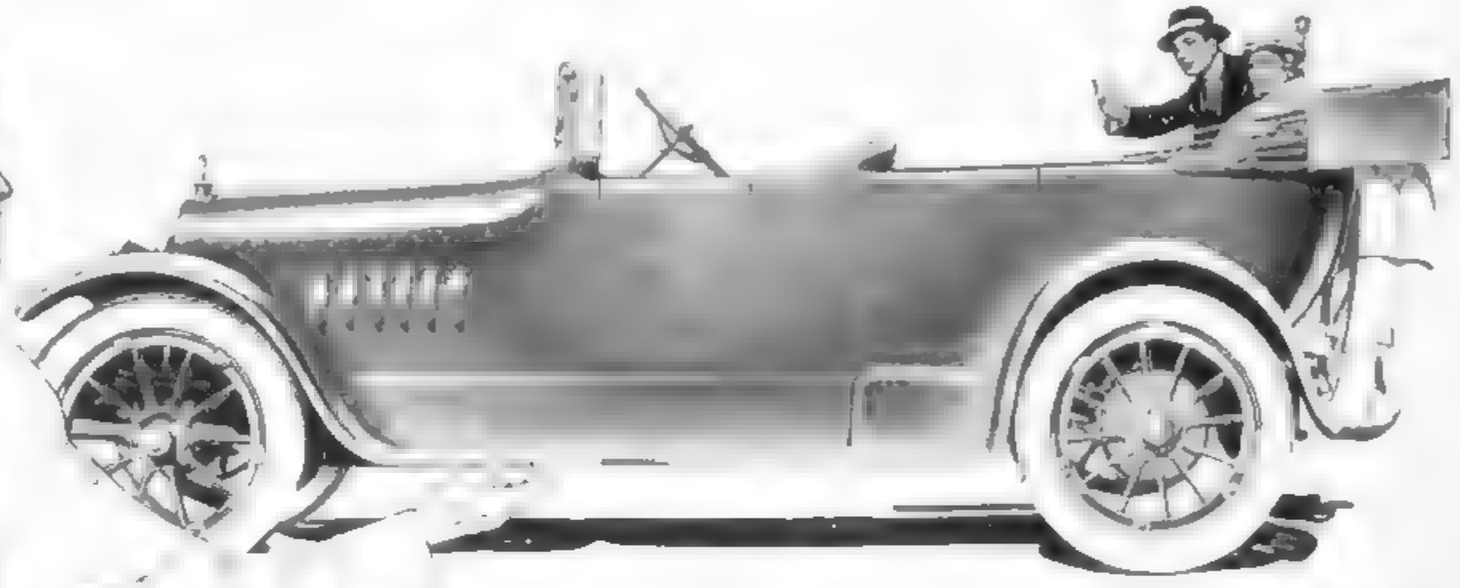
However, they didn't know what he knew, and that was that Bessie Creighton would tackle Niagara Falls and likely get away with it, but there was only one canoe like that in the Sierras, and he had to have it. Sure enough, Bessie came up the trail a little later, cold but smiling. Another fine young job framed up for this pampered pet with the big salary was to tunnel into a snowdrift and, after poking a bare arm and hand up through the snow, to remain there for fully twenty minutes while Bostock fought off a pack of wolves.

I should like to ask how many people would like to "walk the plank" on a pirate ship, and step off into thirty feet of weather before striking sixty feet of water—supposing, of course, that they were blindfolded

(Concluded on Page 73

Demand for the New
PEERLESS EIGHT
holds us without a stock of cars against spring orders

Full swing manufacturing, concentrated on this single model, is matched against an accelerating demand. To secure one of the cars now coming through the factory, you must place your order at once.



This New EIGHT
is one of the greatest motor car values ever produced!

It has the PEERLESS-built, eight-cylinder motor, to which more painstaking attention has been devoted than to any other power plant built in the PEERLESS factories. Develops 80 horse-power.

In performance, it is superior to the famous PEERLESS "60-Six," a $6,000 Model with 5" x 7" motor.

Built of PEERLESS Specification Steels, heat-treated. Through the pioneer research work of the PEERLESS Metallurgical Department, extending through many years, PEERLESS *specifications have become a criterion in the motor car steel market.*

This new Eight has the PEERLESS platform, rear spring suspension, used on PEERLESS cars since 1906 and now adopted by other high-grade makers who have experimented extensively with other types.

It is a PEERLESS achievement in ease of riding and in beauty, qualities that have always made PEERLESS motor cars *notable among the few great makes that dominate the quality market in America.*

Weight, only 3500 pounds, with roomy seven-passenger touring body.

Its PEERLESS-built bodies are superb in surface and line, roomy, comfortable, exquisitely finished and appointed.

Its splendid equipment includes Cord Tires, Extra Rim, Snubbers, Motometer and every needed accessory. The *last word* in quality and completeness.

Comparison will convince you!

CHARACTERISTICS: PEERLESS V-Type Eight-Cylinder Motor, Cylinders 3¼ x 5; A. L. A. M. Rating, 33.8; Brake Horsepower, 80; Force Feed Oiling; 125-inch Wheelbase; 35 x 4½ Tires; Unit Power Plant; Multiple Disc Clutch; Selective Transmission

Prices: **Touring $1890 Sedan $2750**
Roadster $1890 Limousine $3060

Makers also of PEERLESS TRUCKS

ALL THAT THE NAME IMPLIES

Licensed under Kardo Company Patent

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Why the Average Motorist's Dollar is Shrinking

IT IS a well known fact that the American man spends more money for the amusement of his wife and children than any other man in the world.

No one is more ready to spend than he, *provided the service is worth the outlay.*

But motoring is a form of amusement which many families are finding *not worth the price,* with the *running costs* of the average car what they are today.

And this at a time when the average car *looks* more efficient than ever before in its history.

The experience of the typical motorist, however, goes to show that *true economy* and *true efficiency* in car design were never so *variable* as they are *today.*

A recent authority estimates that motor car *inefficiency* is costing the motorists of this country no less than Two Hundred Million Dollars a year.

With all *expenses going up* as they are the cost for 1916 bids fair to go above the Half Billion mark.

The very words "efficiency" and "economy" have been so *exploited* that they stand at discount with the clear-minded motorist.

Yet there is nothing in which efficiency and economy can be so *easily determined* and so *accurately measured* as in the motor car.

And this we lay down first of all—wherever you find *complication, dead weight,* and *friction* you are bound to find *waste* of power, of gasoline, of oil, *excessive* tire expense, *high repair costs and depreciation.*

Look under the hood of the Franklin Car—the simplicity of Franklin *Direct-Air-Cooling*—every ounce of *engine* delivering *power,* free from the dead weight and friction of the 177 parts of the complicated water-cooling system.

No fan mechanism to look after. No water pump to keep in order. No radiator to clean out and solder. No gaskets to replace. No rubber hose to mend.

No water jackets to crack. No pipes and joints to freeze and burst. No plumbing to clog up with mud and sediment.

The Franklin Car is *efficient* and *economical* because we have *planned to make it so.*

Doing away with radiator and water-circulating system not only gets rid of *complication* but of *dead weight* as well.

More than that, it gives the motorist what is worth perhaps more than all the rest put together—*safety and ease of handling.*

Today, more than ever, we believe that the intelligent motorist demands that efficiency be *proved* as well as *preached.*

For fourteen years the Franklin Car has been winning *competitive efficiency tests*—everywhere, at all times, under all conditions.

It holds the world's record for economy in gasoline, economy in oil.

It is delivering to owners an average of *9630 miles* to the set of tires.

It has piled up a body of demonstrated facts in efficiency, economy, reduction of repair costs and depreciation *never equalled* by any *other car, anywhere, at any time.*

Franklin dealers and Franklin owners are continually demonstrating Franklin economy and efficiency. The published facts are available to all of America's hundred million people.

But Franklin safety and ease of operation can be actually demonstrated to only *one man* at a time.

The motorist who realizes how his dollar is *shrinking* would do well to call on the Franklin dealer.

What he has to show you is well worth while these days.

What They Said to the Automobile Engineers in Detroit, 1916	What the Franklin Car has been Doing for Fourteen Years
"The greatest point in which the present day automobile fails in its purpose is that of maintenance cost. "It is cheap enough to buy, but it is *wofully costly to maintain.*"	"The average automobile owner finds that it is *beyond his means* to maintain a *heavy car,* on account of its great expense for operation and the expense for tires."—*Franklin Catalogue of 1905.*
"In reducing maintenance cost there are two chief things for which to work. "One, the *reduction of weight;* and the other, the reduction of frictional loss in transmission."	"Motorists have learned to their cost that much of the *weight* put into machines is *superfluous or worse*—that it *handicaps* ability—is an element of *danger*—and makes outrageous expense for fuel, repairs, and tires."—*Franklin Catalogue of 1908.*
"Let us see that we give the user of the car the *greatest* amount of advantage possible. It is the *user of the car,* remember, who gives it its reputation. No advertising, however clever, can do that."	"We have not built a motor car around a phrase. But we have kept the closest watch upon the *experience* not only of makers but of *users* of automobiles."—*Franklin Catalogue of 1903.*
"The car of 1916 is much *faster* than the car of 1904. Yet it is no *easier* to start or stop."	"*Light weight in proportion to power* makes *Franklin Cars* easy to start, to stop and to control, easy to handle on rough and slippery roads or in emergencies, and so adds to *safety.*"—*Franklin Catalogue of 1907.*
"Steering is faulty in the average car because it *requires too much effort.* There is too much power lost in friction. And it is also inefficient because of *absence of true caster action.*"	"The reversible action of the *steering gear,* combined with the *caster construction* of the front wheels, permits unusually *easy control* of the car. After turning a corner the car will *straighten up of its own accord.* The *labor* required of the operator is practically *nothing.*"—*Franklin Catalogue of 1914.*
"There are *two criticisms* that could be leveled against them (*engines*). They could be much *lighter* in proportion to their power. They certainly could have a much *higher fuel efficiency.*"	"It is easy to obtain any amount of motor power by building your motor large and heavy. "But when you have done this, the *increased weight* and *friction* may so *offset* the increased *power* that there is very little or no gain in ability. "The Franklin engineering recognizes this fact, and the main principle and purpose of the *Franklin* power plant is to obtain *large power and ability with small weight.*"—*Franklin Catalogue of 1906.*

That a few at least of the automobile engineers are dissatisfied with the performance of the average motor car, is shown by the above extracts from the address of A. Ludlow Clayden and L. V. Spencer before the Detroit Section of Automobile Engineers, February 16, 1916.

It is significant that the principles urged on the automobile world by Mr. Clayden, Chairman of the Standards Committee of the Society of Automobile Engineers, and Mr. Spencer, a recognized authority on automobile engineering, have been *matters of practice with the Franklin Car for fourteen years.*

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Touring Car—$1950, F. O. B. Syracuse, N. Y.
Actual Scale Weight, 2080 pounds.

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Boston, Mass., one of America's leading diamond importers

For over 40 years the house of Jason Weiler & Son of Boston has been one of the leading diamond importers. How about buying direct by mail with customary importing prices! Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail—which demonstrate our position that should surely interest you in the respective diamond purchases

1 Carat, $95.00

Men's Diamond Ring, $175.00

$95

⅜ carat	$ 32.00
½ carat	43.00
¾ carat	65.00
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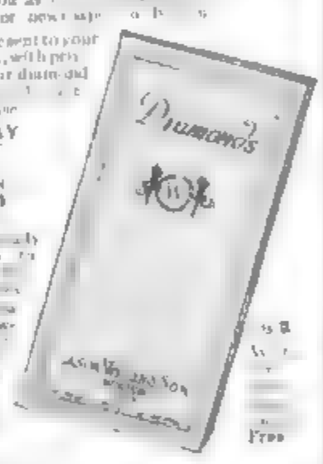
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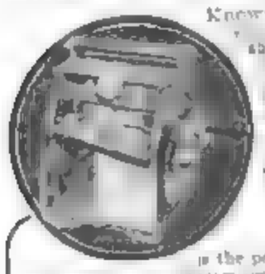

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Write Today For Booklet

Dept 0354 Dayton, Ohio

(Concluded from Page 70)

and had their hands tied? Yet I saw thirty men and women walk the plank far out at sea, and many of them could not swim and had to be rescued almost as soon as they struck the water.

Oh, dear, no! Our lives are not all caramels and limousines!

It is the pleasure and expectation of all feminine writers to utter words of advice and comfort to their sisters, and I now propose to unload mine, knowing perfectly well that not one of you will pay the slightest attention to them. If you wish to become a movie queen do not seek your crown via any of the get-there-quick schemes advertised by the quack doctors of the film drama. I have met but one girl who presented such credentials, and she couldn't have been kept out by all the fakers combined. This does not mean that a good dramatic school is useless, for, on the contrary, film work has reached that point where it is almost hopeless to break in unless one has had dramatic experience of some kind. When the business was new, and growing by leaps and bounds, all sorts of people were acceptable; but now our forces are largely recruited from the legitimate stage. Directors simply haven't the time to train beginners. So first of all try to learn the rudiments of dramatic expression.

Next, get some good camera man to tell you the truth about your face. Some of the prettiest girls in the world will be frosts on the film, and vice versa. A bad complexion can be altered and is no handicap; but form is the great necessity. You may be the chorus-girl type, or you may have the boyish figure of Peter Pan, or the heroic proportions of the Statue of Liberty; but whatever type you represent, you should approach perfection. Knock knees and bow-legs and crossed eyes and cowlicks are not profitable in the picture business, unless for character work.

Good teeth are absolutely essential and dimples are priceless.

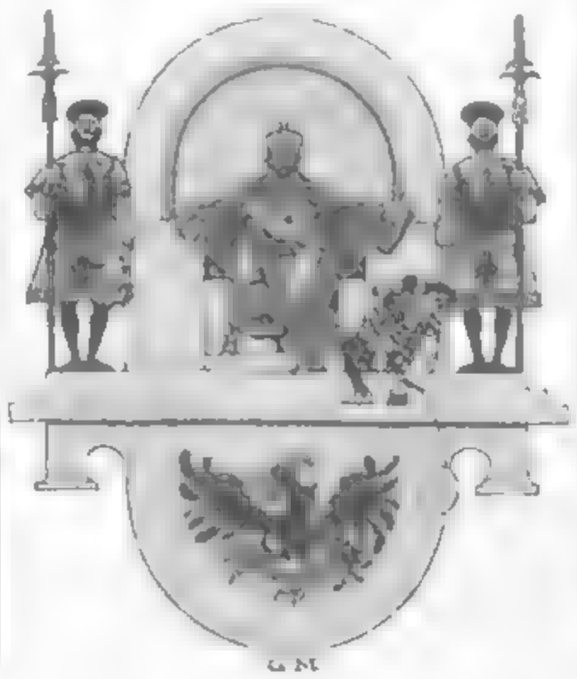
One must be prepared to mix with all sorts of people good, bad and stupid. The life is at least vivacious, and temptations are great enough so that if one does not wish to "fall by the wayside" it is a pretty good idea to have more brains above the ears than below—or, select a motor cop for your dad.

I have often wondered if there is any other life I should enjoy more—a domestic rôle, for instance, under the direction of a soldier boy. This movie stuff is fun enough, but it is full of turmoil. It is surprising how much we enjoy our vacations, and still more surprising what we do with them. Most of us go home and just loaf and cook and tend babies, or any other of the homely stunts that many of the girls who write to me are trying to side-step.

One of the strongest cards that "he" has played in our queer long-distance game is to make it clear that he does not care to be an actor. In fact, he thinks he prefers his profession of architecture. Wouldn't it be awful, though, if after a few years of domestic quiet my old tumultuous instincts should reawaken and I should begin to throw dishes at him? Even his training in the trenches could not survive my superior technique.

However, as Mrs. Grandon says: "All our lives are moving pictures, and our success, on or off the stage, depends a lot upon the sort of director we sign up with."

Editor's Note—This is the second of two autobiographical sketches confided to Mr. Wagner by a "Movie Queen"



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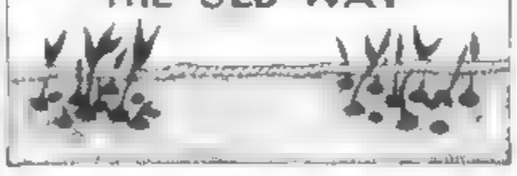

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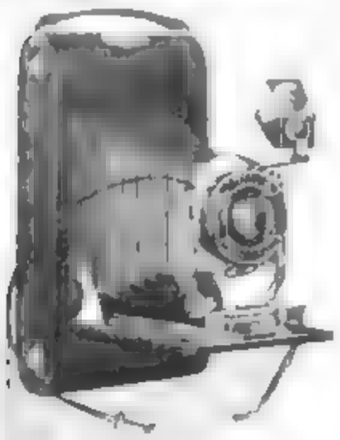

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THE SAVING SENSE

(Continued from Page 10)

"You worry too much over little things," was the bland response. "If I were you, captain, I'd let the skippers run their ships at sea. After all, your responsibility ceases when they pass the harbor lines, doesn't it?"

For an instant the two men faced each other—the one smiling, debonair, almost insolent; the old man bleak and unyielding. Then Fallon said harshly:

"You know nothing about it."

The vice president flushed and into his eyes came an obscure gleam of weak malignity. He walked away without a word.

That night, far out in the Mission and shut up in his own house, Alois Fallon sat through the hours of darkness before his unopened desk, sleepless and sorrowful. He needed no memorials of the past to recall his own history and the events so shapeless and unmeaning that had finally made him port captain and superintendent of the Northern and Equatorial; nor did he fail to ponder the apparently causeless ingress of Reginald Ramsey and his patron, the vice president, into his scheme of life. It was only another unforeseen obstacle in the path of his purpose—one more man interposing for petty selfish ends between him and his goal. Yet it seemed to Fallon that there was a kind of continuity in all his experiences, a logic whose conclusion was dimly discernible in the future and inevitable.

"It looks as if all I did went for naught," he sighed as he made his neat toilet with weary hands. "It looks as if I'd never sleep in a bed again."

But when his thoughts sped southward, down the long shining reaches of the lower latitudes, and he saw the clean sea and heard faintly the thrum of fresh winds and caught on far horizons the stormy glint of coming gales, he grew younger and resumed his ambition, and went down to his office again master of himself and contemptuous of the little politics of busy directors and scheming captains.

First to meet him was the vice president, who flipped a cablegram under his eyes.

"Ramsey's in port with the Marathon. Fastest trip yet! Good item for the papers. Better to have news like that before the public than some crazy report of an island nobody ever saw before or will see again."

For the first time Alois Fallon smiled warmly. But even the sensitive eyes of the vice president didn't see the depth of that expression or know that the old, austere and taciturn disciplinarian had recognized the workings of destiny and foreseen the end of his own lifelong troubles, disappointments and sorrow.

"God knows I was young and a bit of a fool when it caught me," Alois Fallon was saying to himself. "It's the way of such things to wait till a fool comes along; wise men never rightly find out mysteries like that. All I've got to do is to watch Ramsey. It'll get him. It's Fate. And I'll be there!"

IV

IN PAPEETE Captain Ramsey did his business ashore promptly and with dignity. He accepted the lazy compliments offered on his fast passage down from the Coast, smiled meaningly when effusive passengers thanked him for giving them longer time in the island, and smiled on the company's agent when that perplexed individual volubly apologized for not being ready for the Marathon.

"Our people in San Francisco might have notified me that the schedule had been cut a day," he complained. "I very nearly wasn't here to receive you."

"It may not be a permanent arrangement," Ramsey suggested; "but if they ask me what I think about it of course I'm bound to tell 'em I can make the trip in ten days easy. You see my position?"

"Naturally," the agent protested; "but all my schedules for a year to come are on the basis of the old one. My freights—everything is arranged. I must have news. Here you arrive a whole day ahead of time and I am upset."

"Well, I shouldn't grumble too much," was the answer. "The vice president, you know—wide-awake and up to date. If he wants to cut down the time of the voyage it's our business to see things his way, isn't it?"

"Certainly—certainly," was the prompt response; "but Captain Fallon—he says nothing about it to me in his letters or cables."

"Oh, Fallon!"

Ramsey laughed and his meaning was instantly caught, so that the agent became discreetly enthusiastic about quick passages and modern methods and, as Ramsey expected, paid little attention to the detailed orders sent down by the port captain.

"Possibly he will retire, eh?" the agent suggested to the Marathon's skipper. "Like his friend, Captain de Grasse? A great old card, that Captain de Grasse."

Ramsey was lazily interested, learned that the man spoken of was a former sailing-ship master and owner, and at all times a crony of Fallon's, until the latter went up to the Coast and entered the employ of the Northern and Equatorial's predecessor twice removed. Later the agent, without noticing his guest's growing absorption in the topic, entertained Ramsey with a fancy account of various expeditions supposedly made by De Grasse and Fallon many years before in search of an unknown island. He concluded his narrative with a wave of the hand and a dry:

"They say the old fellows never did get over the notion of finding this No Man's Land. De Grasse never talks about it, and Fallon, of course, likes to forget such things now that he is running a big line. But you ought to meet De Grasse—a real character!"

So pat to his wish was this disclosure that Ramsey could hardly conceal his impatience to meet De Grasse, and made immediate occasion to seek the retired skipper out at the Hôtel des Basses-Pyrénées, a queer, obscure hostelry by no means watched by the vigilant police, but affected by a nondescript lot of men whose business seemed of a mysterious nature mostly.

De Grasse received the new commander of the Marathon with reserve, having in mind the warnings contained in his last letter from Fallon; but Ramsey was not slow to appreciate the difficulty of his task and bent all his energies to winning the old man's confidence, both by consulting him on several points—"You probably know, sir, what would be pleasing to the people up on the Coast better than I"—and making a specious show of respect and liking for the port captain.

Incidentally Ramsey made good use of the old chart Fallon had put aboard his ship for reference, and De Grasse's withered cheeks glowed with spots of crimson when he learned from the younger man's false lips that Fallon had asked him "to keep an eye out for land not down on the chart." He fixed his bright old eyes on the solid face of the Marathon's commander and drew a long breath.

"Did he? Did he?" he cackled. "When was that?"

"Just before we sailed," Ramsey lied smilingly. "Come to me up on the bridge and asked me what I knew of the seas down here and wanted to know what I thought of Captain Masters' reports. I told him I didn't take a great deal of stock in them—never saw any uncharted lands myself; but I was perfectly frank in saying that I thought it a pity so many men laughed at such reports. There are places not down on the charts!"

"Don't I know it?" shrilled De Grasse. "But Fallon's a clever chap, mind you. A hard-headed fellow—respected, and all that. So he says, says Fallon: 'No need to let everybody know. We know! Too many fools are losing their ships by main bad seamanship and then reporting uncharted rocks and headlands not down in the Directory.' And Fallon's right."

Ramsey's eyes glistened with double lust as he listened. What was this secret of these two old fools? Treasure? He smacked his lips. And then his cloudy mind was illuminated by a brilliant flash: here was his chance to utterly destroy the port captain; to make him a laughingstock in San Francisco; and, at the same time, to learn more about this mysterious matter of which old De Grasse was babbling. It may possibly be accounted to his credit as a man that he thought more of revenging himself on Fallon than of the treasure he was sure lay hidden somewhere near Tahiti. He devoted himself to De Grasse from that moment.

That elderly mariner had lived too long with his secret, and even Ramsey's clumsy attentions soothed sensibilities long kept raw by whispered scorn and silent contempt. He concluded presently that Fallon

(Continued on Page 77)

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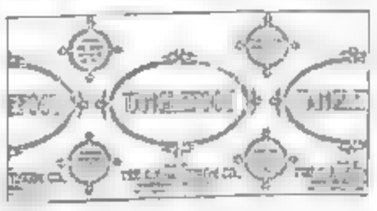

The Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society comments thus in a recent issue

Sporadic cases of arsenical poisoning are very rare. Their infrequency undoubtedly is a number of cases of cholera infantum in which really cases of arsenical poisoning occurring, was attributed to cholera infantum.

We regret, arsenical fly destroying devices are obtainable [illegible] further legislation. Our Michigan Legislature, this last session, passed a law regulating the sale of poisonous fly papers.

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(Continued from Page 74

had been wrong in his hasty judgment of the Marathon's commander and wrote to this effect. Ramsey, to whom the epistle was intrusted the night before sailing, tucked it away with the satisfaction of knowing that, whatever De Grasse confided to his old friend, nothing unknown to himself would pass. Yet he was still without his clew to the mystery, and he waited impatiently while his host trod the creaking boards of the hotel veranda and dribbled bits of tantalizing suggestion. It was late when De Grasse, after staring moodily at the mist-veiled stars, croaked out:

"You wouldn't find that island, likely."

"I suppose it lies somewhere along the usual course?" drawled Ramsey, afraid to show his consuming interest.

"Seeing Fallon dropped a hint to you, I might as well tell you more," the other went on, winking his weary eyes rapidly. "I reckon Fallon never could 'a' brought himself to tell—anybody; at no time. It's his way—merely a hint from the corner of his mouth. That's all." De Grasse stopped and wagged his head. "I needn't tell you that Captain Fallon never says more'n he means. He wouldn't tell you, of course. But I see no harm in you. I can see for myself. And I'm just as much concerned as he is, when all's said and done."

"Oh, if I could be of any help ——" murmured Ramsey with an appearance of rousing himself to be civil.

"Maybe so! maybe so!" De Grasse replied. "The principal thing is, we aren't in any shape to go out for ourselves and find the place. Not money enough. We did hunt for it—spent all we had. Now you're running the Marathon—and suppose you edged a leetle off your course and picked up a bit of land, and wrote down the latitude and longitude on a bit of paper, and just passed it across to me or Captain Fallon some day on the Q. T.—why, it would ease our minds considable!"

"Sure, I might do that," came the assent in Ramsey's deliberate, rich tones; "but, as you suggest, I shouldn't report it publicly. Too many skippers have got called down for that."

De Grasse laughed and cracked his knuckles between his pointed knees.

"You understand, I see." Suddenly he assumed an air of gravity. "Captain Fallon is not a man to forget a favor."

"I may fail, of course," Ramsey remarked thoughtfully. "I suppose you know an approximate position?"

"Fallon was so excited he got mixed up in his reckonings," was the answer.

It burst from Ramsey's full lips before he could catch himself.

"Treasure?"

"The greatest," De Grasse said solemnly. "His wife. She was my daughter."

The captain of the Marathon stiffened, suspecting himself to be the subject of a jest. He silently cursed the old man before him, glaring at him through the starlit dusk, swelling with rage. But De Grasse mistook his silence for that of sympathy, and fatuously babbled on:

"Yes; Fallon married my Sylvia in '82. He was master of the Lady of India then, and he fixed up the quarter cabin for my daughter in the best style. 'Sylvy sh'll never lack with me,' says he, shaking my hand on the pierhead. And the tug took 'em and pulled the big ship out into the river, and they sailed away. Sylvia wrote from Cape Town. I have her letter yet. It was mostly about Fallon and the weather they'd had, and the quick passage he expected to make from Auckland to San Diego. It was partly about Marjorie."

"Have I —— Did I meet her?" inquired Ramsey, feeling for some clew in this mysterious tale.

"Marjorie?" De Grasse said, lifting his voice a couple of tones. "No. She hasn't been heard of for fifteen years. Poor girl!" He wiped his eyes.

"I don't understand," Ramsey ventured.

"Naturally," the other agreed. "When Sylvia left me she brought my niece round to the house—I was living in Clapham then—and said: 'Marjorie will be a daughter to you while I'm gone. You need somebody to look after you, father.' That was how Marjorie came. A good-looking lass—pert. We called her Little Sister. When Fallon cabled me from here to come and help him after his shipwreck I gave Marjorie money for the next quarter's rent, ten pound for herself, and the key. 'I'll be back,' I told her. 'Look to Mrs. Harrison when you need a woman to help you.' Then I sailed for India and five months later

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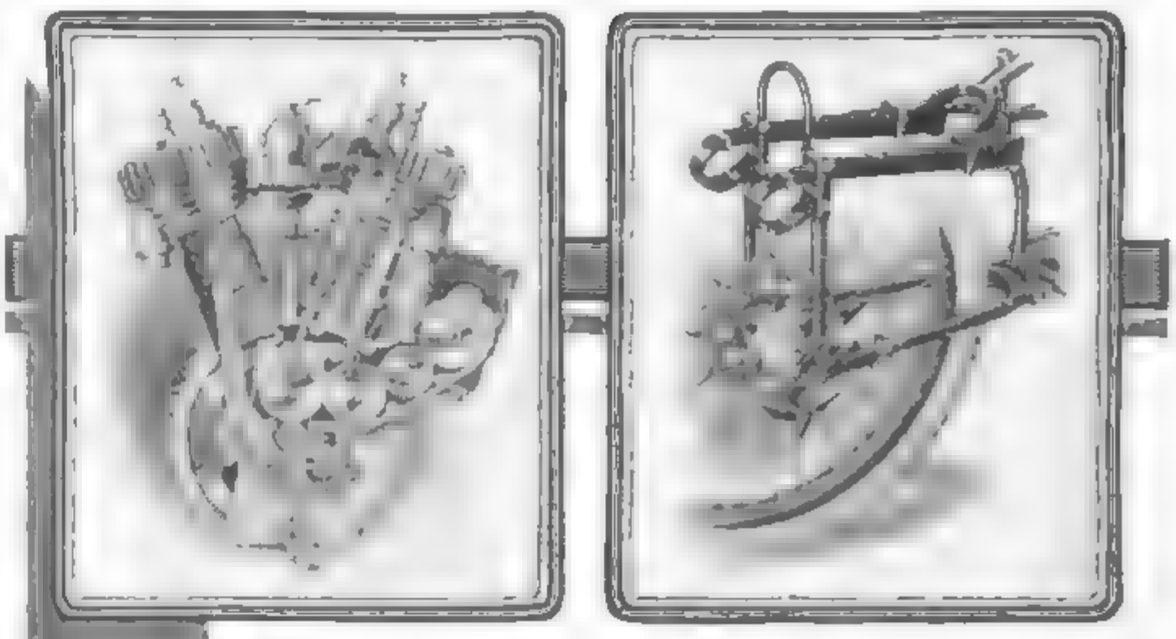

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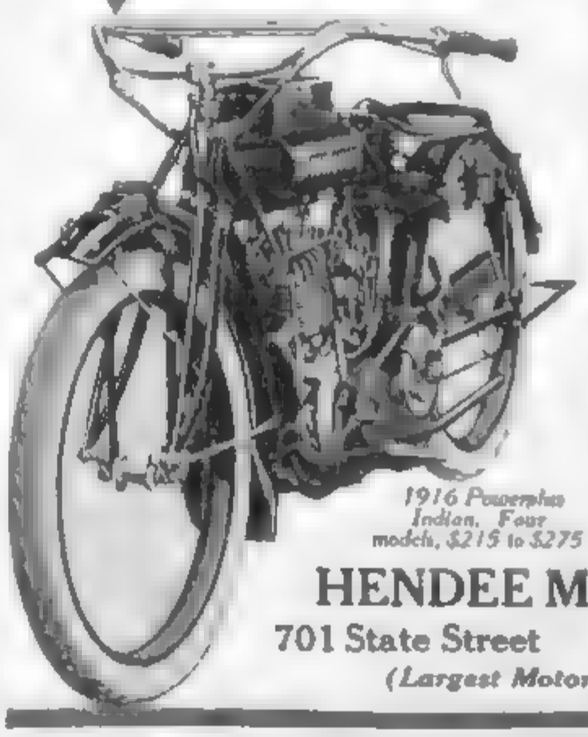

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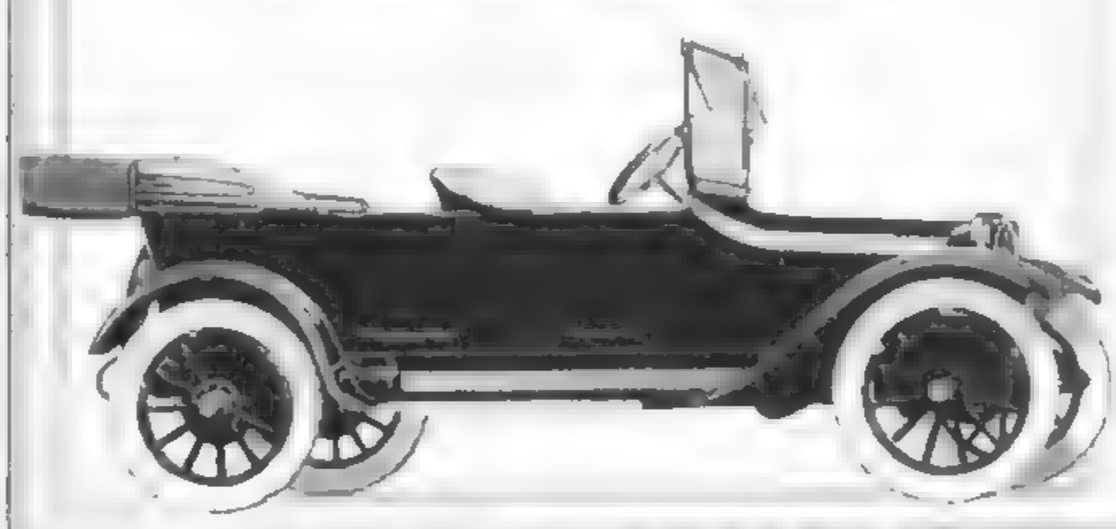

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walked ashore here in Papeete and found Fallon.

"'Where's my Sylvia?' I asked him right away.

"'I don't know,' says he, staring at the ground. And he told me all about it.

"The Lady of India had taken the ground one fine evening, right in the open sea. Fallon was much surprised. He told me many a time afterward that he fell in a daze when the rumble started under his feet and he heard the crash for'ard, and the sticks buckled and the gear slacked down about him. He said he walked over to the lee rail and looked down into the water, and there was the sheen of a white reef there, just as plain as if it had been a plank in the deck. He couldn't understand it; so he ordered the crew to furl and snug down what they could.

"'I couldn't think, with my ship all adrift up aloft,' says he. So he cleared everything up by the light of the moon; and then he went below and fetched up all the charts he could lay hands on. There wasn't any soundings marked within five hundred miles.

"'So I took my pen and looked at my mate,' Fallon told me; 'and I says to him: "This is Surprise Reef and we'll mark it so"' which he did, with the position out of the dead reckoning."

"Then you have the position?" Ramsey put in.

"Such as it might be," De Grasse assented. "But you'll see what happened. The next day Fallon finds his vessel hard and fast on the coral, farther on than ever, and not a chance to move her. There was twelve feet of water in her hold. And of course, Fallon says, there was no land—just the reef a fathom below the surface. Anyway, there he was and a tight fix to be in, what with being out of the track of ships and fast on a bit of coral, and no telling when the weather might change.

"So he took his mates to one side and explained to them they must make the twelve hundred-odd miles to Tahiti and get help, he and the wife staying with the vessel. So off starts the mates and the crew in two boats—the crew wouldn't hear to sticking by the wreck—and that was the end of them! Said Fallon to me: 'I gave 'em ten days to get to land. When six weeks was gone I knew they'd met with disaster. Then come up that gale I told you about,' says Fallon, 'and I told Sylvia we'd better be leaving too.'

"But Sylvia was a good-hearted girl and didn't want to quit the Lady of India on her bridal voyage. And Fallon said he noticed that the storm didn't hurt the ship anyways much, the reef being circular, like an atoll, and with a deep passage into it, which the ship had made by accident; so that she lay opposite the pass and inside the protection of the reef. On a smooth day, of course, you couldn't see any breakers or any land; and a strange sight it must 'a' been to see the Lady of India lying heeled over in mid-sea, with her sails furled, no wave curling under her sheer water and no wake whitening behind her. Like paint, it must 'a' been.

"But Fallon was worried. He said he saw the current getting stronger about the reef and things looked odd. There was only the dinghy left.

"So he thought and thought, with Sylvia singing beside him in the shadow of the main yard. The dinghy was on his mind. He didn't believe it would stand up for the voyage to land in fair weather, let alone the bad slant he'd a right to look for. So he made out to be waiting for word from the poor fellows who'd gone already. Then another thing happened, which eased his mind tremendously, as it explained how he'd run on a reef that wasn't on the chart and made the future look safe. Either the sea got lower or the reef was heaved up higher; at any rate, one fine morning he came on deck to find the Lady of India high and dry, the coral whitening in the sun all round and the surf beating on a beach a hundred yards away.

"'Now,' says he to Sylvia, 'the thing's perfectly plain. Surprise Reef is Real Island. Our ship is safe and I'll leave you here and make a try for land and a port in the dinghy. I'll be back in three weeks.'

"It was like Sylvia to want to go with him, but Fallon said 'No.' The vessel was safe and the dinghy a handful. His mind would be relieved, knowing where she was. So he launched the boat in the lagoon and put to sea through the pass, and Sylvia climbed into the main crosstrees and waved her white hand to him as he sailed west."

"He made Papeete all right, then?" Ramsey inquired.

"He got in all right, being picked up out of his dinghy by a native canoe. He cabled me at London to come out, got a steamer, and left to salvage the Lady of India. When I arrived he was just back. He couldn't find Surprise Reef!"

"Ah!" the captain of the Marathon said in his orotund voice.

"No: he couldn't find it," De Grasse said simply.

Having finished his narrative thus succinctly, the old man relapsed into silence, nodding his gray head and sighing. Ramsey said nothing, for the situation appealed wonderfully to his growing hatred of the port captain; he relished it, as men of his kidney taste the huge, complete jests of destiny. His heavy visage, concealed in the darkness carefully, did not express his sentiment; but De Grasse peered over at the sound of his voice when he finally spoke.

"Funny that Captain Fallon should forget where he left his bride!"

"He didn't forget," was the querulous response. "I told you he made the position of the reef by dead reckoning. His chronometers, he said, were out of order."

"It's a long time since then, isn't it?" Ramsey demanded.

"Thirty years gone."

"And he never found her—his ship?" the Marathon's commander went on as if slyly feeling his way to a splendid dénouement.

"No," De Grasse repeated. "Never."

"Then your daughter is dead," was the firm assertion.

Instantly the old man started to pace the floor again.

"A hundred things might have happened," he whispered. "A vessel might have come along and taken her off. She would leave a message for Fallon, of course. Some native canoe might have made the reef—or a missionary schooner."

"In that case I presume you would hear from her," Ramsey insisted.

"Perhaps," De Grasse admitted. "But suppose she thought her husband was lost in his dinghy? Or the vessel that rescued her was bound for far-away ports? Or suppose a thousand things that have happened at sea and may happen again."

"And suppose another thing," Ramsey boomed through the dusk: "Suppose there wasn't any Surprise Reef and Captain Fallon told you the yarn to cover himself. What then?"

"Then you think she is dead?" De Grasse whimpered as if conviction had at last seized him. "Thirty years gone! Fifteen since Marjorie disappeared."

"Ah, Marjorie!" Ramsey said in an altered voice. "I had almost forgotten her. You said ——"

The other stirred uneasily on his feet and the captain of the Marathon saw his thin profile move against the oblong translucence of the window.

"She was always to look after me while Sylvia was away," he murmured. "But she grew up and young men hung about, and she left one foggy morning in a cab while I was shaving in the back parlor. A pert, foolish girl!"

Ramsey longed to shout with laughter.

"A girl, you say? How—how old was she when she—took that cab?"

"Thirty-one," De Grasse snapped. "Left me shaving in the back parlor—took a cab and never came back! As if there hadn't been trouble enough!"

"I assume she ran away to get married?" was the response.

"Play acting," the old man corrected him, adding in extreme disgust: "Left London for the States and never came back. Left me to look after myself and come out to Papeete, and live in this hotel."

"Does she know where you are now?" Ramsey continued.

"How do I know? No word from her at all. Fallon looked her up. Never saw her. Only information he got was that she had gone as an actress with some troupe—changed her name."

"She will come back," was the unexpected statement, given with the same assurance with which Ramsey had announced that Sylvia Fallon was dead. DeGrasse sat down and stared at this visitor who was so positive.

"You have seen her?"

Ramsey hesitated a moment over the falsehood; then laughed.

"Quite so! I heard her tell about an uncle—oh, I recognize the story, captain! Odd I should have run across her."

(Continued on Page 81)

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(Continued from Page 78)

De Grasse got to his feet with extraordinary energy.

"Then you tell her I've been looking for her," he said shrilly. "She must come right home. Here she's been gallivanting in cabs and steamships and railroad carriages, leaving her poor old uncle to stop in a hotel! Tell her to come right back. What would Sylvia say if she found out? Just put that up to her."

"I will," Ramsey said hastily, astonished at the old man's credulity and equally embarrassed at thought of what he was in for to make good his play. It struck him that the old man was mildly insane, and in his cunning, dark mind he decided that Fallon had found his father-in-law easy prey. For what end? Ramsey smiled to himself. This story of a wreck, of an island that rose from the sea, of a woman waiting on a vanished ship, appealed to him as a magnificent fiction. But back of all the mystery was a real secret—treasure! De Grasse was only a tool.

"And you think Captain Fallon will start out again for this lost reef?" the captain of the Marathon pursued.

"It's only a matter of time and money," old De Grasse quavered. "That's why Captain Fallon went up to the Coast when we got broke. 'I'll go crazy down here,' says he. 'I can't make money or play the man, thinking of my Silvy. I'll go somewhere else and make the money and not come back till I have plenty.' That's what he said." De Grasse peered at his visitor. "But if anybody sh'd find the position of that reef before, it would help out. Fallon wouldn't have to wait." He sighed. "And Sylvia wouldn't have to wait."

Ramsey sucked in his cheeks and then exploded:

"She had to wait, all right!"

"You see, nobody takes much stock in strange islands," the old man continued. "Fallon saw that. 'We'll keep it a secret,' says he. Earnest about it, he was. 'I'll never more sleep in a bed till Sylvia shares it,' says he solemnly to me."

The captain of the Marathon gaped, having a vision of the old port captain staring at a bed whose covers had never been turned down in thirty years. He suffered a feeling of repulsion: Fallon wasn't human. Then another thought broke in on him and the sweat oozed on his forehead. Ramsey was not a man of lively imagination; he was even afraid of strange fancies as some men fear strange shapes. And it came over him like a very profound conviction—an incredible and astounding belief—that the highly ridiculous, improbable and fantastic story he had just heard was true; that there was a Sylvia Fallon scanning the empty sea from the sagged crosstrees of a wreck; that islands unknown to man did exist; that old De Grasse, maundering about a lost daughter and a missing niece, was sane; that Captain Fallon endlessly dreamed of a bride swallowed up thirty years by the shimmering distances of a tropic ocean. It made Ramsey savage, resentful and merciless. He rose.

"I imagine you reported the Lady of India lost at sea?" he said in a deep, steady voice.

"What else could we say?" demanded De Grasse. "The ship was gone and all the crew. To be sure, Captain Fallon was ashore and had taken a steamer off on a salvage cruise. But nothing was found. What could we say? We took the insurance."

"Ah, the insurance!" Ramsey said once more, mastering the overpowering sense of the reality of the mystery and seizing on the common, solid explanation of an insurance fraud with peculiar satisfaction.

"Fallon says to me the day we had to give up: 'Nobody would believe us,' says he. 'We can't prove anything and the Government'll make trouble if we don't make some kind of a report. So we let it go as Missing!'"

"And lived high on the insurance money!" Ramsey laughed.

De Grasse's voice was stronger, his tone austere.

"It went to the joint-stock company that owned the Lady of India. We didn't touch a penny of it, captain—much as we'd like to. 'A' had the money to hunt the reef."

Such facts could easily be verified, thought Ramsey shrewdly, and made no further question. He had gained sufficient for his purpose and left the old man with many confidential expressions of sympathy.

"Just wait and say nothing to Captain Fallon," he concluded. "It's better a secret, of course. But maybe I'll pick up the bearings of that reef. Never can tell, you know."

"That's it!" De Grasse eagerly assented. "That reef's somewhere, and some man'll find it. If you sh'd happen to run across it just mark the position down on a bit of paper and slip it to Fallon. He'll know what to do with it."

Outside the hotel and in the soft darkness the commander of the Marathon raised his set face to the stars and triumphantly blasphemed.

"I've got him now! Anyway you look at it, Fallon's got to go and have a look-see at the island I'll report finding. Even if he thinks I'm lying, he daren't take a chance. He's got to go—and I'll be the next port captain of the Northern and Equatorial."

It will be observed that, in spite of all his efforts to disbelieve, Captain Ramsey was proceeding on the assumption that what he had heard from the whispering lips of Lemuel de Grasse was the simple truth. Eleven days later Ramsey met Captain Fallon's harsh demand for an explanation of his disobedience of orders as to speed with a prompt:

"I felt I must report a disaster, sir."

"To your ship?" came the sharp query.

Ramsey shook his head.

"No, sir. During the early morning watch on the seventh day out I saw what I took to be the masts of a full-rigged ship ashore on a low island. I was unable to detect any signs of life aboard, but in the uncertain light I thought I made out a signal of some sort in the forerigging. This was about fifteen miles to the south'ard of us."

Swiftly Fallon's fingers riffled the leaves of the Marathon's log book.

"No report of all this," he said huskily.

"No, sir. I fancy I should have reported it, but I recalled this office's instructions relative to my reports, and I—well, the charts give no land in that position, or within seven hundred miles of it. I said to myself I'd better make certain a report of this will be of some use; so I steamed to Papeete as fast as I could. There I found no vessel of any kind was overdue and no vessel reported missing in several years in those latitudes. Consequently I felt that it would be best for all concerned if I turned in my report to you. You can do as you see fit."

Fallon did not raise his eyes for a long moment. When he did so Ramsey's conscience pricked him momentarily. "Swallowed it whole!" he thought with amazement.

"I suppose you'd better let me have a note of the ship's position and a brief statement of what you and the watch officer saw," the port captain said.

"Watch officer be hanged!" Ramsey said loudly. "I run my ships myself when it's a particular matter like this. No officer saw this; fact is, soon as I glimpsed the thing and mighty queer I thought it at the time!—I sent him about other business. Thinks I, No foolish talk about this! If I come tramping into port first voyage from Tahiti with a report of an uncharted island Captain Fallon'll chart me! So I never let on—just dropped you the word as a matter of business."

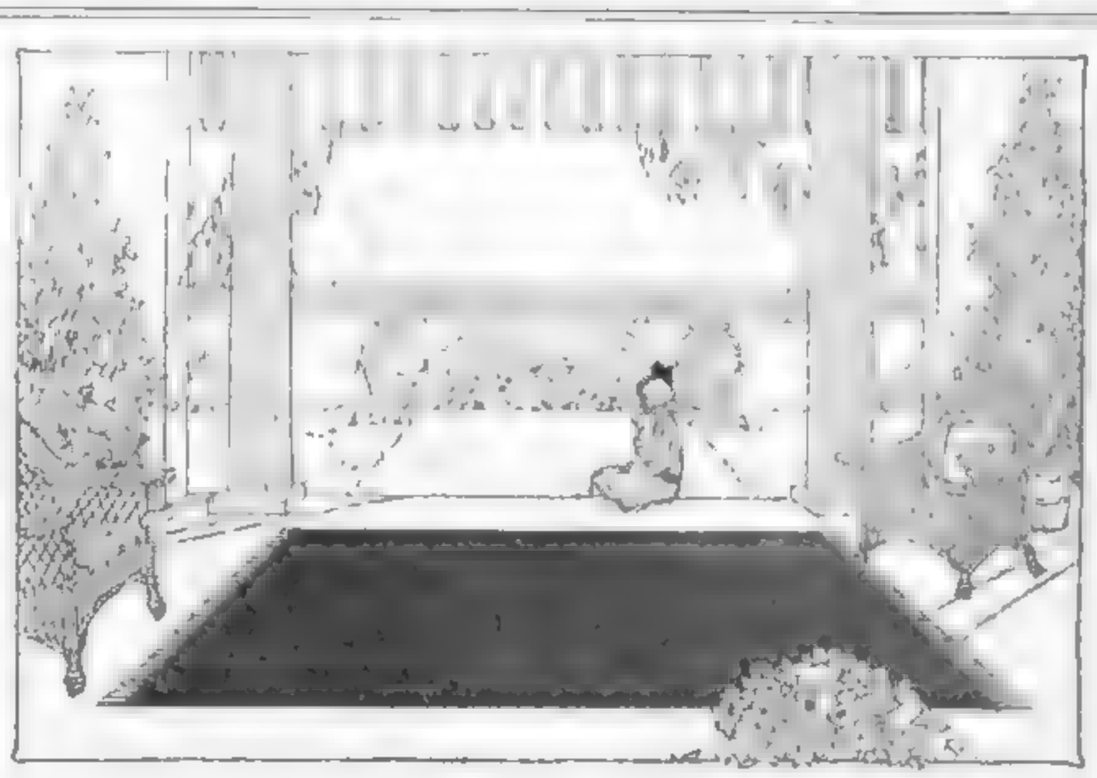
"You did alter your course and run down—a little—toward this—er—island, captain?"

"Me?" demanded Ramsey with every appearance of resenting a subtle attack on his integrity. "Mails and passengers to port was my orders, and all I dared do was turn the engines up a little faster, so that if there was need of help being sent some vessel overdue I could warn the authorities in time, sir."

"Very well!" Fallon responded and dismissed him.

When the captain was gone, with his stiff swagger and restrained air of importance, the port captain smiled bitterly at the bit of paper on which Ramsey had marked the position of the fictitious land. No one knew more surely than Fallon that the report was in all likelihood a purposeful lie; and he knew exactly its efficacy, its nicely calculated result. Lie or not, he could not know except by personal experiment, and he dared not risk anything on his moral certitude that Ramsey was deceiving him.

There was but one thing for him to do—go! Though instinct told him the Marathon's commander was lying, feeble reason urged that Ramsey would not be so foolish as to risk the displeasure of the vice president by such a report were it not true; that the younger man could know nothing of the elder's secret; that in any case the pat



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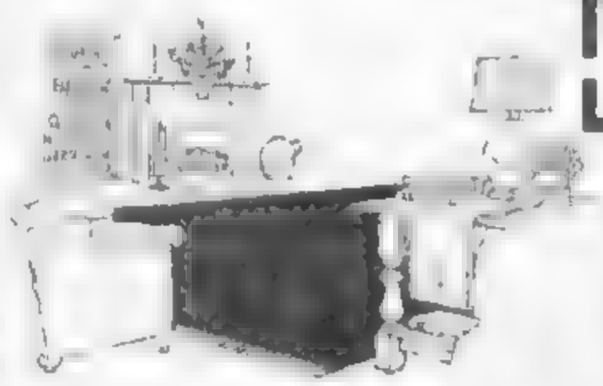

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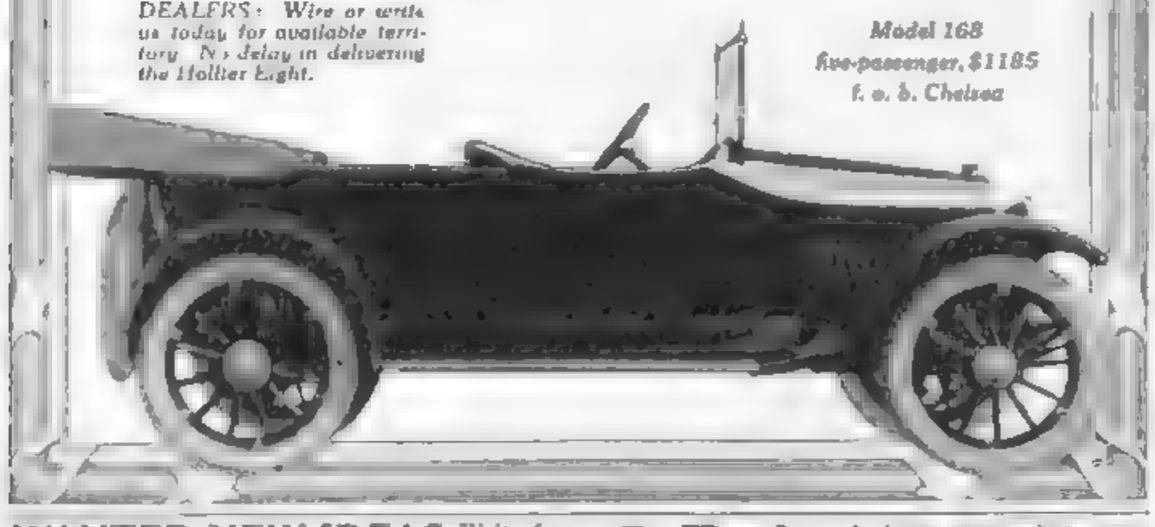

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circumstances were good evidence in favor of a fact. So he drew a sheet of paper to him and wrote to De Grasse that very hour:

"*Dear Captain:* I'll be down on the next trip of our rival's steamer. Say nothing to anyone. Be ready when I arrive. I inclose draft on Sydney for charter of available vessel. Provision and clear for Honolulu.

"A. FALLON."

Having written and so settled the immediate future, the port captain allowed himself a moment's full-hearted cursing of Ramsey. It relieved him somewhat and he managed a grim smile when a clerk entered and announced a lady to see him.

"Another wife wanting to know why her husband doesn't get a passenger packet and a regular run," he thought, and prepared his usual quiet, polite and firm denial of baseless hopes. It may be remarked here that Captain Fallon did not think it none of a woman's business to interfere—other superintendents used the word—in a husband's affairs; consequently he was liked even by those whom he most curtly refused. But the first glance at the visitor who entered his door told him that this was no one he knew.

"Madam," he said promptly, "what do you want me to do for you?"

"My name is Stance—Mrs. Stance," was the response. "I came to ask you about Captain Ramsey."

"You are going as a passenger on the Marathon?" he inquired, watching the velvety eyes for something to identify a strangely familiar face.

"No," she replied, seating herself with an alertness that seemed a little odd in one so buxom. "We are engaged to be married."

Fallon leaned back and breathed a polite: "Ah, yes!"

"And he wants me to do something," she went on. "I have done so many things in my time—without asking! But now I must be sure."

"Of what?" Fallon demanded.

"Of all that he says—whether it is true." She flushed and her dark, opaque eyes seemed to glow faintly. "I don't mean whether he thinks they're true—what he says—but whether the facts are so!"

"Yes?"

"I know he's been made commodore of your fleet and will have the Marathon as long as he wants it," she went on simply. "But there's something else—down in Papeete. Captain de Grasse is looking for his niece. He calls her Marjorie. Reginald thinks I ought to go down and say I'm Marjorie—to save the old man's life. He says it would be just for a little while. Then we could be married."

Captain Fallon's lips opened, but he said nothing, seeming to be in a state of extreme bewilderment.

"Captain Ramsey doesn't know it—hadn't an idea of it; but it struck me probably I ought to go. Not that my uncle ever did anything for me. But—you know all about it. Must I go?"

"Must you go?" muttered Fallon. "Why?"

"I'm Marjorie de Grasse," she returned.

There was a profound silence. Mrs. Stance sat easily in her chair and watched the port captain's face. Its expression was one of vague perplexity.

"I never heard —— Did you find Aunt Sylvia?" she murmured.

With a crash Captain Fallon thrust his heavy desk from him a couple of feet across the floor. He rose and said harshly:

"How much of all this does Ramsey know?"

"Nothing," she assured him. "I married in the profession—an actor. He died. I came to the Coast five years ago. I met Reginald when he was mate in the Pacific Steam, and we got engaged. I never told him I ran away in London to be married. And —— What's the use of talking too much? I learned long ago to keep my mouth shut. I didn't want anything more to do with Uncle Lemuel."

"Then you are Marjorie! And I've been looking everywhere for you."

Fallon looked thoughtfully at his visitor, nodding.

"It seemed too funny for anything when Reginald came and asked me to go to Papeete and play niece to Uncle Lemuel," she remarked. "At first I thought he knew—but he doesn't suspect, even. It was just a play with him. He had found an old man—half-dotty, he says—and he thought it would be fun for me and be kind to the old man."

(Continued on Page 85)

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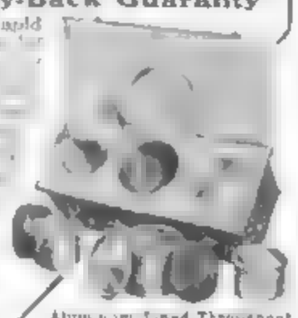

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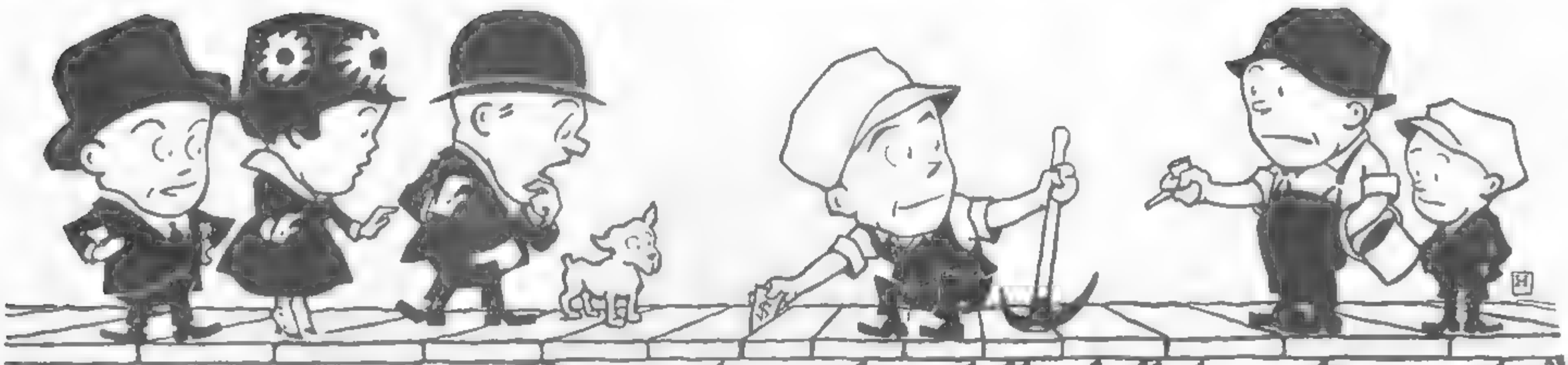

"Whativer ar' ye doin', Pat, sticking that dollar bill doon that crack?"

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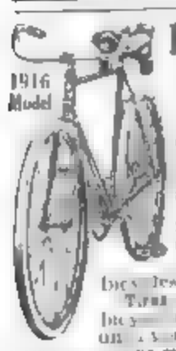

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(Continued from Page 82)

"All this sounds preposterous to me," Fallon said. "Such things don't happen, do they? First, you run off and none of us can get word of you. Then Ramsey gets to be master of the Marathon, after becoming engaged to you, and finds your old uncle and wants you to impersonate yourself Marjorie, tell me the truth!"

The woman brushed a plump hand down the front of her skirt and smiled slightly.

"That's the truth—part of it," she answered. "Of course I knew who you were. After I left home I did my best to forget Uncle Lemuel and be a good wife to Stance. But when he died and left me stranded out here on the Coast I pretty nearly made up my mind to come over and see you you were superintendent of the Oriental then. But I was always independent, you know. Forget and let forget! is my motto. So I stuck it out and before long I was running a nice little boarding house. That's how I met Captain Ramsey. I guess you can figure the rest out yourself. I kept after him to get in with the Oriental. He didn't seem able to make it. But I managed to work things so he had a chance with the Marathon, and then—the rest was easy. You ought to know me!" she concluded with a hard laugh.

"I see," Fallon said thoughtfully. "If Ramsey didn't manage one way, you knew you could come to me." He raised his bleak eyes. "It's just as well you didn't. I don't trust Captain Ramsey."

"A woman has to trust a man sometimes," she responded vaguely; "but I never let on to Reginald—not for a moment."

"Why?"

The bluntness of the question did not disconcert her.

"I know him pretty well," she told him. "And if he knew all about you and the Lady of India, and Uncle Lemuel, Reginald would have schemed." She lifted her luminous eyes. "I may have quit Uncle Lemuel, all right, but I always reckoned that family affairs were family affairs."

"You think he would have—he might have—used that knowledge—wrongly?" Fallon suggested.

"Reginald wouldn't have thought it wrong," she said promptly. "He'd have thought it was all right. I found out the insurance was paid on your ship."

"A good many people had a share in the Lady of India," the port captain reminded her. "You ought to know there was only one thing to do, and that was to let the ship go posted as missing. Just because I made a mistake, and—thought something, was no reason the other owners should suffer. Anyway, nobody could ever have explained the matter."

"Not with you and Uncle Lemuel still trying to find the ship again," she remarked. "But I didn't tell, and I don't intend to—unless it's necessary."

"It won't be," Fallon answered briefly. "I've resigned."

"Then Reginald will get your place?" she cried.

"Possibly. Was that what you came to see me about?" he said.

"No—about Uncle Lemuel. If he's really very old and sick and needs me, I thought it would do no harm for me to go down. Reginald will think I'm simply playing niece, and nobody will be really the wiser." Mrs. Stance smiled. "But I thought I'd better have an understanding with you first. You might make trouble."

"How?" His tone was chilly.

"By telling Reginald. Reginald thinks you're plotting against him. And if he found out I was really Marjorie, and your niece, too, he'd have no use for me." Mrs. Stance's face was serious. "Men are funny."

"Then you expect to marry him?" Fallon demanded.

She bit her lip.

"We're engaged. But he's ambitious and I guess sometimes he thinks I'm hardly society enough to be the wife of the superintendent of this company. When he wanted me to go down to Tahiti and play Marjorie I knew he was planning to get rid of me. If I were once down in Papeete as Uncle Lemuel's niece, you see, I'd be stuck there. I couldn't give myself away, he thinks. I'd have to stick it out. But, seeing I am Marjorie, and you know it, that doesn't matter. See? So long as you don't tell him, I'm all right. And with Uncle Lemuel's money I'd be really worth while marrying."

"I don't doubt that Captain Ramsey would see the force of your arguments," Fallon responded grimly. "And you want

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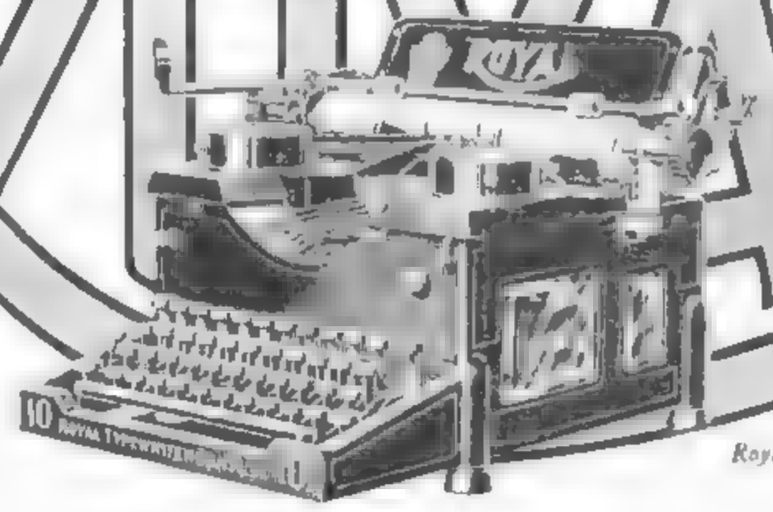

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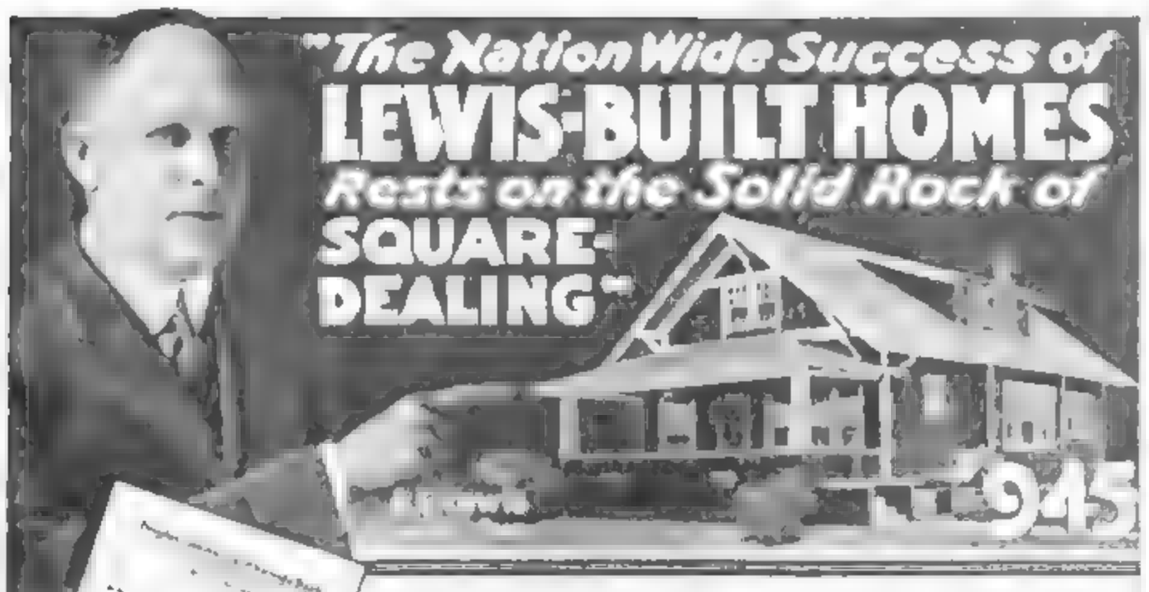

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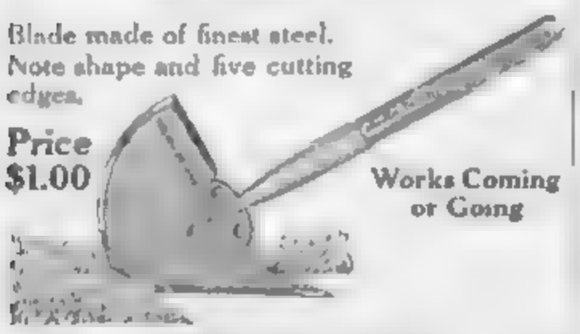

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to know whether I'll keep quiet and let him have his own way—or think he has?"

"That's it," she assented, evidently relieved. "You know, a person can make plans and do a whole lot of things, and just as everything is going all right somebody'll step in the door and spoil everything. I don't want you to walk in and say to Ramsey: 'You thought you'd fool us; but we fooled you!'"

"Still ——" Fallon let his head droop on his chest in deep thought. Gradually his face cleared. "I see what you want me to do," he said. "You want me to say you aren't Marjorie—you want me to refuse to be taken in—is that it?"

Mrs. Stance nodded.

"And what will be the end of this—of this double deception?" he inquired.

"When he's got your place, and a chance to go higher, he won't dare—he can't—leave me out of his plans." Her eyes were barely lit, opaque, lusterless. "I've learned that a woman gets what she wants by managing," she concluded.

Captain Fallon's sardonic face was unusually pale.

"I'm sorry, Marjorie. I guess this is a pretty hard life all round. But—is Reginald Ramsey worth your while?"

"He's the best I can do," she responded bitterly. "Oh, I've learned a lot since I left Uncle Lemuel!"

Fallon nodded.

"I see. All right! But I'm afraid Captain Ramsey isn't worth your while."

"But he's done so well!" she whispered nervously. "I've managed him so far so that he has gone ahead. I mustn't fail."

It was exactly as if the good-looking, carefully preserved woman before him had unfolded her long history of making the best of poor material, of sorry planning for the impossible, of fervid hope and frigid fear. And the end of her tragedy was still in the future. Fallon winced. She had built all her imagined happiness on sand, on the unstable foundation of a petty and foolish man.

Ramsey? Fallon's eyes seemed to see again the glinting seas under the equator running into mysterious spaces, driven by unaccountable forces, supreme over all the plans and plots of men. Those seas had rolled over his own youth and buried somewhere in the vast Pacific all that he held dear. They had swallowed up the hopes and lives of many men, and until the dawn of eternity they would still destroy and efface and make men's ambitions void. Ramsey had challenged those seas—and Marjorie Stance would lose. Yet ——

"Are you in love with the man?" he croaked, and waited for her answer as if for an oracle.

"Does that matter?" she returned coldly.

Fallon sighed. Ramsey was without the saving grace of being loved.

"It matters," he told her wearily, "when the time comes; when you'll have to ask yourself the question whether you love him enough to save him from himself. There is such a time, Marjorie! There's an hour in every man's life when some woman asks herself that question: Do I love him enough to save him? And that's the hour when a man is saved—or lost."

She was silent.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Kick Subtle

A MAN who lives in Savannah and owns a plantation in Chatham County, Georgia, bought a mule with a reputation for owning a set of gifted and hair-triggered hind legs, and shipped her out to his place to be used in plowing for cotton.

A Sunday or so later he visited the plantation. The darky whose particular job it was to care for the working stock came limping up to him to report.

"Jim," asked the owner of the plantation, "does that new mule kick much?"

"Kick?" said Jim. "Boss, dat dar mule kin kick de sweetnen' right out of yore coffee!"

A Correction

MR. ROGER W. BABSON, in an article that recently appeared in these columns, made the erroneous statement that the street-railway system of San Francisco "is owned by the United Railways Investment Company, which in turn is owned by the Philadelphia Company of Pittsburgh." As a matter of fact, the Philadelphia Company of Pittsburgh is controlled by the United Railways Investment Company.

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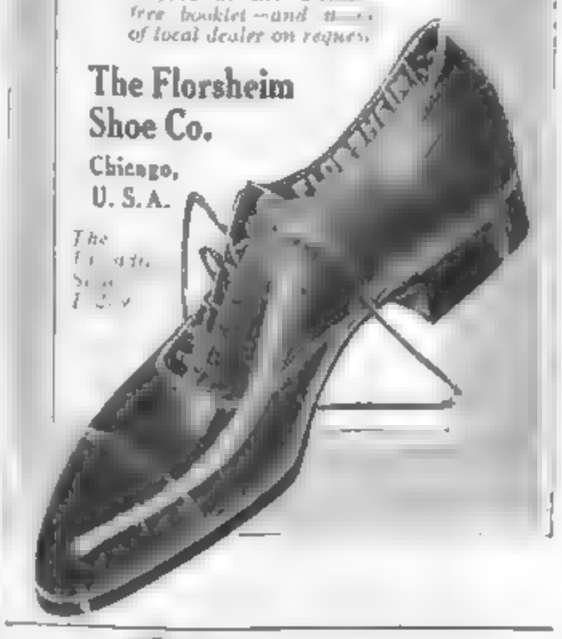

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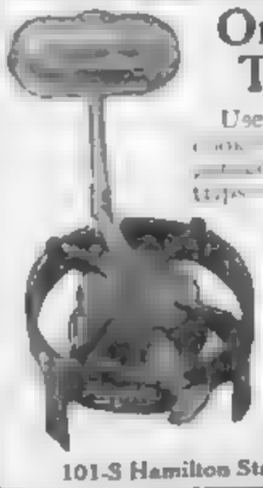

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Then watch the slow getaway of other "sixes", "eights" or even the "twelves" as you slide by, for you will have shifted gears with lightning speed while they are still reaching for the awkward out-of-the-way, still in-the-way hand gear shift lever. Take "her" with you and soon you both will realize that the C-H Magnetic Gear Shift has substituted science for skill and made the large touring car as easy and safe to handle as Milady's electric. Chattering, clashing or stripping of gears is impossible. You push the button on the steering column—the battery does the rest and does it so easily that it consumes less current to shift your gears than it takes to blow the horn. You will find the pleasures of driving wonderfully increased. Then you will resolve that your next big touring car will be a family car indeed. Simplified driving will have made it so.

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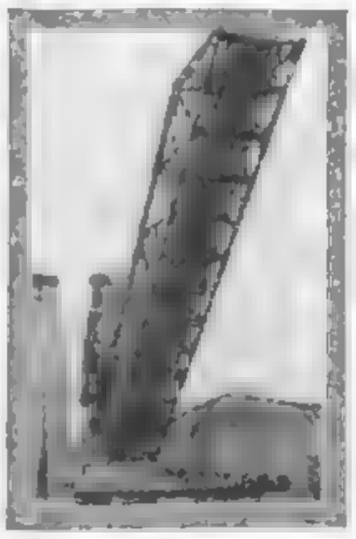

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THE STORY OF A COLD-BLOODED BUSINESS MAN

Continued from Page 4

The four of them might be playing cards, and as Gilbert spread out a trick he would say with pretended abstraction:

"Saw Peters to-day." Peters was an architect. "Great fellow, Peters! He's worked out the finest little set of plans you ever saw—cheap too—for remodeling that Carlin place. I must bring 'em round and show 'em to you, Constance. You'd be interested—artistically, I mean."

And then Mary Reeves would put in: "Oh, now, Gilbert, forget your old Carlin place and play your hand"—which did not help.

That type of gaucherie kept recurring. It would not have been so trying, perhaps, if Reeves had, once and for all, thrown the thing out in the open and had it over with. But he did not; he kept skirting everlastingly round the idea; he seemed unable to keep away from it.

Finally Parker, in an attempt to get the poison out of their relations, took Gilbert aside and told him flatly that he should never buy the Carlin place.

He imagined that Reeves might be a little sore after the brusqueness of the rebuff; but he was not. Ames would have liked him better if he had been. But he tried to laugh away the embarrassment of the moment, and then presently turned the situation to his own account by exacting a reluctant promise from Parker that he would preside at a Bigger Wellesville dinner, which he was organizing for the purpose, as Parker knew, of boosting some outlying lots he had in hand.

Ames disliked public dinners; he was loath to lend even a qualified indorsement to Reeves' scheme, but he gave his promise, because at the moment he was anxious to show his friendliness. Later the scheme flatted out miserably; some estimable citizens lost money and Ames came in for a certain amount of mild censure. But that was after Mary Reeves had made her own particular play.

Parker and his wife always contended that, irksome as the Reeveses had in one way or another made the relation between the two families, and persistently as Gilbert sought to identify himself with and utilize the prestige of the president of the General, nevertheless their friendship might have been salvaged had it not been for Mary Reeves. Ames had been in his new job about four months when, one evening, she burst in upon them and began by telling Parker good-naturedly that she was ashamed of him. Presently it developed that the basis of her reproach was that the General had no welfare work for its employees. She went on and amazed Parker by the amount of information she had gathered about such work throughout the country. It did strike him as odd that so worldly minded a person as Mary Reeves should be consumed with so altruistic an idea. But he thought little of this point then; and when finally his own wife, to whom Mary had been talking persistently of the plan, began to catch some of the other's enthusiasm, he took up consideration of welfare work in real earnest.

Mary Reeves Shows Her Hand

At length he decided that something should be done, and an entire floor of the big manufacturing and office building was set aside for rest rooms, lunch rooms, reading rooms, and so on. Then came the question of who should manage this important undertaking of the company; and Mary Reeves showed her hand.

It was with a sickly smile that Parker saw the true depths of their friend's philanthropic feelings and it was with an even more sickly smile that he observed her methods. One evening, when the welfare plant was in readiness, his wife, Constance, came to him and asked whether he had anyone in mind as manageress. He told her that no selection had been made.

"Well," said Constance, "Mary Reeves has a sister who's teaching school in the East. She's poorly paid, very much alone and unhappy. Mary says she knows a great deal about welfare work and is just the person for the place. I wish you'd give the sister a try. I've promised Mary to do all I can to persuade you."

"Why in the world did you make any such promise?" Ames was angry.

"I know I shouldn't have, but she gave that big luncheon for me the other day—and you remember that set of books she sent Donald"—Donald was the Ameses' boy—"for Christmas; and—oh, they've been awfully kind! I'm sorry, but please do this for me. Give the sister the job."

Mary Reeves' sister did get the job. In three months she had made a ridiculous failure of it and was discharged. Not having her former position as school-teacher, she was thrown entirely upon the Reeveses. She lived in the Reeveses' house, ate the Reeveses' food, cut into the Reeveses' income.

Little by little, as that situation continued to drag itself out, Mary Reeves' first disappointment turned to resentment, and then to a settled feeling that an injustice had been done her sister.

Moreover, in all intercourse with the Reeveses it was difficult to escape the discharged sister's presence. The result was that the relations between the two households grew thinner and thinner. Gilbert hung on as long as he could, forever at Parker to join some new club or organization, to subscribe to some public movement; now and again attempting to awaken interest in the Carlin place. Very thoroughly he contaminated the little there was left between them; and finally, in sheer ennui, disgust and self-protection, the Ameses threw up all further semblance of friendship and let the Reeveses die out of their lives.

"We did our best," said Constance sorrowfully; and Ames knew this was true.

"It was simply that they were not able to stand our success," he told her grimly.

Fishing for Tips in General

Meanwhile developments had been running along, not only with the Tuttles but with Chester Dalton, Parker's cousin, and his wife. So far as Margaret and Paul Tuttle were concerned, nothing decisive had arisen, though upon every occasion when the families had forgathered there were small but nevertheless real evidences of the soundness of Norman's theory that complete ease was impossible between employer and employee; and Parker was finding it a strain to enact the rôle of superior in his office and of equal in his home. Thus it had been with the Tuttles; but with Chester and Lucy Dalton there had been an issue.

Within perhaps a month after Parker had taken up his new duties Chester, in a new checked suit and red necktie, strolled one morning into Ames' office, peeling off his chamois gloves and observing that he had dropped round to look over the "new diggings." Parker doubted that this was all he had come for, but said nothing and bided his time. Dalton was pretending to glance casually round the room when he said:

"Everything booming, I suppose?"

"What do you mean—everything?" asked Ames, always suspicious of this kin of his.

"Oh, the General."

"Yes; the General is doing nicely."

"Very nicely?" asked Chester pointedly, and now on the alert.

For a long minute Parker studied him, and the young man smiled a cool, insolent smile in return.

"Why do you ask?" demanded Ames.

"Oh, come now!" ejaculated Dalton. "Don't hedge. Is she going up or is she going down?"

"What?"

"General, at 76."

Parker swung round in his chair and looked out of his broad window. He knew, to a dot, almost, what the stock was going to do; but he had no intention of telling anyone else, and most particularly his cousin. If he told Chester that individual would be in a broker's office within twenty minutes. The broker would be most certain to conclude that Ames' own cousin would have reliable information in regard to General; the broker might, indeed, by some roundabout device, buy or sell on his own account, and maybe on a scale large enough to affect the price. No doubt, too, it would get about that Chester was really acting for Parker, and then presently it would be declared that the stock was being

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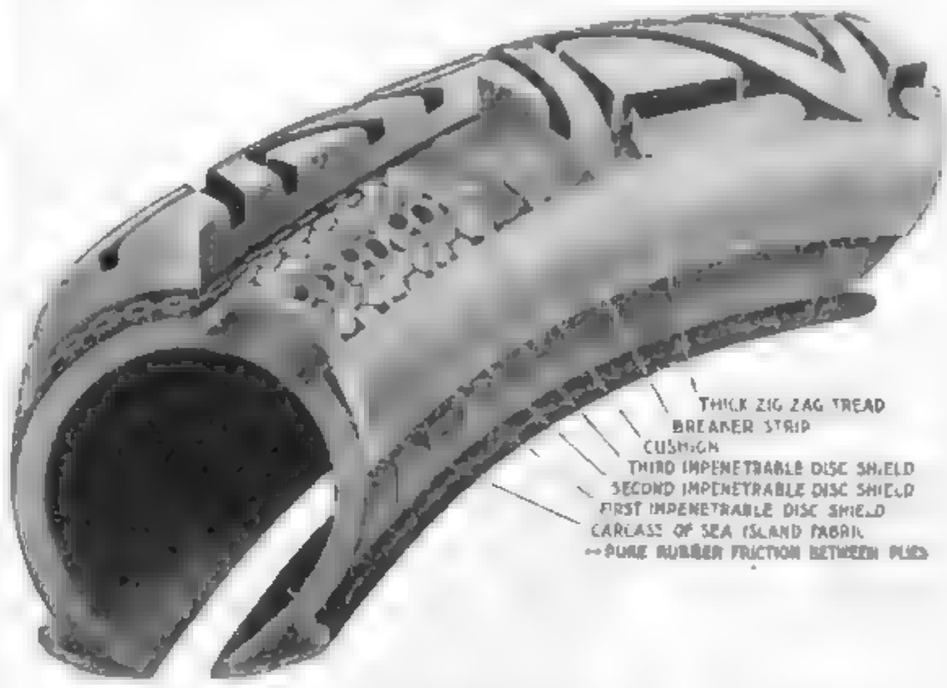

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manipulated from the inside. A host of dangers presented themselves.

"Come across, Parkie, old boy! Be a sport! I need the price."

That brought Ames from his reverie; and with much care and great consideration he devoted half an hour of his precious morning to an attempt to make Chester see why his request for a tip could not be granted. The time was wasted; Dalton had evidently reckoned that, with Parker's promotion, stock-market killings were to be his daily portion.

The next morning Chester called again. He was less breezy this time and came sharply to his point: If Parker would not help him pick up a few dollars in the market he could at least have the decency, as a relative, to help him, Dalton, out of a bad pinch and lend him five hundred.

Now the fact was that, despite Parker's income of thirty thousand a year, he did not at the moment have five hundred that he could conveniently lend to his cousin. Since the day of his elevation to the presidency it had seemed to him that he had been caught up in some vast money-consuming mechanism. Hundreds of demands of one sort or another, which had never been made upon him before, had been pressed almost hourly. Charities, personal loans, dues to new clubs, office subscriptions, subscriptions to organizations, a multitude of drains upon his bank account that his friends and acquaintances had suddenly begun—apparently without the least compunction—to urge upon him.

At times it had seemed to him that not only all his past and present but all his father's and his mother's, his wife's, his entire family's pasts and presents, were rising up to storm him and delve into his purse. Individuals of whose very existence he had only a shadowy idea seemed to materialize, each one with a monetary request. He had been amazed, staggered, at the concentrated rush that had been made at him.

And not only did every one of those suppliants expect him to do the handsome, the liberal thing—triple as much as they would ever have expected before—but none of them seemed to take into account that he was but one of a veritable army. Many of those appeals he had denied; some of the cases were too fanciful even for his instinctively obliging nature. But many he had been unable to refuse without the risk of serious offense. The result had been that his standing with his banker was not appreciably better than it had been when he was an ordinary practicing lawyer. He tried to say a little of this to Chester Dalton.

The Army of Polite Grafters

"Oh, bunk!" pronounced his cousin. "If you don't want to help me say so. But what's five hundred to you? Nothing—absolutely nothing!"

Dalton got the money under a promise to repay it in four months. The four months passed—the money was not repaid; but, instead, one evening Lucy Dalton came to see him. She did not refer to the loan, but said:

"Parker, I understand you're fitting up a whole floor of your building for welfare work. Can't you arrange so I'll do the decorating?"

"No!" Parker told her flatly; for if there was one thing more than another about which that great man in Wall Street would be relentless it was nepotism. "The matter of the decorating of the floor is all in charge of the company's purchasing agent. He'll call for bids. Put in your bid with the others."

"But suppose I don't get it?"

"Well, that will be because you don't deserve it. For your sake I'd be glad if you did secure the work, Lucy; but I can't—honestly can't!—raise a finger to help you get it."

"That doesn't sound like you a bit, Parker—not a bit."

"You never asked me for anything before."

"You never had a chance to help me before."

"I haven't a chance now. You just think I have."

"Oh, Parker! Why, you're absolutely the head of that great business."

"Am I?" he asked sourly, reflecting that neither Lucy Dalton nor many others knew of that blunt, gruff man in the East, who was omniscient and omnipotent; and that exactly as her husband had overestimated his purse, so she, like scores of others, had overestimated his power. Most people, he realized, believed that the General Manufacturing Company was a bottomless money pot, with which he could do about as he chose.

Chester's wife took a reproachful departure. Shortly thereafter Parker heard that she had entered a bid for the decorating and that it was far too high. Hardly had this information come to him when Dalton called again. Ames had not seen his cousin for some time.

"Well, young man," said Parker a little sternly, "what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Concerning what?"

"Well, concerning that five hundred, for one thing."

Ames saw Chester regarding him with supreme contempt. There was a pause and then Chester Dalton unburdened himself. It marked the end of Parker's relations with his cousin and his wife, and thereafter Chester and Lucy ranged themselves with the growing number of Parker's detractors. Of course they never gave a veracious narrative of the break; indeed, so far as Ames and his wife could make out, they never gave any narrative at all. When Chester was asked about Parker he would content himself, it seemed, with some such observation as:

"Well, you see, really I don't know. We don't see a great deal of each other any more. After Parker got so deucedly high up in the world we rather discovered that we weren't cut out of the same piece after all."

The Crop of Disgruntled Relatives

And Lucy, at a mention of the Ameses, would lift regretful eyes and, with a kind of Becky Sharp sigh, bring forth:

"Poor Parker! Poor Constance! Chester and I feel dreadfully about them."

But upon the occasion of Dalton's final tank with Ames there were no reticences, malicious or otherwise. Chester almost sputtered in impotent wrath and told Parker that nothing could have been easier for him than to have swung the decorating job to Lucy, and that if he had done so he would now have his five hundred back. Besides, he said, Parker never would have been asked to put the five hundred up at all if he'd only been halfway decent with his information about the price of General.

"Why, with a wink and a nod at the right time—something no one would ever be able to pin on you—you could have put me right. Same way about that matter of Lucy's. But no—not any more for Parker Ames! Nothing friendly like that since you've got to be such a high mogul. Fact is, I don't believe you care a hang what becomes of your relatives—the only blood kin you've got. You're as hard as ice! Success has spoiled you—that's what it has! And then dunning me on top of it all for the miserly five hundred!—mere pin money for you. Oh, don't put up any of that poverty stuff with me! If you're short there's something mighty well wrong with your life. That's all I've got to say."

And thus the Daltons dropped out. Needless to add the loan was not repaid.

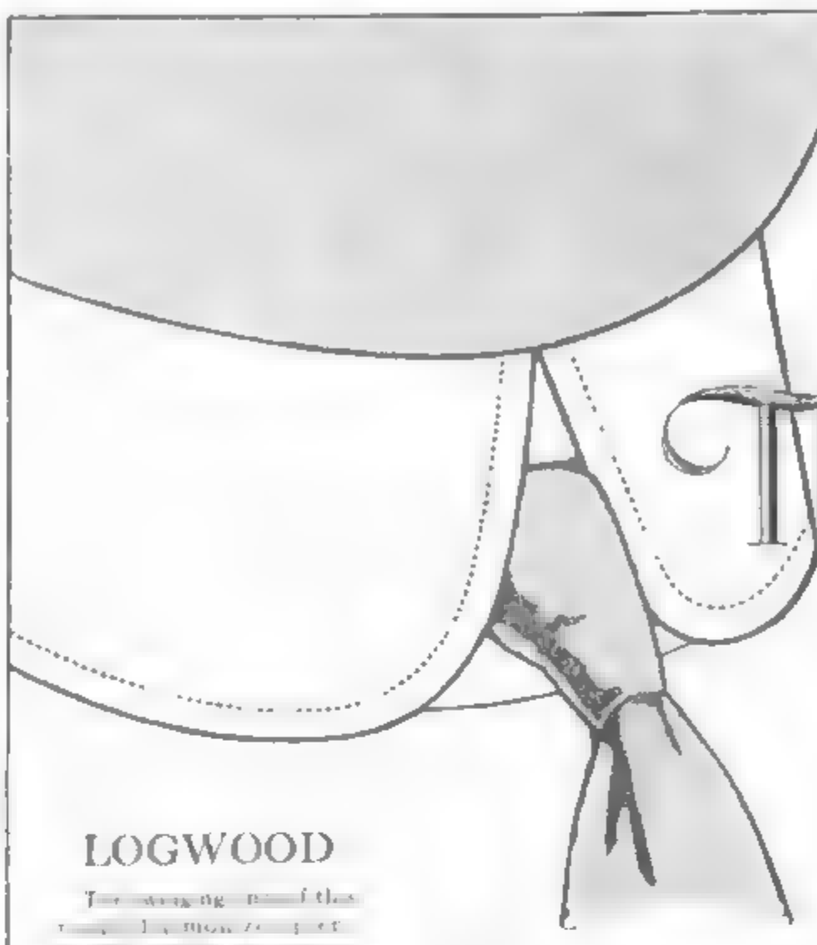
"Very likely," commented Conway some time afterward, "they have worked themselves round to believing that they don't owe the money at all."

"How could they—possibly?" asked Parker.

"Oh, easily enough," answered Norman. "It's been my observation, when a man attains a big success in this world, that somehow or other his family manages to get an idea that they have a distinct equity in it—ought naturally to share it. Also, I've noticed that the more impoverished, the more impecunious and down-and-out the relatives are, the stronger this conviction. With the Daltons, three-quarters of the trouble is disappointment. When, with the most rudimentary sense of self-protection, you refused to let them work you, it was more than they could stand. The other quarter of their anger arises from an abysmal ignorance of what the presidency of the General involves in an official way, in a personal way. How could they understand? Chester's never held a respectable, responsible job in his life."

Late spring, eight months following Parker's appointment, found, of the three families with whom a year previously the Ameses had been upon more or less intimate terms, only the Tuttles maintaining the externals of friendship. But with the Tuttles matters did not seem to improve.

(Continued on Page 93)



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TRUE style is part Fashion and part Adaptation. For not every collar-style can become every man. The problem is: Find a collar-style which becomes *you*. That is *your* best style.

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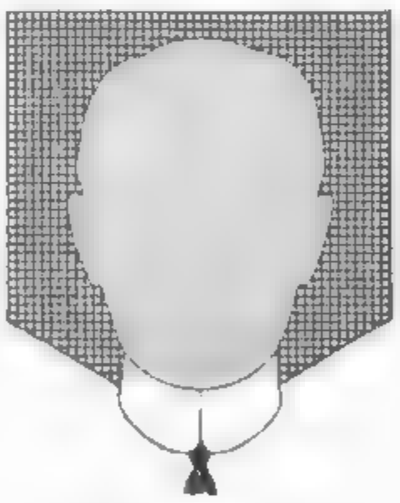

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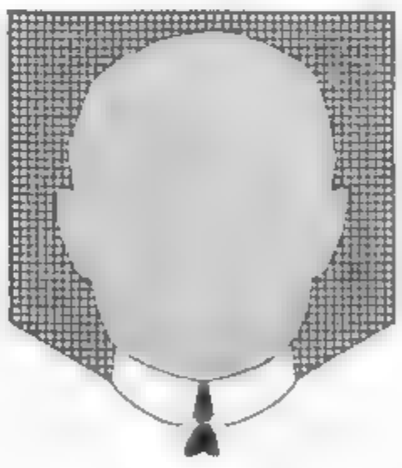

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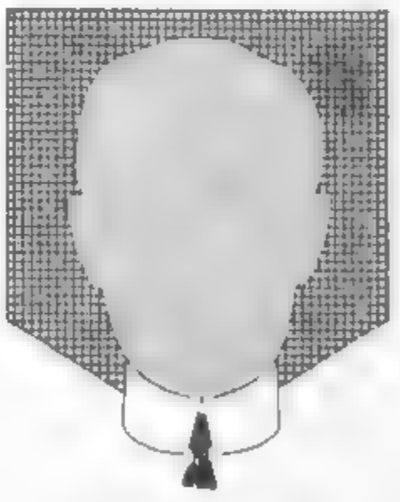

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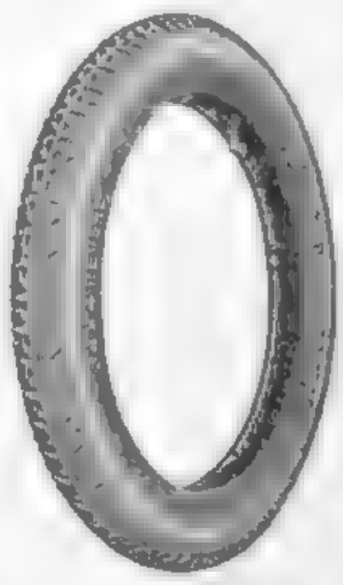
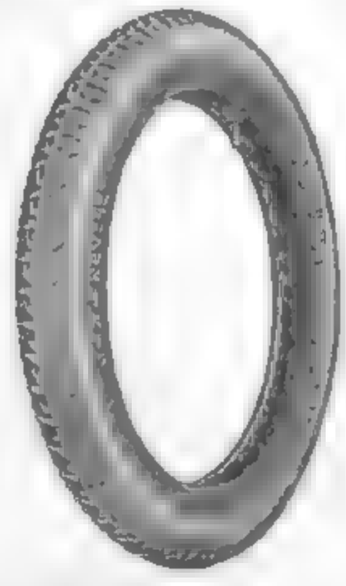


"A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark,
* * * * * *
That kindled the land into flame with its heat.
* * * * * *
So through the night rode Paul Revere."



AS Paul Revere rode in the defense of his country, so the necessity may come for you to ride—not on horseback this time, but in an automobile, infinitely fleeter than any horse.

As Revere's horse could have been disabled by a faulty shoe, and his ride brought to a halt before it was well started, so may your next ride—whether it be for pleasure or on a serious mission such as Revere's—be stopped by a faulty tire.

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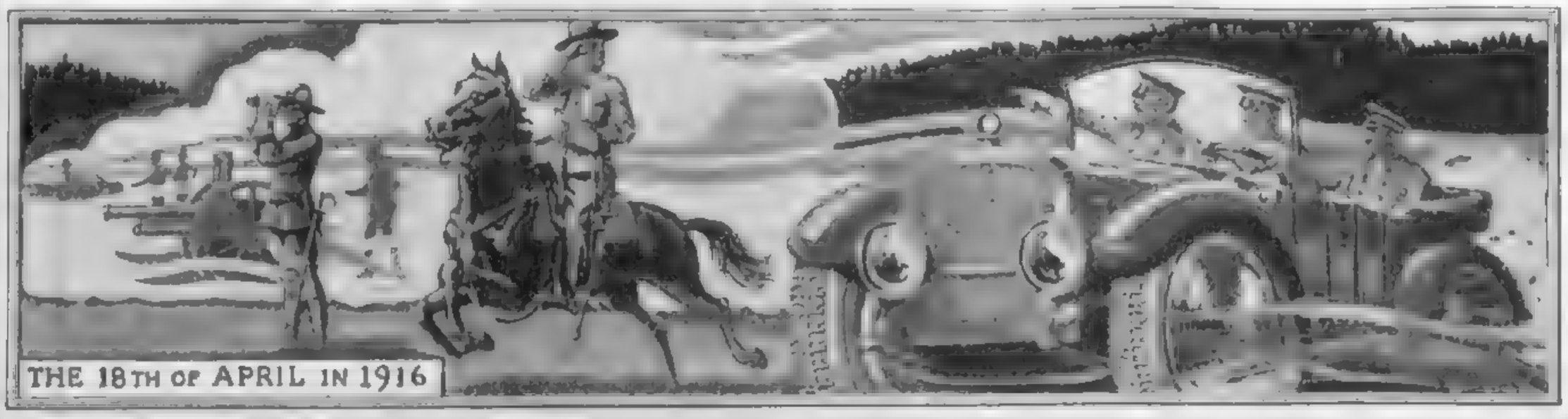

(Continued from Page 90)

There had been incidents, such as that which arose in reëquipping a day nursery for the Wellesville poor, in which both Margaret Tuttle and Constance Ames were interested, which were sad harbingers. An outlay of three hundred dollars for the nursery had been desirable. Mrs. Tuttle undertook to gather contributions. Two hundred dollars had been raised when she brought the list to Constance, who glanced down it. The Tuttles themselves had subscribed ten dollars.

"I knew what was in her mind," Mrs. Ames told Parker. "She thought I'd make up the other hundred. Well, I considered doing that while she stood beside my desk watching me. But there had been that five hundred to Chester, and the hundred more the church people wheedled out of me, and that allowance we had to make to that wretched aunt of mine; so that altogether I did not see how I could. And then, besides, I'm always trying never to let Margaret feel the difference in our incomes. So I took the pen and wrote down, after my name, ten dollars. Do you know what she did? She looked at the paper, gasped, looked at me, shut her lips tight and went out. No thanks—not a word—just silent reproach."

However, the bond between the two houses was standing that strain and several others equally severe, when there came a turn in the affairs of the Manufacturing Company which produced the decisive situation. There had begun to be evidences that the day might not be far distant when, with the death of the aging potentate in Wall Street, there might be a fight for the stock control of the corporation. In order to be free to prepare against such a contingency Parker determined to create under him a general manager. Word of this plan somehow got out and traveled up and down the corridors of the executive floor. In due season it reached Paul Tuttle.

The first inkling Parker and his wife had of the effect of this upon their friends was an abrupt announcement by the Tuttles that they were not going to give a birthday party they had planned for Donald Ames. The party had been projected in accordance with a long-established custom; the Ameses each year gave a birthday celebration for Jimmy Tuttle—the Tuttles gave one for Donald Ames.

"Why, what is the matter, my dear?" inquired Constance Ames over the telephone.

"Nothing, Constance, nothing," Margaret told her in a tone that belied her words; "except that Paul and I feel that we'd better not have the party this year. Next year, perhaps."

"Oh, Margaret, out with it! What's the trouble?"

More Friendships Broken

At length Margaret divulged. It seemed that the Tuttles felt that, with the general-managership appointment still pending, it would be more delicate in them not to emphasize nor draw attention in any way to the friendship which had existed between the families. Not only did they fear, she declared, what others might say, but not for worlds would they want to embarrass Parker in any manner or appear to remind him of the possibility that was unavoidably in all their minds.

"Oh, heavens!" cried Parker in despair. "A job like this knocks everything out of whack. It robs the Reeveses of all their sense of delicacy, and it gives the Tuttles so much delicacy that they're clumsy and wooden-shoed. Everyone loses his perspective; no one stays natural."

The birthday party was not held, but the fateful appointment was made. Paul Tuttle did not get the job.

"He'd never do," explained Ames to his wife; "not the type at all that's needed. He may be the finest fellow alive for a friend or neighbor. It doesn't follow that he would make a good general manager, and it was a general manager I was after."

"I'm afraid," said Constance, "the Tuttles will never get over it."

And so it turned out. For a few days profound silence reigned between the two homes. Then Constance came face to face with Margaret on Merridew Avenue. Mrs. Tuttle, sad-eyed and white-lipped, spoke: but it was from the depths of a disappointment that would have been much more tolerable had it been tinged with a flash of anger or resentment. Unbosoming herself a little, she said it had been one of the hardest blows she and Paul had ever had to sustain; and they felt it showed clearly enough, despite all the years of their association, that Paul had never been able to win Parker's real confidence. And then, to Constance's hasty denial, she asked whether the appointment might not possibly have come to Paul if he and Parker and all four of them had not been such great friends.

"Oh, it's all hopeless!" Mrs. Ames wailed, and Parker reluctantly agreed.

Gradually the Tuttles formed new friends; and the goings back and forth, the telephonings, and the like, between the families ceased. The old relation was dead.

"Economic! Economic! Economic!" reiterated Norman Conway vehemently from his fireside chair. "Get that bugaboo into friendship and friendship's gone. If you're all terribly clever and not very particular you can keep up a fine semblance; but the real thing—not for a moment!"

"But we—our whole effort was to keep our friendship with the Tuttles and Parker's job separate," pleaded Constance; "to bury the economic."

"Bury the economic? You might as well try to bury the pyramids!"

"But the Reeveses and the Daltons?" put in Parker.

"Same thing," declared Norman. "You weren't their economic masters, but you were their economic superiors, which isn't very different. So long as you're above them economically, they'll try consciously or unconsciously to work you. The Reeveses, with natural thrifty instincts, unhampered by much taste and finesse, tried consciously—and spoiled everything.

"The Daltons thought they could work you as a matter of divine right—and spoiled everything. The Tuttles—well, they tried just as hard as the others, and spoiled everything too."

"The Tuttles tried? Oh, no, no, no!" protested Constance.

Parker's Old Partner

"Yes, they did—tried unconsciously; didn't realize themselves what they were doing," said Norman. "But just as instinctively, just as naturally, entirely in spite of themselves, they tried. From the moment Parker took the job weren't they always striving to put forward their best foot with you? Were they ever entirely, unguardedly themselves? Certainly not, and why? You know why—promotion. And what more insidious attempt to work you could there have been than calling off that birthday party? They wanted to work you by making you think that they wouldn't work you, had too much delicacy to work you, wouldn't impose upon friendship or capitalize it or emphasize it. Not emphasize it? Why, they chose the most striking method there was of emphasizing it! All perfectly unconscious, to be sure, and very boneheaded and naïve, but a real attempt to work you just the same.

"Can't you two see that nearly all your world looks up to Parker as a kind of economic god? By the most primitive impulses those less strong than he reach up to him, with hungry mouths, to be fed out of his hand. If he feeds them he himself will get sick of it after a while, provided he doesn't bankrupt himself first. If he doesn't feed them they will bite his fingers."

"Knock?" asked Parker.

"Exactly."

Two quickly succeeding events rounded out the cycle of this period in Parker's career. His former partner, Tom Eustis, came to him in great distress. For many months now that particular friendship had of necessity been dwindling; the line of their common interest had split and was diverging. But Eustis, blinded by his need, failed to recognize that the basis upon which the relation had rested was gone. He asked Parker to indorse a note for him. Parker refused; the president of the General Manufacturing Company could not have his name on the back of a relatively small piece of paper kicking round the banks. Eustis, too hard pressed to be reasonable, went away.

"Thunks I'm harder than nails!" reflected Parker.

The other episode concerned Baker, the doorman at the club, who maneuvered Ames aside one afternoon and in a whisper asked whether he could find something for his boy to do. Parker promised his best endeavors and called up half a dozen departments the next day; none of them needed a boy. Every time Ames visited the club Baker had a question either upon his lips or in his eyes.

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"I'm still on the lookout," the president kept assuring him.

From time to time Parker, remembering the matter, made inquiries. It was the slack season; weeks dragged and nothing turned up. All the geniality went out of Baker's "Good afternoon, Mr. Ames." An expression of injury came into his face. Parker began to hate seeing him.

"Why the devil did he ask me?" he once exclaimed angrily as he decided not to turn into his club, but to go straight home.

At the end of twelve months, then, Ames found himself almost denuded of that lot of special and particular relationships which, as a moderately successful lawyer, he had for years enjoyed. But his plight was even more far-reaching than that. Momentous changes had already begun to manifest themselves in his relationship with the world in general. Almost from the day he had become president he had encountered a venomous artificiality in others—a too great eagerness to speak with him; a too great proneness to buttonhole him; a poisonous something that was neither spontaneous nor real, and that killed the joy of free-and-easy contacts.

Then scores and scores of requests had been made of him: Requests from men in the club, for example, who had sons in the company, to see whether he couldn't do something "for that youngster of mine"; requests from their wives to help out some pet charity; requests for his influence; requests for his advice—requests, it seemed to him, for everything that he had or was ever likely to have. Of these he granted as many as he could; but, despite that, there was an ever-increasing army of disappointed ones, who dropped out of the throng of well-wishers he had once possessed.

More and more he dreaded the Fellowship Club. There he would run into men who had asked for something and hadn't got it; men who groveled in hope of favors to come; into Dalton, into Reeves, into Tuttle; into others with whom he had that ugliest of all things—a dead friendship. Sometimes, too, he would find himself in a group with a discharged employee, and that was not pleasant. The place was contaminated for him. He ceased to go there very often.

"Better look in at the club some day soon," admonished Conway. "They think you're getting proud and haughty."

And then other things reached Parker: The things Tom Eustis said and the Tuttles didn't say; the things the Daltons implied and Mrs. Reeves whispered.

"I hear that they've dropped the Tuttles too," was a remark of Mary Reeves that was brought to Constance.

The Plight of the Friendless

The injustice of all this—this clouding over of his genial relations with the community—sickened and angered Parker.

"It is so outrageously unfair!" he stormed to his wife. "For not one of those wretched breaks are we responsible. It's the others! They wouldn't let us be friends. They made friendship impossible. At the club it's the same way. Oh, if the whole world would only quit trying to get something out of me! But it won't; and little by little we're being driven right in upon ourselves, being shut tighter and tighter within our own four walls. The only escape is the road to the poorhouse."

As winter came on that year Parker Ames grew increasingly sour and bitter. He had his wife and Norman Conway; but, nevertheless, he was lonely. Parker's nature required a lot of humanity to keep it warm; at soul he was still the forthputting, affable, gregarious being that Wellesville had known. He liked people as much as ever, and was as eager as ever to have them like him. Deprived, however, of the companionships he had had, and conscious of the thickening cordon of half-spoken, unspoken prejudice that surrounded him, he lost his blitheness and sank into a state of chronic gloom. His mental and spiritual state did not better the situation. He became snappish, brusque, offish; he rarely smiled and almost perpetually frowned; his handshake was as dispirited as the grip of an old man.

And then, finally, another and even more aggravated condition set in. It was an era of universal suspicion. He was suspicious of every pleasant word, suspicious of every kindly inquiry, suspicious of the smallest polite attention. His first question to anyone he met in the street or who called at his office was a weary "Well, what can I do for you?" or "What is it you want today?"

His wife and Norman Conway alone escaped and his wife did not always escape. People sometimes tried to get at him through her, as Mrs. Reeves had. But if ever his wife was a tool he knew she was an unconscious one. Realizing this, he used to think how much worse his plight might have been.

Suppose, for example, Constance had been an inordinately ambitious and not very ethical person, and they had lived in some great city where there was an infinitely complex social network above them in which she was anxious to find a place. How much more alone he would have been then! But, even if her occasional requests needed thinking over, he kept no barriers up with Constance. She and the unimpeachable Norman, however, stood alone, and there were no others upon whom he felt he could look with an altogether easy eye.

Hand in hand with this quick suspicion of advances from others, grew fear of making advances to others. He ceased to speak the kindly word and to ask the friendly question. He was chary of sending flowers, inviting men to lunch, giving a lift home in his automobile. Many a stormy night he would have been glad to have carried any of a dozen men from the office up to Merridew Avenue; but he did not dare. He dreaded lest they should seek to convert his simplest act into an opening for an acquaintanceship, a friendship, and the inevitable something that sooner or later they would reach for. He and Constance had charities, but they performed them secretly, often anonymously. "You helped the church, why won't you help the Girls' League?" was an argument, or at least an attitude, which he sometimes encountered.

A New Estimate of Carlin

Christmas that year was a sorry season. Parker decided that it was prudent not to send many gifts; and, for the most part, he and his wife confined themselves to conventional, nearly impersonal cards.

"Of course they'll say we've become closefisted," he declared; "but it can't be helped. To do what we'd like to do would only invite certain trouble; and I'm sick of trouble—the trouble of lending money and not getting it back; the trouble of not buying what you don't want; the trouble of forever refusing; the trouble of—oh, the trouble of trying to have friends who refuse to be friends."

But Parker Ames was not yet the man to remain in such a mood if he could by any means escape it; and finally he took intimate counsel of Norman Conway.

"Begin," advised Norman, "by forgetting all this riffraff that you've outdistanced round here. They're your economic and industrial inferiors, and it's axiomatic that you won't find friends among those who can't help reckoning you chiefly as a money-making possibility. Don't be too severe on them, but simply wipe them off your slate and start fresh. Select new friends, but choose equals, or near equals, or superiors. It's perfectly safe for you to give your friendship to those of your own financial station or above. They don't need to work you; they'd be too proud to work you. That's how you'll solve your difficulty."

Parker was considering this suggestion upon an evening in early spring when, in the course of a long and solitary tramp, he discovered that he had gone as far out as the Carlin place. Beside him were the great entrance pillars and above him was a light. During eighteen months Ames had modified and readjusted his one-time contemptuous estimate of Malet Carlin. He could now forgive much that he had condemned, understand much that had seemed inexplicable.

Nevertheless, he still believed that Carlin had too severely rebuffed the world and incased himself too tightly in steel. He should have done the very thing that he, Parker, was now doing—endeavor to work out the problem of human relations somehow, and to find warmth and friendship in spite of material success and power. An impulse carried Parker up the driveway and to the great paneled door.

Carlin, a rug about his knees, was engulfed in a chair by the fireplace. He raised a cold, emotionless eye to Ames and held out a limp hand.

"Evening!" he said. "What can I do for you?"

Parker smiled at the greeting.

(Continued on Page 97)

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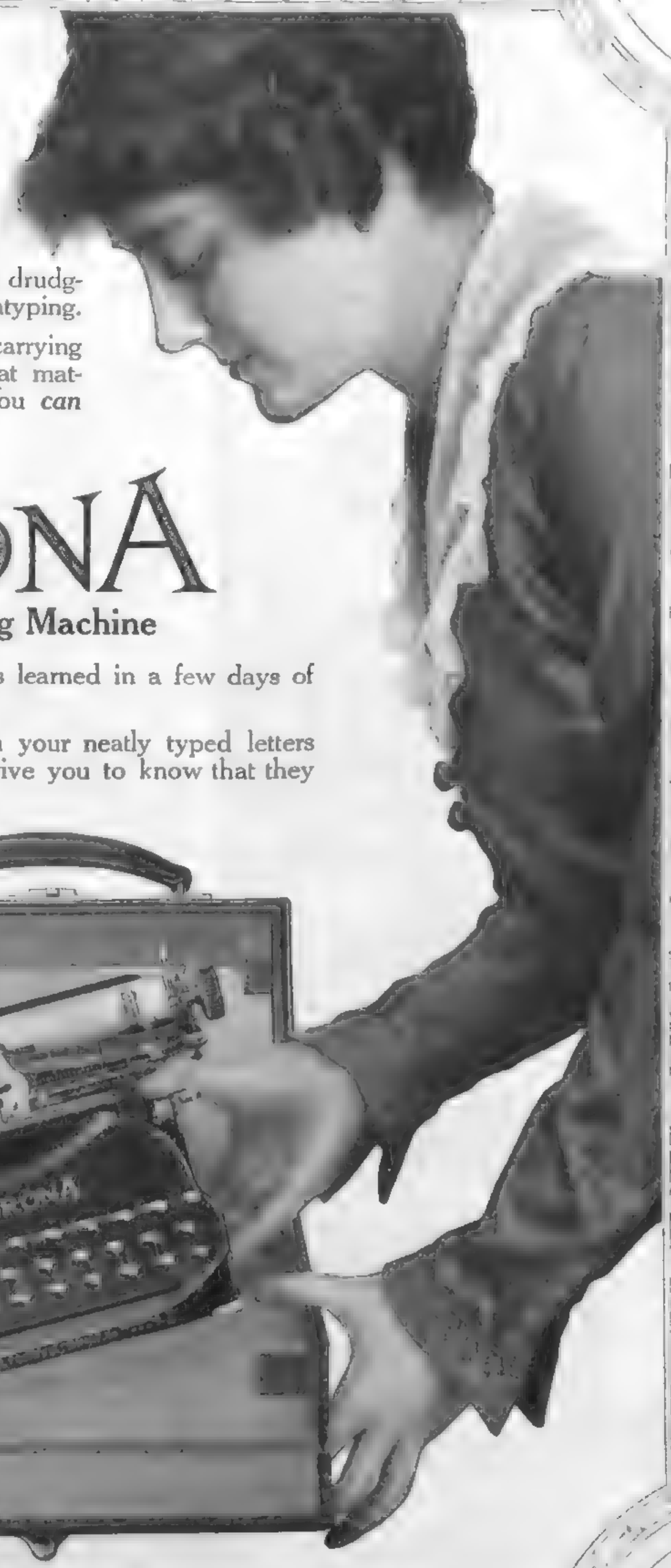

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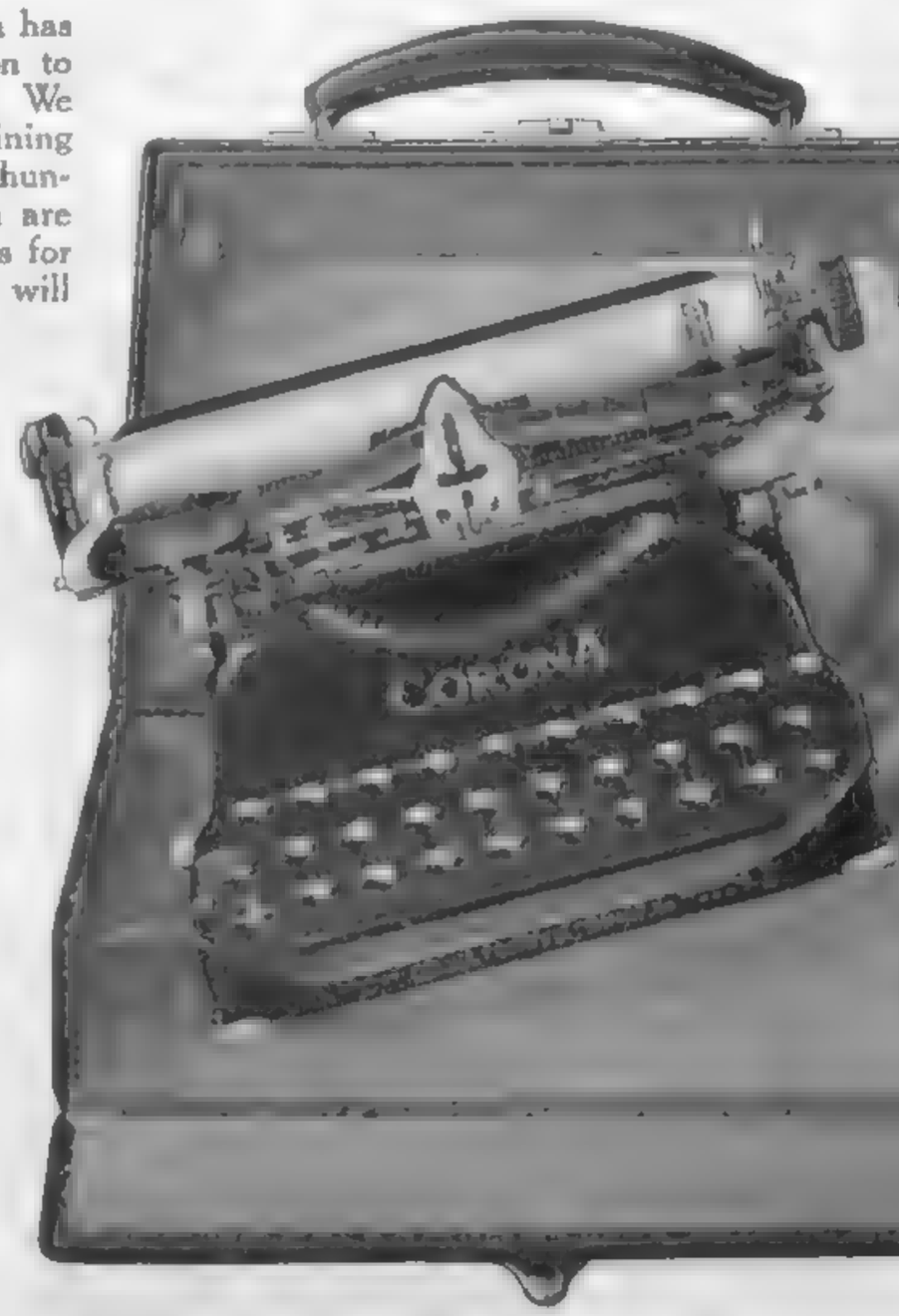

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(Continued from Page 94)

"Do for me?" he said. "You can't do anything for me. That's why I came."

Carlin regarded him narrowly for a moment, chuckled, and asked him to sit down. Parker sat down and it was an hour or so later when he rose

It was a memorable talk They journeyed back over the year and a half since Ames had taken the other man's place at the head of the General. Carlin had a ruthless grin for Parker's account of how step by step he had been forced by the community within himself; how the time had finally arrived when, almost by instinct, he drove off everyone who approached, without even examining into the worthiness of their intent; how the mutterings and imprecations of those he had been forced to rebuff, or through implanted suspicion he had rebuffed, distressed him and much more

Then Malet Carlin took up the tale. And it was a tale of twenty years—each year with new enmities; each year with fewer friends and greater loneliness.

"The arctic loneliness of success!" he called his isolation; and the warmth of Parker Ames' fervid heart went out to the chill, wizened little man before him, who balanced at the edge of the grave, and who had almost lost the trick of putting himself forth. That was the beginning of the friendship with Malet Carlin.

"He can afford to be friends with me," Parker told his wife. "I've got as much as he has and, besides, both of us understand; we've been through the same mill; we're both disillusioned. You know, in an odd way I think we've made a kind of silent pact! He's an ironic old beggar, and I believe he figured it out that we can work each other for something which each of us wants and badly needs."

Ames' wife looked bewildered and he explained.

"Work each other for friendship—two successful men who are isolated in their successes And, of course, there would be just one rule—one absolute, unbreakable rule." He paused. "That we'd never, under any circumstances, try to work each other for anything else!"

It was with some such attitude toward the relation that Parker, during that spring and summer, often trudged out to Carlin Towers and spent hours in the company of the old man with the crackling laugh. Ames desperately needed companionship during that time. Norman Conway had been summoned to the bedside of his uncle, who was dying, but refused to die; and Parker himself was under heavy strain.

The great man in Wall Street had passed away. For years the control of General Manufacturing stock had hung together in his hands on a pivot of confidence; with his death the control was scattered to the winds. In the fall there would be a meeting, portentous in its issues for Parker Ames. He was preparing himself against that day, listing each block of the stock either with his supporters or his foes.

Malet Carlin's Proxies

But of all this he said not a word to Malet Carlin, in whose vault there were locked a not inconsiderable number of General shares; to have done so would have been contrary to that strange, silent pact which month by month Parker was more certain they had actually made. For the most part they talked of books, of the news, of methods of handling money and men. Occasionally old Carlin would refer to the big, burdensome house in which he lived; but that was not often, and the summer wore through.

In September Norman Conway's uncle finally died and Norman returned to Wellesville; the possessor of some dizzy millions. But Ames then had little leisure for comradeship. The stock fight was at its tensest, and Parker's nights were spent in sleeping cars and his days in an effort to marshal a control. The lines of the contest grew narrower and narrower, and a horrid, gnawing fear began to torment Ames. It seemed intolerable, incredible, that he might be tumbled from his place of power.

Occasionally he caught an hour for a run to the silent house outside the town. He realized that, of course, Carlin knew of the contest that was on. But Parker never spoke of it; he felt that he would never speak of it, would never give the faintest appearance of seeming to violate that tacit understanding Nor did Carlin broach the topic; not a hint escaped him as to how his shares would be aligned.

Finally the time was all but at hand when the stockholders, either by proxy or in person, would vote. Parker, the day before the meeting, took account of his strength and sank limply back in the chair at his desk, staring at the ominous total scratched on the pad before him. He was licked if Malet Carlin did not come to his aid, and he had not the smallest reason to believe that Carlin would come to his aid. It was entirely conceivable that the old man would reason precisely as Parker himself had reasoned in regard to Tuttle—concluding that, though Ames might be the most desirable of friends, he was not the most desirable of presidents.

The uncertainty was harrowing; it was more than Parker could endure—to face defeat, even the possibility of defeat. He had battered his way up in the world with too much stern effort to go placidly down. And, moreover, think of the smiles and snickers and ill-concealed glee if he fell! Then the figures before him arrested his eye, and he was in a panic. He caught up the telephone and ordered his car.

Parker Ames was now a man battling for his life. His impulses were primitive and surcharged with the hot blood of conflict. Small place there was within him then for subtleties of reasoning, niceties of discrimination, delicacies in the judging of relationships or the appraising of friendships. All thought of the assumed tacit agreement with Carlin went to the breezes. He had been violently set upon and he had to fight to live; he had to have Malet Carlin's proxies or he might be financially dead. But even if in his extremity he was blind to the finer shadings of human conduct, his mind, stung to alertness by fear, had lost none of its searching shrewdness; and halfway out to Carlin Towers he rapped sharply on the window glass in the front of the limousine.

An Appeal to Conway

It had come vividly to him that the surest method of not getting Malet Carlin's proxies was to ask Malet Carlin for them; at the first word that world-hardened, success-battered individual would certainly congeal. But in the same breath he had told himself that his situation was too desperate for the smallest chance; if he could not be sure of the Carlin proxies by asking for them, he would be sure of them by buying the shares. The transaction, he determined, would, of course, be conducted on the plane of ordinary and legitimate business, without favor and under the strictest rule of dollars and cents. To such a proceeding he was certain Carlin could not take exception as a breach of friendship.

"Drive to Mr. Conway's house," he ordered the chauffeur. The machine swung about. "Never know the money was out of his bank account!" Ames said half aloud, and was amazed that he had not thought of so obvious, so certain a solution before. With his whole mind and being fixed on acquiring Carlin's stock, and thereby ending the painful uncertainty and laying the specter of ruin, he burst in on Conway. Conway was cordial to the full.

"I'm in the devil of a fix, Norman," Ames told him; "and you're the only person in this town who can help me out."

Parker could feel the other drawing himself in a little.

"Is that why you've come to me?"

"Exactly," returned Ames. "I've got to get hold of a bunch of money—quick! I don't know anyone else who can let me have it. So I've come to you."

"Evidencing for me, I take it, one of the delightful privileges of wealth."

Ames was too consumed with his errand to reflect upon this and he started to spill forth his story. As sentence followed sentence, Parker could almost visibly see his millionaire friend wrapping himself about with a cloak of mail. His brows lifted, his eyes glazed, his mouth pursed and tightened.

"I'm sorry—extremely sorry," said Norman in stiff tones when Ames had concluded, "but I've had heavy payments to make in settling up my uncle's estate—bequests, taxes, legal fees, various matters. I'm sorry, as I say; but I think you had better look elsewhere."

"Oh, come now, Norman, you've got the money; and besides, there's no one else."

"No doubt there's no one else. That, of course, is why you came to me. In most cases that is the reason why anyone in difficulty runs to his rich friend—because there's no one else. But from my point of view—is that an argument?"

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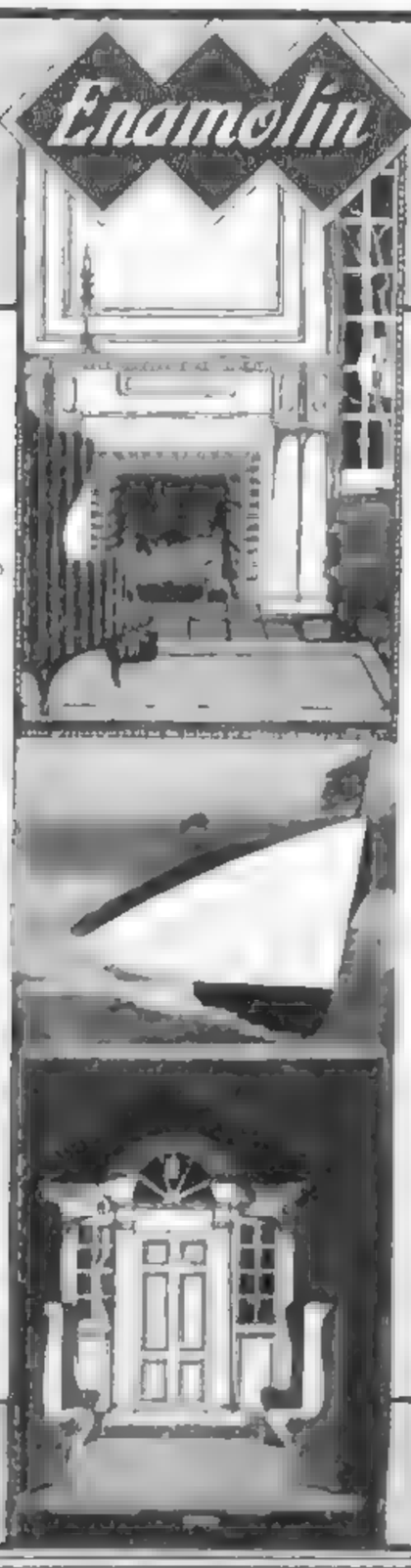

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Wash Enamolin with soap and water, Sapolio or Pearline. You can not injure its wonderful porcelain-like surface.

3rd for economy—

Apply Enamolin over any wood, iron or cement surface. You will be amazed at its remarkable spreading qualities—over six hundred feet to the gallon.

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Write for "Ex... sample pane the "White ... book.

A floor finish worthy of use in the same room with Enamolin—is—

Namlac

FLOOR FINISH

EMIL CALMAN & CO.

ESTABLISHED IN 1850

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He let that sink in and then added:

"Besides, I don't want to get tied up in anything now. I'm leaving to-morrow for Europe."

"For Europe!" exclaimed Parker.

"Yes, and perhaps not to return. You see, I've a lot of friends here like you, and I've got too much money to make it comfortable for me to stay round. You've helped to prove that. Good-by."

Ames went home; it was wretched strategy to go to Carlin, and there was nothing else to be done save hope and wait. All that day he raged to his wife and it was on Norman Conway that the full torrent of his outpourings fell. He railed frightfully against his one-time intimate, declaring that he was as hard as nails, cold as ice; that his money had spoiled him, that he was a totally changed person—all the standard coin of bitterness.

"And that's the man," vituperated Parker, "who preached to me the doctrine of friendship with men better off! Oh, what cruel nonsense! When I went to him he shied away from me as if I were a jackpocket. Choose your superiors, or anyway your equals, was what he said. Well, he's my economic superior now—and look at him! No, no; equals—those are the people! It's among equals I'll find my friends. There's Malet Carlin. He'll stand by me. I know he will."

"You mean Mr. Carlin will give you his proxies?" asked Constance archly.

"I'm sure he will," asserted Ames, with vigor.

"And thereby prove his friendship?"

"Exactly!"

His wife said never a word, but smiled a quiet smile and continued to soothe her harassed and driven man.

Parker, beset by anxious uncertainty, tortured by the chance of ruin, set out the next morning for his office early. Not a line or a syllable had reached him from Malet Carlin. At times his faith in the old man had wavered severely; and there had been stretches when he had been as certain he would not let him have the proxies as at other stretches he had been certain he would.

Malet Carlin's Motive

Meantime, to his own satisfaction, he had reasoned out that everlasting question of friendship. Long previously, he argued, he had proved that he could not, dared not, find friends in the financial strata below him; as conclusively had he proved with Conway that the financial strata above him were and ever would be securely buttressed against him. All hope for human companionship, geniality, glow in living, lay in his own stratum—with the Malet Carlins of the world.

He arrived at his office. With burning haste he went to his mail, running over the envelopes in quick succession until at length he came to one and paused. The letter was from Carlin. His own future and the future of all friendship, warmth, joyous contacts, so precious and needful to Parker's soul, seemed to be balancing there in his hand. He ripped open the letter.

Carlin had sent the proxies. Accompanying them was a very brief note:

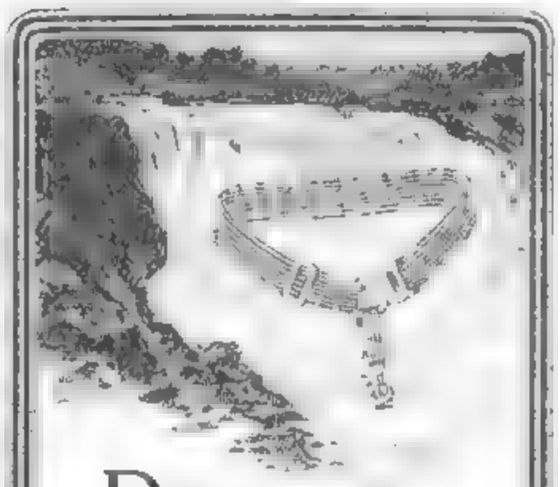
"Because you did not ask. M. C."

"It was a damn good thing I didn't go out there!" laughed Parker to himself as, with an enormous sigh of relief, he dropped back in his chair.

The stockholders' meeting was held. Ames safely enthroned himself for an indefinite time as president of the manufacturing company, at a salary of forty thousand dollars, taking the new and extra ten thousand dollars in his general exuberance at having had solved for him at one stroke all his major life problems. And then in the afternoon he made ready to go out and express his gratitude and abiding friendship to the old man of Carlin Towers.

It was a day to walk; and as Ames swung off through the fringes of the town his mind and spirit were soaring deliciously in the blue. The world was an all-right place, after all; you could have friends easily enough if you only had sense enough to know where to find them; there was nothing incompatible between big material success and a kindly and welcoming heart. What a lot of fool notions he had had for a time! Of course it wasn't going to be necessary forever to lock himself up within himself! How absurd, perfectly absurd, that idea had been—as absurd, almost, as the iniquitous opinion he had once entertained concerning

(Concluded on Page 101)



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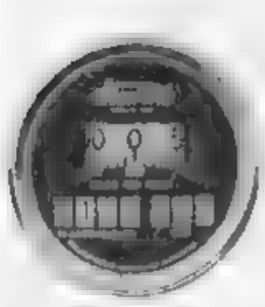

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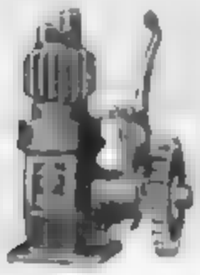

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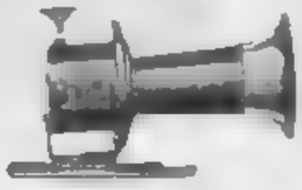
$12



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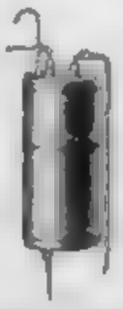

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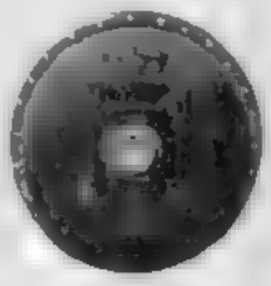

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Partial Interior View of One of the Hundreds of Big Storage Warehouses in which the Choicest Burley Leaf is Aged in Wood Three to Five Years for Tuxedo Tobacco. The Large Central Inset Shows a Hogshead Opened.

All Smoking Tobaccos Are Aged

Have to be to make them smokable. Tobacco in its natural state is raw and harsh. Ageing makes it mellower, milder.

The leaf for some tobaccos is aged for much *less* than three years. That for Tuxedo is aged in wooden hogsheads for *three to five* years—until it is as nearly perfect as nature can make it.

Some manufacturers simply age the leaf and *let it go at that.* But— .

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After nature has done all it can to mellow the leaf, then the *original* "Tuxedo Process" is applied.

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There is no other tobacco like Tuxedo, because Tuxedo is made by the secret "Tuxedo Process." This process has been for years and is today the great *original* method for making tobacco absolutely biteless and non-irritating.

Tuxedo

The Perfect Pipe Tobacco

Get a tin of Tuxedo. Try it for a week. Note how sweet and fragrant it is and how mild! You can smoke it all day and have a sound tongue and a perfectly comfortable throat at the end. A week's trial is bound to make you a permanent smoker of Tuxedo.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient, glassine-wrapped, moisture-proof pouch **5c**

Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket **10c**

In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c *In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c*

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

Illustrations are about one-half size of real packages.

(Concluded from Page 98)

that most estimable of men, Malet Carlin! Glowing with exaltation, fervid with gratitude, he climbed the driveway.

The old fellow, bundled in a chair on his broad piazza, had a grin and a cackle for Parker that seemed even harsher and drier than usual.

"Surprised?" he asked, putting out his cold, limp hand.

"Not a bit!" Ames told him. "Only yesterday I said to my wife that I knew you'd come through."

There was a wonderful gleam just then in Carlin's eyes.

"What made you think that?"

"Well, Malet"—and the warmth of Parker's emotions had brought the name to his lips—"in the last six months I've learned a heap about you."

"Have, eh? Well, what?"

"That you've a heart, a soul; that you know how to be a friend."

"Yes, yes," agreed Carlin, in a high, thin voice. "I know how to be a friend, all right! Not many folks know that, but it's true." He paused. "You do, too, don't you—er—Parker?"

"Hope so!" laughed Ames.

"I think you do."

The small, slightly tremulous old man was silent and thoughtful. When he did not speak, Ames burst out, telling him what a service the other had done for him; how appreciative he was. Carlin raised his hand.

"Never mind that," he cut in, a little brusquely. "I showed I was your friend, didn't I?"

Parker assented ardently.

"Then"—and he brought this forth sharply—"show that you're mine!"

"How?" A first instinctive eagerness had somehow been imperceptibly checked by the glint in Carlin's buttonlike eyes and the odd twist of his smile; but Ames added: "Just you tell me and see."

There was a cackle more dry than the rattle of withered leaves.

"Take this infernal place and property off my hands."

Parker Ames is to-day a morose, cold, reserved man; the world is kept at a frigid distance; steel armor seems to incase him. When he passes acquaintances on the street he glances at them sidewise and barely nods. He never visits the Fellowship Club any more and has no intention of going there. For sixteen hours a day he works, because he has little else to do. He and his wife occupy Carlin Towers, and live beneath its gloomy battlements in great splendor and solitude. Both of them dislike the place intensely; but, as Parker sometimes observes:

"We got stuck with it and I suppose we must stay in it. I don't know any sucker who'll take it off my hands."

He has become thoroughly inured to loneliness, and feels that a two-handed card game with his wife is the safest and most agreeable method of passing an evening of which he knows. Sometimes, after those games, they recall together the days when there was more richness and fullness and color in their lives; but they have come to regard richness and fullness and color of a certain kind as the gentle attributes of comparative poverty.

There are hours, however, after these talks, and after Parker has mounted to bed and lies staring into the high-ceilinged gloom above, when he is distinctly conscious of a great aching emptiness within him. Then he begins to wonder what is going on in the big lounge room of the club, and in all those pleasant, modest, lighted homes along Merridew Avenue. He knows; and he knows, too, what they are half whispering—not quite saying—about him in the club, and by the firesides in those homes:

"Why, he isn't human! . . . There was a time when —— Altogether changed now. . . . Freezes you to death. . . . Never done a decent thing! . . . And with that income of his! Lives on top of an ice mountain. . . . Success spoiled him; turned his head—absolutely killed his soul. . . . The old fish!"

And presently, after this, he arrives at his pet reflection, and repeats to himself for the thousandth time an unamiable bit of philosophy which he has, to the effect that, on the moment when a man has gathered a few dollars into his maw and people have found him out, that man becomes a hunted beast.

"And they'll hunt him and they'll hunt him until they're in the grave—and he's there too!" he mutters to himself.

Invariably, however, because he is a just man, he adds, and usually with a remote grim humor he himself does not fail to enjoy:

"But, then, I guess that hunting is life."

THE RURAL-CREDIT FIRING SQUAD

(Continued from Page 31)

Mr. David Lubin was and is as much enamored of the German *Landschaft* banks as is Doctor Mead of the Australian system. He had studied them on the ground for years, and had oceans of facts to support him too. He urged a straight-out *Landschaften* system. He admitted that such a system will not work at first, because of our state laws; but he felt certain that no other system would work at all. He was especially strong against Government aid. He warned the nation against lending organizations. He wanted borrowing organizations only. And he believed that the state laws would be amended so as to accept a good thing if it were handed out to them by Congress.

These four extremes—Private Monopoly, Government Loans, German *Landschaften* and Fiat Money—describe an economic rectangle. Lying within it were—and still are—scores of rural-credit schemes partaking more or less of the qualities of two or more of what a biologist might call the four pure strains. The bill the Administration seems to be now favoring contains features from all of them.

The farmers themselves knew not what they wanted, save that they knew that ways exist for the cheaper financing of agriculture, and they wanted something to that general effect. But when they tried to digest this flood of bills they were amazed and bemused and befuddled.

The farmers were convinced that in this huge legislative woodpile there must be some Wall Street "nigger" bent on their further undoing. Some organizations passed resolutions calling on Congress to wait, please, until public intelligence could have time to catch up with the legislative program—and thereby, I think, showed more statesmanship than anyone else; for, clearly, time was needed. I am not sure that we are intelligently ready yet.

Out of the ruck of rural crediteers in the last Congress there emerged two senators and two representatives whose bills received really serious consideration. Senator Duncan U. Fletcher, of Florida, and Representative Ralph W. Moss, of Indiana, introduced the Fletcher-Moss Bill. Its sponsors at one time claimed support for it in exalted Administration circles; but it lost out because of the attacks made on it by those who believed that it would result in powerful organizations of lenders which would dominate the loan market in the interest of lenders. The idea was abroad that organized lenders have had too much to say in the past and that the European arrangement, which provides that organized borrowers shall deal with unorganized lenders, is not only likely to give the best results but is the only thing that will be acceptable to the farmers in their present mood.

Senator Henry French Hollis, of New Hampshire, and Representative Robert J. Bulkley, of Ohio, collaborated on the Hollis-Bulkley Bill, which was the chief competitor for favor with the Fletcher-Moss Bill. The Hollis-Bulkley Bill was the result of an enormous amount of work, and had back of it a sincere desire to do two things: First, to give the country a system of rural credits based on local coöperative credit unions which will work under American conditions; second, to frame a bill that would not only get through Congress but also get past the White House.

It was understood that the President was unalterably opposed to any monetary Government aid. A great many representative farmers were and still are in agreement with him on this point. It is a

The Conklin User
"What was it?"
What was it Jones said? What was it you meant to tell Smith? You can't remember. And just as long as you're a slave to memory you'll continue to forget. There is only one sure way to remember what people say, what you should do—that is to write it down—in ink—so it is permanently recorded.
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For a Conklin is always ready to write, with no attention other than filling. And it fills itself in 4 seconds, ready for days of writing, by merely pressing its "Crescent-Filler."
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So stop forgetting. Get a Conklin. Your stationer, druggist, jeweler or department store has a point for your particular hand, from $2.50 up.
Write for booklet, with names of dealers in your town who will be glad to demonstrate the Conklin to you.
Every Conklin is guaranteed to write and fill exactly as you think a pen should—if either does this or you will be furnished a new pen or your money refunded without question. There are no "ifs" about it—YOU are the judge.
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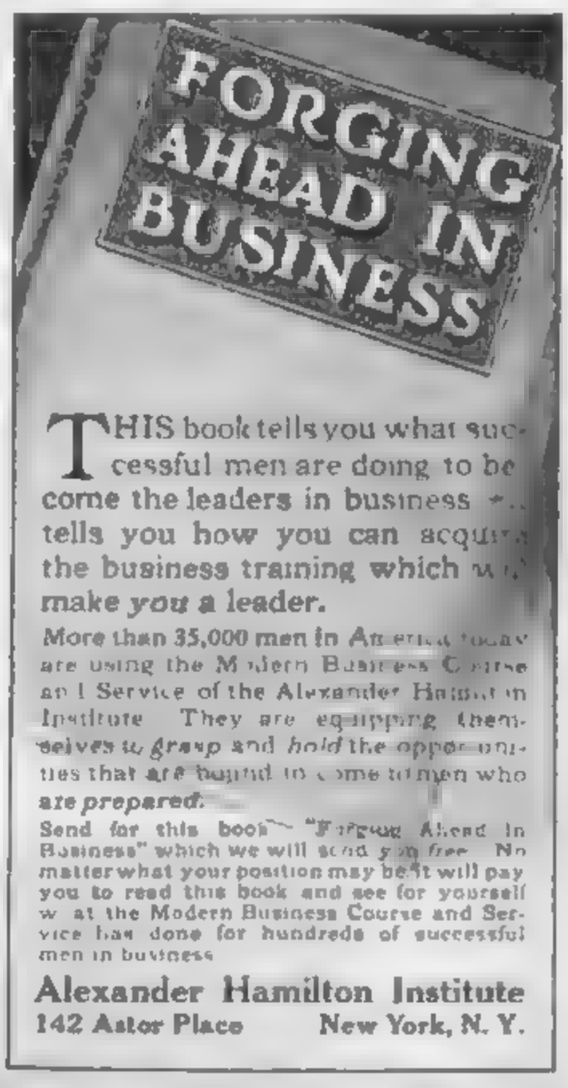

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fact that Government aid carries with it Government red tape, and that the most successful rural-credit organizations in Europe ask nothing after permissive legislation, except to be let alone by the government. They do not want the government messing round in their affairs. Mr. Bulkley and Senator Hollis, however, strongly believed and led the thought of Congress into the belief that the system provided for in their bill required, if it was to work at all, a certain fillip of Government aid in starting; and they firmly adhered to a provision in their bill permitting the Government, on the recommendation of the Federal Reserve Board, to invest fifty million dollars a year in land bonds, so as to furnish at least the germ of a market.

The Government, they argued, generally has the fifty millions on hand. It would be an investment and not a gift, and the money would earn the Government a profit. Furthermore, the backing of the Government to the extent of fifty million dollars a year would be the surest means of establishing conditions under which the Government would never need to invest a cent. This clause in the bill, however, met such a determined resistance at the White House as really to kill the measure.

Rules Governing Loans

Those who believed that we should wait until another Congress met for the development of an intelligent opinion on rural credits had their way. At this writing the whole matter is still pending. A determined effort is to be made to pass a revised bill, introduced in the Senate by Senator Hollis and also pending in the House. This bill is the only one which seems to have any show of passage, and there is no reason to doubt that it would be approved by the President. Unless it passes, or some other measure does, it is difficult to see how the Administration can go before the farmers of the country in the next campaign, except under conditions of very great disadvantage. There have been pledges and promises, and the farmers are going to ask for some evidence of performance.

The new bill is unqualifiedly indorsed by many farm leaders and scathingly condemned by others. It is undoubtedly an honest bill, sincerely believed in by men who have given an almost incredible amount of work to its preparation. It puts the administration of the whole Federal rural-credit system in the hands of a Federal Farm-Loan Board.

It divides the country into twelve regions, in each of which shall be a Federal land bank the business of which shall be to manage land-mortgage affairs in their various regions or districts, and issue and sell farm-loan bonds. These regional land banks will not make loans to individual farmers, but will deal through farm-loan associations, which are local coöperative bodies, each consisting of not less than ten borrowers. The advocates of privately owned joint-stock banks are given a sop in certain provisions, under which, if conditions are not favorable to the formation of the coöperative loan associations, joint-stock land banks may be formed. There is also a provision that, where no farm-loan associations are organized, loans may be made through special agents.

Under this system loans can be made only on first mortgages on farm lands in amounts not exceeding half of the appraised values. They can be made for four purposes only: first, to purchase a farm for a home; second, to purchase equipment, fertilizer or livestock for the proper and reasonable operation of the farm; third, to provide buildings and for the improvement of farm lands; and fourth, to take up preëxisting loans for any of the above purposes.

The borrower must not use the money for any other than the specified purpose or purposes without the consent of the land bank. If he does the entire loan may be called at once. Loans shall not be made for less than two hundred dollars or more than ten thousand dollars; and they shall run not less than five years and not more than thirty-five. Every loan carries an amortization provision, under which it is to be extinguished at maturity.

All these lands must be appraised—first, by special appraisers sent out by the Federal Government; second, by appraisers sent out by the regional land banks; and third, by appraisers appointed by the borrowers themselves as a loan committee.

This is the briefest possible sketch of the only rural-credit law that seems to have any show of passage. Unless it or some other does pass, the Administration is liable to be charged with repudiation of obligations. The people of the country will not be apt to take into account the tremendous difficulties involved in creating a system under all the circumstances. The Opposition certainly will not.

The theory of the bill is that money will invest itself in farm-mortgage securities at low rates of interest if a system is set up under which any investor anywhere may buy land-mortgage securities issued under Government regulation and inspection, and, therefore, possessing the confidence of everybody as to their soundness. It is believed that bonds of this sort, issued in denominations of a hundred dollars and multiples thereof, will find not only a nation-wide but a world-wide market.

Doctor Thompson, of the Department of Agriculture, points out that the rate of interest paid on farm loans is largely a matter of the transportation of money. Whenever there is accumulated money in the hands of investors, as in New England, the interest rate is at its lowest; while the farmers of the West and Southwest, who are remote from plethoric savings banks and strong insurance companies, pay the highest interest rates.

The advocates of this bill believe that it will furnish the transportation. The bill provides for the exemption from taxation of land-bank stocks, and the bonds issued by them, as instrumentalities of government. It makes them legal investments for trust funds and savings banks. It gives them every legal advantage possible. The regional banks, twelve in number, are to have a capital stock of five hundred thousand dollars each.

The bill provides for the investment on the part of the Government of six million dollars, in the form of subscriptions to this stock, in case it is not purchased by the public.

Whether this is the utmost that the Administration will concede in the matter of Government aid nobody knows. Whether any Government aid at all is needed or desirable is a matter of hot controversy. Farm papers, however, are already calling the attention of the Administration to the fact that the Federal Reserve system started off with two hundred million dollars of Government deposits; and that the second national bank in the United States, incorporated in 1816 by the votes of Democrats and Federalists alike, had a capital of thirty-five million dollars, twenty per cent of which was subscribed by the United States Government.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Name of—	Post-Office Address.
Editor, George H. Lorimer,	Wynnote, Pennsylvania
Managing Editor, None	
Business Manager, None	
Publisher, Curtis Publishing Company	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

Edward W. Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
William Boyd, Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
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Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities:

None.

Average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date of this statement. (This information is required from daily newspapers only.)

CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
George H. Lorimer, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this twentieth day of March, 1916.

WILLIAM M. ROCKEY
Notary Public

(My commission expires June 10, 1917.)

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On the Subject of Home Heating—

The sooner everybody realizes that home heating is quite as much a *medical* as a *mechanical problem*, the quicker will common afflictions like pneumonia, tuberculosis, and other deadly respiratory diseases be stamped out.

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From an Address by B. G. Long, M. D., Buffalo

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* * *

Health Department Bulletin No. 39 of the City of Chicago

It is possible for a man to live three weeks without food; three days without water and three minutes without air. This should make it clear that air, fresh, pure air, is the most important element in the world for the sustaining of life.

* * *

Extract of Address by Dr. W. A. Evans, Health Editor, Chicago Tribune, formerly Health Commissioner of Chicago

"In my judgment the great fault of the mechanical systems as I have seen them, is that they put the air in the room at a temperature which is too much below the temperature of the persons or the people who are in that room. I am aware that this is an argument for the warm air furnace heating as compared with other systems."

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Prince Albert just signals *"go-to-it"* and you put on full puffing power—and smoke like you're on the right track! For, it's just a bunch of tobacco sunshine—that white essence of Prince Albert that floats out of your mouth—*it's so good and so cheerful!*

You locate that old jimmy pipe or invest in a new one, and fall-to like you were set firm; for, take it man-to-man, Prince Albert is better than the kindest word we ever passed along about it! And you'll catch the spirit of *that* hunch quick as you fire up!

You'll get a new idea of smoke-fun if you'll play this tip across the boards! And you'll find P. A. ready for your service all along the line in toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—that crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such bang-up trim—always!

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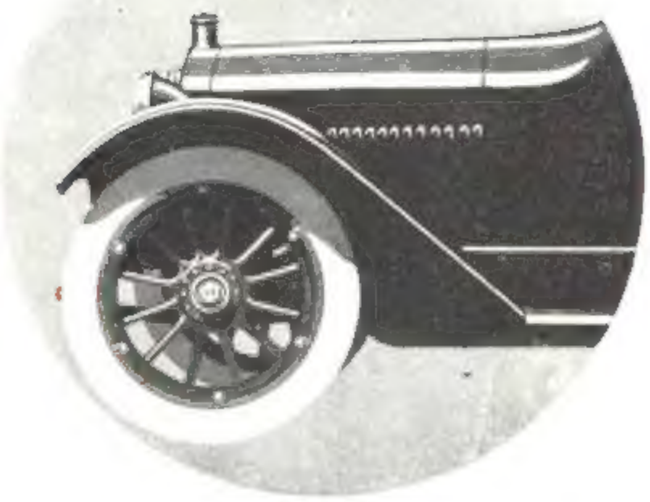
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Hupmobile



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Year-'Round Touring Car	1185	Seven-passenger Touring Car	1225
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